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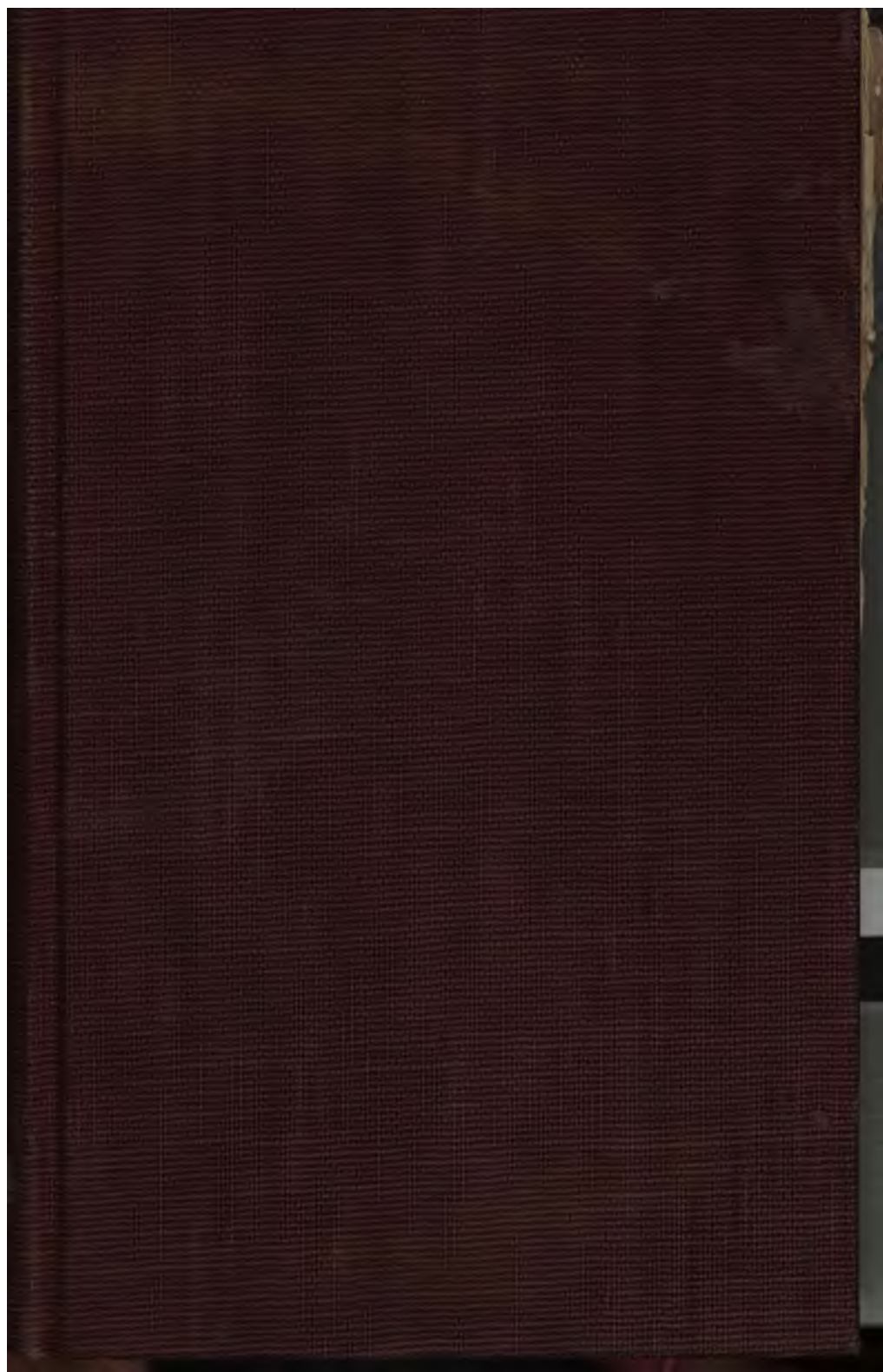
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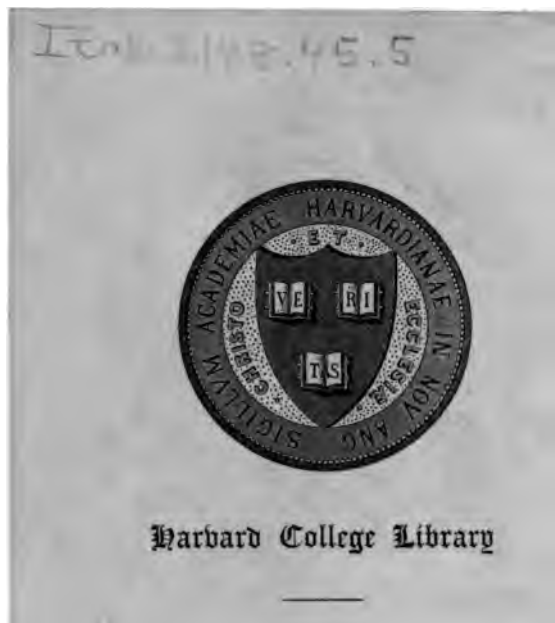
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THE TIARA

AND

THE TURBAN.

THE TIARA
AND
THE TURBAN,

OR
IMPRESSIONS, AND OBSERVATIONS ON CHARACTER, WITHIN
THE DOMINIONS OF THE POPE AND THE SULTAN.

BY
S. S. HILL, ESQ.

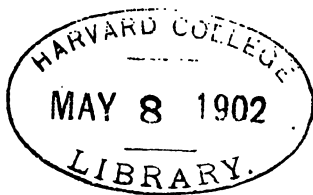
The character of that dominion given
O'er other *men*.—MILTON P. L.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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Fine money

TO THAT SISTER,

WHO HAS BEEN MY CONSTANT FRIEND AND CORRESPONDENT

FROM OUR EARLIEST YEARS, THESE PAGES ARE

AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

BY HER BROTHER.

INTRODUCTION.



AMONG all the arrangements of Nature, for the adaptation of the earth, to the existence and enjoyment of the various living creatures which inhabit it, we observe none so partial and eccentric, as the laws by which those effects upon the atmosphere are produced, that constitute the varieties which we term climates. In the disposal of the myriads of animated beings which we find holding common property with us, in the soil of every region throughout the wide surface of the globe, we perceive one general law, by which

all the inferior creatures are adapted to, and placed within, the tract where, one or other of those several diversities of the atmosphere, which constitute, what we call a good, or a bad, a hot, or a cold climate, is predominant, and from which they cannot be removed, without more or less inconvenience, depending in general, upon the degree of our care, which is commonly, in proportion to the amount of their usefulness, in aid of the necessary labours in which we engage.

Yet in this general fitness, of one part of the material creation to another—of animal life, to the particular atmosphere, and the productions of the earth which should nourish it, exceptions, among which, we ourselves are perhaps the most remarkable, are plainly to be found. To the sovereign of the visible creation, has been given, by a variety in his constitution, the capacity to inhabit the whole earth; and wherever the human race are established, from the hottest to the coldest region, we discover some physical differences, which equally adapt all our species to the climate in which we are found, without any variation of so considerable

or constant character, as to tie us immovably to any particular land, that we may consider to be that of our peculiar inheritance. Hence, we visit every country, of every climate, with impunity, and, even dwell in a land, with the inhabitants of which we claim no kindred, save, that of a common origin, or the same nature. And this privilege, though its misuse, in the general disregard of our evident adaptation, might be attended with evil, should be abundantly beneficial, in facilitating the exchange of productions, and in the communication of knowledge, where the attainments of one society of men exceed those of another, and also to some in whom accident has wrought any material change, and unfitted in constitution, to the climate in which they were born and nurtured.

Thus, at that season of life, when every object of a generous ambition appears open to our attainment, we are not restrained from gratifying, either our justifiable curiosity, or a vague and undefined desire of knowledge, which we believe we shall attain in visiting foreign and distant

countries; and it is at this time, that we receive the highest gratification in travelling.

But, whoever should set out upon a journey through many parts of the globe, at a riper age, will scarcely be without some object in view of more specific character, or more worthy to attain. It may be the study of the political institutions of other lands, the fine arts, or the subjects which illustrate history; and it is at this season of life, that we acquire the largest amount of useful information. With eye more severe, the traveller now sees and remarks, whatever should have a tendency to enlarge the sphere of his knowledge—whether, indeed, with fixed designs of prospective benefit, or in obedience to the law of our nature, which prescribes at all times, the acquisition of knowledge, and now adds the caution which is necessary to its proper attainment.

But there is a third stage in men's lives, when, nor "the wonders of the world abroad," nor the desire of knowledge, is able to engage us to undertake long and fatiguing journeys; and he who should at this time engage in travelling, will usually be

one of the exceptions, by constitutional adaptation or through accident, which it has been above stated, are to be found in the several climates which we observe in the world. And the traveller of this class, though he might have no object that should be paramount to his own accommodation, and though he should receive less gratification, than a traveller of the first of the classes above mentioned, or acquire less knowledge than one of the other class, he should be, at least, able to exercise freer thoughts, concerning what should seem to him to be erroneous or detestable, in actions or habits, of which every corner of the world affords sufficient examples, or concerning what should be the more worthy of approval, of all that may fall under his observation.

The object of these introductory remarks, it will be perceived, is, to prefer a claim to that degree of consideration, which may be in several instances required, and to excuse that want of completeness, amounting to the appearance of omission, which is incident to the tenor of the matter contained in these volumes. And it is

believed, without claiming the full consideration, sometimes due to travellers of that class, from one among whom, it will quickly be apparent these pages emanate, that what has been substituted for a better motive, for so changeful a journey, though it have no other advantage, will assist in maintaining some slight degree of union, throughout the varied subjects which the second and proper title of this book would seem to indicate it should contain, until the sequel may more clearly develop the proper aim, of some apparently unconnected remarks and inquiries.

One more observation should yet be added. It is to the effect, to eschew equally, all pretensions, to the merit of giving exact descriptions of objects, the review of which is no more than incidental to the main design, and to the use of any means of accomplishing the end in view, superior to that of a faithful record of such impressions, and opinions, as it is believed, might have been those of the greater part of our countrymen, who should have accomplished the same journey, under the like circumstances, and during the same period of time.

Some mere tourists, have even disputed the learned and exact observations of more accomplished travellers, whose impressions and remarks, have been founded upon longer and more accurate observation, with better sources of information, than those from which they should be reduced to acquire their knowledge, and be enabled to draw any just conclusions. But it is believed, that every respect may be yielded to the opinions of others, without changing our impressions of what is obvious, or compromising, in any way, the most important of all things to be maintained—the truth.

To those whose critical judgment, every publication should more or less depend for its proportion of consideration with the general reader, a great deal might be said, in extenuation of the demerits of this book, concerning the abundant disadvantages under which it has been composed, and the still greater through which it has been corrected, did not the recollection of former indulgence, encourage the hope, that the rudeness and seeming negligence of the style, as

well as such errors as the frequent inability even to read, during the operations of the press, might alone excuse, with the incompleteness incident to the matter which it contains, may not be thought wholly to extinguish the little merit to which the reality and genuineness of its contents might seem otherwise to entitle it.

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THE TIARA

AND

THE TURBAN.

CHAPTER I.

PARIS TO STRASBURG.

It was on the very day, that equal light and darkness at the autumnal equinox, warns us of the approach of the severer season, that I left Paris, by diligence, for Strasburg.

In youth, there are perhaps few sensations more agreeable than the anticipations of a journey. The further we purpose travelling, and the greater the variations which we expect to observe, in the laws, customs and institutions of the countries which we are about to visit, the better. But in riper years, when the appetite for change has been sated, and the love of novelty superseded by some steadier object of pursuit, our more delightful anticipations are qualified by the assurance of the inconveniences we must suffer, in the mere transport from city to city and from province to

province, in whatsoever direction we may turn. But the certain course of this journey was towards the sun ; and the knowledge of this, was sufficient to supply the place of former more sensible impressions.

I was alone in the interior, as we dashed through the crowded streets of the French capital ; but we were scarcely a mile beyond the barrier, before we pulled up in the centre of the broad road, near some houses, in the front of which stood a group of some six or seven persons, apparently awaiting our approach. The party seemed to consist of individuals of every grade in the social ranks ; and as they advanced towards us, it was natural to be occupied with conjectures, concerning which of them might be my companions, perhaps, for the next three nights and days. A gentleman, or well-dressed Parisian, led a lady, who appeared to be about thirty years of age, and held by the hand, at the same time, a peasant girl, of figure and face decidedly the finest I had seen during a residence of some time in France ; and these were accompanied by some eight or ten men and women of all ages, and every one of them apparently Parisians.

When the party reached the carriage, the guard, who had already alighted, was taking leave of some friends on the opposite side of the way ; and

there seemed no hurry on the part of any to mount the steps of the diligence; but after a few moments, the worthy functionary returned, and it was soon evident that the peasant girl, alone, of the group, was to accompany us.

There was no room in the "*Rotonde*," but it was of no consequence. There was but one in the "*Interieur*"—a tranquil foreigner on his way home. They might place the young woman under his charge with the utmost confidence.

Some of the party now took leave of the maiden with the continental hearty double kiss, and several who embraced her, wiped their eyes as they bid her farewell.

During this ordinary leave-taking, the lady before mentioned, came to the door of the diligence and enquired of me, how far I was going: and when I replied, "to Strasburg," she said, "she trusted it would not be taking too great a liberty to place a peasant girl under my charge." To which I replied: "that I would endeavour to supply the place of her parent, and see her to the end of her journey, wherever she might happen to be travelling."

Time permitted the lady to say no more, than, "Monsieur is too kind;" and she turned to re-join the group.

The two last of the party that embraced the

maiden were the Parisian gentleman, and the lady who had put the girl under my charge. I did not observe much, or any emotion, on the part of the gentleman; but, when the lady embraced the departing child, the feelings of mother and daughter seemed too apparent to be mistaken for less holy ties. The mother wept outwardly; but the grief of the daughter was of another character. She tore herself with difficulty from her mother's arms; and, with the assistance of the guard, who had held the door open, for several minutes, with patience rarely wanting in a Frenchman where mere politeness is concerned, she mounted the steps of the interior of the diligence, and covering her head and face with a handkerchief, threw herself back in one of the three unoccupied corners, and sobbed and wept bitterly, unheard and unseen, save by myself alone.

The guard had now mounted, and as the postilion recommenced the truly national crack, crack, crack, of his whip, the great vehicle dashed over the stony roads as if it had been a small affair for the united power of the fine quadrupeds that drew it.

The attire and appearance of the poor girl, which I had now an opportunity of observing, were well in accord with the perfect image which

she presented of the simplicity and neatness of the better class of the French peasantry, with the natural confidence of her sex, at her age, which I did not believe to exceed sixteen. And as she sat veiled in the corner of the diligence, it was not possible for foreigner or native, or any one who had not taken leave of every human feeling, sitting at the same time in the opposite corner, to occupy his thoughts with anything belonging to the world without—with anything save the perfect specimen of human beauty in tears before his eyes.

But we were fairly now on our journey ; and the French metropolis with its gaudy palaces, its works of the fine arts, its public gardens and its promenades, were at once forgotten in the first incident of interest which occurred without its gates ; and as the poor peasant girl indulged her grief, it had been natural for any to fall into reflections concerning his own first departure from the fire-side of parents, and from the society of, and daily intercourse with, those to whom often nature even binds us with a stronger tie than that of her first and more sacred bond.

Every separation in our infant days, is like a departure into perpetual exile ; and there are few of us, who, before the age of the first conceptions of ambition, might quit the paternal roof

without the same violent pangs that now tore the breast of this simple girl. Where, and how far, was the poor child going? Perhaps a hundred miles from her home. At about the same age, at least in mind, myself had quitted the hearth of infant affections, it might be for years. At least, before again embracing those whom I regretted, the ocean should be as my home, the tempest familiar to me. Where were those feelings now? Was there nothing left of what nature could not have designed to fail us even in age? Was there no string of the heart's earlier emotion unbroken?—ties of blood—friendship—love of country, with the pride of its first obligations. Had an acquaintance with the "cities' usuries" and the "proud man's contumely," with years of homeless wanderings or exile, or want of the ties which should bind us to the generations, that replace us as we disappear from the scene in which we have accomplished our part—had even all these causes united, so entirely erased from the memory the better feelings of the heart, as to render those of the poor peasant girl incomprehensible? It was far otherwise. We never change our nature. And if we cannot at all seasons of life, recall in their full force, the affections that might once have inhabited our bosoms, we may yet find plea-

sure in reflecting, that time can have no power over the first natural obligations which those above all who form none of another kind, must acknowledge to be the great solace of life, and among the better gifts of the Creator to imperfect man. The charities of life, and the obligations and attendant pleasures which spring from their exercise, though they may change in character cannot be ever destroyed. But these thoughts were but the momentary effects of association and irresistible sympathy with the distress of the poor peasant girl, and they passed quickly away.

The postillion had now put his horses at full speed, and we rattled along the stony road at the good pace of, it might be, eight miles an hour; and as I was now willing to be as far from the presence of such grief as no sympathy could appease, as it was in my power to remove, I turned to the window and passed a full half hour in viewing the uniform, tiresome, and tame scenery of the vicinity of the French capital, and contrasting it with the rich and varied landscapes which surround the metropolis of Britain. For our arable lands, hilly or plain, and our rich pastures, with the noble elm and beautiful hedges that divide and ornament them, you have here a tame plain of corn fields or the plantations of stunted vine, and nothing

that in any sort supplies the place of the fresh and green scenery to which an English eye is accustomed.

But we were now well out of Paris; and as we removed yet further and further from the site of the fair peasant girl's deepest distress, I began to conjecture, whether it were not time to offer her such consolation as her situation suggested; but I had scarce turned my head from the window and my thoughts from the different occupation in which they had been engaged, when the maiden put an end to my difficulties, by herself breaking the long silence we had maintained. The question she first put, has escaped my memory; but her words were accompanied with a smile of perfect confidence, and led to a conversation which soon induced me to elicit her history, at least as far as regarded her appearance in the metropolis, to which it was evident she did not belong. The artless girl, without the slightest hesitation or want of confidence in herself, such as in Britain we are accustomed to find where there might seem less disparity in worldly condition, began to tell her story; and before the daylight disappeared, for the sun was now near its setting, she had related all that my curiosity had thirsted to obtain; and her brief tale may be repeated in a few words.

She was an orphan, and had been left at a very tender age to the care of the lady I had supposed to be her mother, but who was only an aunt. This lady, about two years since, in consequence of having formed a connexion with a Parisian of some estate, which was similar only to that of marriage, had consigned the fair child who had hitherto called her mother to the care of another relation, a worthy burgess of her native town; but her new protector having died about six months before this period, she had since that event dwelt with a farmer of the neighbourhood, from whom she had first learned the true condition of her whom she had loved as her sole parent, and from whom she had received up to the time of the irregular alliance all the tenderness and care of a mother. The tidings concerning her aunt's real situation, had been communicated to her by some of her equals in age of her own sex, and when confirmed by the honest man with whom she dwelt, she had taken the resolution to embrace the life of the convent, to atone for the errors of her protector, as soon as she might be permitted so to do, and had made the journey on foot to Paris to take a farewell leave of her whom it was plain she still regarded with the affection that should be a just mother's due. I

gave her the usual advice that suggests itself to superior age on such occasion, accompanied with a strong protest against her resolution.

Our conversation occupied but a short watch of the night, after which the peasant girl fell into a sound sleep; and it was not long, before I was overcome by the same welcome state of forgetfulness, and we had few or no disturbances during the remaining hours of the night.

About sun rise I awoke, and was as much refreshed as if I had been sleeping upon a bed of the softest down. The peasant girl still slept. She sat or reclined directly opposite to me; but while my eyes were fixed upon those features which might only be described, by confessing, that I could not bring to recollection any parallel face or figure, save in one whom, indeed, she resembled, that was transported to a better world about the same age that the artless girl now before me had attained, she suddenly awoke; and before there was time for more than the accustomed morning greetings in all lands, the diligence drew up in front of a "Café," and the guard announced that coffee awaited all those that should choose to take it.

In France, this announcement generally signifies also a length of time sufficient to partake what awaits your acceptance. The doors of the diligence, therefore, were no sooner open, than I alighted,

and after assisting the peasant girl to do the same, I was preparing to conduct her to the room within, when she suddenly exclaimed: "Mon Dieu! I am at home!" as, at the same time, she jumped into the road to embrace a fine-looking old fellow of the ancient French school, of apparently well mingled feelings, native politeness, and simple attire; and as I did not wish by any ceremonious leave-taking to disturb the intercourse between the fair peasant and her present protector, I entered the "Café." But I was not doomed to experience quite so abrupt a separation; and I was scarcely seated, before the good man came to thank me, both for the care I had taken of the young maiden during the passed night, and, as he expressed himself, for the discourse with which I had honoured her.

There was not time for much conversation; but all that passed, was well calculated to give the most favourable impression of the provincials of this district of the kingdom. There was that mixture of simplicity and intelligence in this honest man's speech, with perfect ease in his manner, which could not fail to remind the stranger of the better age of the French—of that period in their social history, before manhood had "melted into courtesies," but to give place in their turn to the boorishness and love of change

and excitement without a generous object, which are characteristics of the present generation of this volatile people.

The good man remained to see the diligence off, and after expressing many regrets that the occasion did not permit of my partaking of his hospitalities, he gave me his address, and then lifted his hat with as much elegance as any count might have performed that nice salutation; and, as his beautiful "protégée" bowed with a grace that many a lady of the court of Louis Phillippe might, doubtless, have copied with advantage, I jumped into the diligence, which, at the crack of the whip, again proceeded on its steady way.

We now trotted on at the average pace of about six miles an hour. I was alone; but I was glad of it; for I did not wish to lose the impressions which my companion of the passed night had left upon my mind. They were of a kind which lead to reflections that should afford pleasure or pain according to the time or place, and to the age of those who entertain them, or to the claim of those they may rest upon, to our respect or regard. At an earlier age, and under most circumstances, perhaps the majority of the rational world would have rejected them; but when the better wine of life is full drawn, and we want that which should accompany old age—"love, obedience, troops of friends"—we

are not so ready to deny a free entrance to the thoughts which make us seem a second time actors even in those scenes which have been the most painful passages of our passed lives.

But we trotted on ; and it was not long before new incidents and new thoughts and reflections took the place of those which were yet not of a nature to be easily obliterated from the memory.

As you proceed in this direction, the country generally assumes a more agreeable aspect ; yet it is very rarely undulated ; nor did we during all this day, see a single view that should merit particular notice.

All the villages and towns we passed through during the second day's journey, were, without exception, uninteresting and dirty ; and they afforded nothing that might give occasion for any notice, that should come within the scope of these enquiries. And here the opportunity occurs of remarking, that no more deviation from the general rule which should restrain these observations will be found throughout the following pages than such as the nature of the matter out of which they proceed may seem to render unavoidable.

CHAPTER II.

PARIS TO STRASBURG.

ON the morning of the third day of our journey we breakfasted at Saverne, where two gentlemen, one of them of middle age, the other young, came into the interior. This was a welcome change to me, after being so long alone. We exchanged the accustomed greetings on those occasions in France; but this did not, for some hours at least, lead to any discovery on my part of the nation to which my fellow-travellers belonged. They were certainly not of the class of travellers more common in our own country; but as I was too much fatigued to keep pace with them in conversation, I became rather a listener to what passed, than a sharer in their discourse. The one spoke with the

confidence of experience, if not with the wisdom which should accompany a true knowledge of the world, and the other seemed to me to betray by his questions rather a disposition to arm himself for the varied species of combat which a young man, sent to make his way among a foreign people is usually warned to prepare. It was soon evident that they had but just met, and that they had been previously unknown to each other; yet the first question which came from the elder bore, in manner as in matter, the appearance of being the first essay of a future friendly intercourse between them.

"You are from Paris?" said he, familiarly, to the young man.

"I left Paris the day before yesterday," answered the other.

"It is a gay city, full of attractions, especially for the young."

"There seemed to be no scarcity of anything adapted to satisfy the appetite for knowledge, whatever the age or the taste."

"Or to gratify the senses," quickly rejoined the elder traveller.

"True," continued the young man. "I was most indeed struck with the luxury, the wealth and the gaiety of the Parisians when I first came to the capital; but had I had any knowledge of the French character, of which I cannot indeed say I

have now much, I think Paris is just what I should have expected to find it."

"That is," said the elder, "the centre, doubtless, of the extremes of very contrary things."

"I have hardly thought sufficiently of these matters," said the youth, "to have formed any decisive opinions upon the subject. That may be a just description of the French capital; but my impressions were—first, admiration of the gaiety which seems every where to surround you, and of the appearance, which is perhaps beyond the reality, of the universal pursuit of pleasure. This was exciting and agreeable for a time; but I found, following day after day the same course, whether from habit or necessity, in the end rather depressed my spirits than increased my enjoyments."

"Why you must certainly be an Englishman," said the elder traveller, laughing.

"Oh no," replied the young man, "I have never seen the misty country of that gloomy people. I am of very different origin."

But before the young man might have indicated the country of his birth, the elder traveller somewhat abruptly rejoined:

"But, by the bye, it is not all of that peculiar people to whom pleasure is new, and in whom its

pursuit for so short a time, at least, is found wearisome. In England, though there may not be enjoyments among all classes, yet there are such, at least among the more numerous; but they are such as foreigners in that country do not perceive nor cannot understand. To enter into the pleasures of another people, we must not only discover that certain something upon which this, as other attributes, is based, but we must also plant the same principle, before we can reap the same effects. In that strange Island, at least, in London, all that goes under the name of pleasure is based in the vain display of riches: at least all that a foreigner may observe. The amusements of the Parisians are the mere excitement which the native spirit requires, or the commendable emulation of excelling in conversation. The one leads to the apparent gaiety which you every where observe, and the other to truly social pleasures which if not peculiar to the French, at least, abound in Paris, while they are almost entirely unknown in the capital of England."

The elder traveller now paused; and as no observation was made, he seemed willing to arrest his course of criticism; and addressing himself as before, said, somewhat abruptly, "Pray what is the end of your travel?"

"Perhaps I may, most correctly, in one word, reply," answered the youth, "general useful information."

"And where going?"

"Into Italy."

"Using, again then, the privilege of years," said the elder, "let me give you the advantage of the observations of a traveller of at least great experience? If a few casual remarks in a diligence do not make a great impression, on the other hand, they cost little; and they will not weary the gentleman opposite, for he has fallen into a state of forgetfulness that we may trust will make up for his loss of sleep during two successive nights.

"I have travelled," continued he, "in every country in Europe, but especially in France, England, Germany, Italy; and I will most willingly give you my advice as to which you will find afford the earliest means to attain your ends, and my reasons for my opinions."

"You do me great honor," said the young man, speaking in a manner that a third person might have thought rather indicated a desire in himself to please, than of satisfaction at the offer; and the elder continued:—

"I am familiar," said he, "as I have already hinted, with the fairest countries of Europe. I

have seen them under some advantages. The court has not been above, nor the cottage below my observation."

The young man looked upon his fellow traveller with more interest or curiosity than before.

"I have been the guest of princes for the pleasure of others; and I have been the companion of the cottager, for my own gratification and enjoyment. But I have travelled enough, seen enough, and I am now on my last return to my native province, where I mean to repose for the rest of my mortal life; and if you are wise, you will come to a like resolution at an earlier period.

"But we come to what I have more definitely promised. My conclusions may differ from your anticipations; but I shall have reasons to give, without which such advice as I would offer were not worth an infant's acceptance. My positive conclusions might be given in one word; but my negative should lead us to some protracted observations: but I will not try your patience too long."

"Fear it not," said the young man.

"Then," continued the elder, "that which we are approaching, is the country of all others which is at once the most agreeable and the most profitable for a young man to travel in—I mean Germany, generally."

The young man had given his full attention to what had latterly dropped from the elder, and his confidence in his fellow traveller evidently increased; for, before the elder had time to proceed, he observed, and with a more serious air and tone than his previous remarks had exhibited.

"I confess I have not found in France, that thorough freedom from prejudice which I had been taught to believe reigned exclusively here; nor that universal light which I supposed shone, and reflected the truth, in this country alone."

"Your conclusions are correct," said the elder; "and there is, therefore, little left to say of France, and that little should be of a tendency to confirm rather than change your opinions. In France, then, it may be repeated, we find the extremes in all things; and it's in moral relations as in physics—opposite qualities produce the electric spark in the one and cause mental ebullition in the other. Yet there is a material difference between these principles or sources of knowledge. In physics, we may be said to approach the centre from the opposite points of negative and positive aids, and by slow degrees to discover the truth; but in morals, we find that most essential and first of all things to be desired, confined within the strong walls of ignorance, behind batteries, armed on the one side with every weapon of prejudice,

and on the other with the worst of human passions; and when the spirit begat in misconception of the true principles of liberty, and that of a too tenacious desire to conserve what owes its sanctity to nothing but time—when these two opinions contend for empire, like contrary qualities in physics, they ignite, and the systems which have been erected on a base of contending elements, are blown into vapour, or overthrown with a violence that has shaken the surrounding kingdoms to their very foundations. When France is morally on fire, the world must feel the effect of her intestine strife—the shock of the final issue.”

After the young man had listened for some time, impatiently, to a discourse of which little more than the argument has been here reported, he observed:—“But these striking peculiarities which are characteristic of the French, should not apply to the English.”

“By no means,” replied the elder traveller. “The English, on the contrary, are a people as opposite to the French as can be conceived. They are like the inhabitants of another planet; perhaps more opposed still. No comparison can be made between these two people. But we have only to do with some objections to that even yet

more peculiar people, upon the same score on which I have made so free with the French.

“As to visiting England or rambling among the English for the purpose of acquiring useful instruction; this I advise no man. In this relation, the English are still worse than the French. Fortified by their ocean rampart as they have stood from age to age, unshaken amidst the tempests of foreign war, and free from the civil confusion that has divided—that has overthrown—other empires, so they have seen none of those degrees of national wretchedness, which tyranny in the one case, or the thirst of false glory in the other, has brought upon all the nations of the Continent, every one in its turn. But these advantages, whatever may be their effects upon the happiness of the English, have at least been accompanied with consequences which have rendered the people which possess them both tiresome and unprofitable to travel among. We must then look upon the English as quite a peculiar people. They travel themselves, and have usually the means of procuring a good welcome. But they themselves welcome nobody. Perhaps more truly valuable knowledge is to be found in England than in any country, but there is less facility of acquiring it. You can view no work of art, may not even enter

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a cathedral, without paying for it; and this, indeed, has a most vicious effect upon their own social condition; for it is one of the causes of the drunkenness and brutality of the working classes among them. These see and experience nothing to refine their taste or lead them into the pursuit of more rational pleasures. The classes of society in this country are the most distinct and have the least sympathy, of those of any people upon earth. The condition of society generally indeed in England, is lamentable.

Some think the English foremost in every species of improvement which lessens labour, or tends to illustrate science, or conduces to order in society; but this is a mistake. Their inventions are, generally, those which produce great and immediate profits. All that have not this advantage, this people are not only slow in suggesting themselves, but even in adopting after the inventions and discoveries of others. Take, for instance, the system of weighing and measuring, the better arrangement of the coins or management of the currency, and the superior method of keeping accounts so long ago introduced into the schools in France, so steadily and firmly pursued, and now become so general. Under this system there wants nothing more than the application of a French school-boy's knowledge, to effect in every

affair of exchange of every kind, and every labour of profit in the arts or in science, a saving of at least ten per cent. in time, and consequently in expense, and yet this admirable arrangement, for which the French people are wholly indebted to science, has not yet been heard of in England. The very people whom you would have thought had been the first to have originated so important an improvement in practical science, have not even dreamed of adopting it. Nay, a member of parliament would sooner spend the whole session in attacks and protracted battles against a minister, than be heard make a motion for the introduction of any such real improvement. In a word, the English, with all their wealth, their arrogance, and their truly national greatness, are, in general, individually the most uninformed of any European people."

"The most uninformed!" exclaimed the impatient youth.

"Mark me," said the other; "I said individually, and I might have said also, in a certain sense only. I do not mean then, that there is less knowledge in England than on the continent of Europe: far from it; but it is the peculiar distribution of knowledge that I rather allude to, which is the cause of the objectionable effects of which I speak. Every man perhaps understands

better, has more knowledge of whatever appertains to his particular calling, in England than elsewhere; but beyond these bounds, he usually does not extend his researches. Nothing we see on the continent could serve to give an example of English professional individuality, which, if it be nationally beneficial, is at least a cause of rendering those who possess it, ill-adapted to every society save that in which vanity and the parade of riches are the moving springs, indeed, the sole life and end: there cannot be sympathy in any other. A lawyer, doctor, merchant, priest; all these excel, and are complete and admirable in their kind—I had nearly said, in their species. Every one has his mind, whether it be shallow or whether it be capacious, full, sometimes even to the weakening of its powers generally, with all knowledge peculiarly appertaining to his profession, while the soul is ever in active pursuit of its determined or proper object; but few men of these professions, among the English, acquire any scientific, or much general knowledge.

As to their seamen and their troops; we need but consult history to discover, that they, at least, have excelled in practical science as well as national virtue; yet the first, scarce know anything of what we deem on shore the social virtues, and the last are a mere piece of mechanism, that, out of

action, is full of rust and incapable of uniting with the multiform elements of social life. But not unduly to extend these strictures upon the proud Islanders, it is enough upon this head to remark, that, the adoption of that one improvement above named, in the introduction of decimal accounts into all the transactions of life which require them, and the application of the ten per cent. gained in time to the acquisition of general knowledge, would make the English as agreeable individually as they are great in a national point of view.

It was once "Merry England," as it is still "Merry France;" though that age which is past with the one, is fast passing away with the other. The most contrary opinions prevail among this peculiar people. They raise the cry of liberty from pole to pole, while they retain their wives at home in entire bondage. An English wife, Sir, dares not stir abroad without her husband. She is obliged to nurse her own infant, while such license is allowed to a spinster, that, even if consistent with delicacy, must unqualify her for the slavery of the married state. Do not the continentals, in all these things do better?"

"I have heard an Englishman explain, or endeavour to explain, this last objection to the state of society which I have found the French

invariably believing to prevail in England," said the younger traveller.

"Do not believe anything any man says in apology for the manners of his own country," replied the elder.

"But to make an end," he continued, "of what I would say of the English, I will but add; that, morally and politically, they are great, they are the first people; but, seen at home, and individually, they are the most vain, the most bigoted to their institutions, and the most indifferent to the good opinion of foreigners, of any of the inhabitants of all the nations that compose the great human family; and I recommend no continental travel among them, whether information, speculative or useful, or mere pleasure, be the object of his journey; and least of all, the traveller who has not an exhaustless purse and has not acquired their harsh and disagreeable tongue."

I had not thought it necessary, to interrupt the discourse of my fellow travellers, by reminding them, that not always when the eyes are assuredly shut, does this indicate that the ears are as certainly closed also. But although I did not feel disposed to oppose any of the philosopher's opinions, and do not think it here necessary to make any observation upon his impressions concerning our social character generally, it is impossible to

avoid remarking, that such opinions as he expressed are often found among the general impressions of our country, that obtain abroad.

The conversation continued.

"I have but a word to say, concerning the Italians," said the elder traveller, "before we come to the Germans, of whom I shall at least give as free an opinion."

"Italy, then, is, in some of the states in the second, and in others in the third period of national existence, in all, in the middle age of European civilization generally. In some portions of this beautiful land, such as the Roman State, ignorance and its companion attribute, bigotry, are decidedly on the increase, and the people are falling into a state of primitive brutality; while in others, such as Tuscany, the bounty of Providence is acknowledged in the labours of man, and the people are on the advance in all that is essential to a nation's independence and happiness. The rest of the states are the slaves of native or foreign tyrants. What, then, can we learn there but the melancholy fact of the instability of human affairs. Where is the Roman Senate, where the power of the Pope, where Tasso, where Raffaello? The land once inhabited by the first people of the Earth, has become a vast temple of superstition and effeminacy—Rome, once the mistress of the world,

a poor show of ruins—of the ruins of her past glory, mixed with the useless temples upon which the labour and riches of those who flourished in the second stage of her existence were so lavishly expended. What then shall we gain by travelling in Italy ? ”

“And now,” continued he, after a short pause, “you shall hear my free opinion of the Germans, and why it is that I believe you will profit more by travelling in Germany, than in any other of the countries I have named.”

“The Germans, then, Sir, are the most reasonable people in the world. Whatever be their institutions, they are well adapted, and in harmony with the character of the people; and justice, the test of good government, if not the very end of the social obligation, is here impartially administered. The Germans, in general, are the best instructed people in Europe. Their religion, therefore, as might be expected, is without the childish superstitions of the Italians or the severity of the English; nor is it confined, like that of the French, to old women and children and simple peasants.”

But here the passengers in the coupé of the diligence, knocked to inform us that the steeple of the great Strasburg Cathedral was in view; and we now by turns stretched out our necks to obtain

a view of it; and as this announcement and the sight of the famous Cathedral turned the conversation to other subjects in which the third party in the interior took a part, the speculations of the travelling philosopher were pursued no further.

CHAPTER III.

STRASBURG—STRASBURG TO BASLE.

My stay at Strasburgh was no longer than common respect to its fame and its antiquities demanded. But I may make such allusion to two principal objects of interest as should suit the design of these sketches, without intrinching upon the province of the learned or curious traveller, whose remarks concerning every object of curiosity or historical interest have been sufficiently exact.

The monument of the Comte de Saxe in the church of St. Thomas, was the first object visited. I was accompanied by a French gentleman. The door was opened to us by an intelligent-looking woman, undoubtedly of German extraction; and as we removed our hats she remarked, that we might cover ourselves, as we were in a Protestant

church* where there was no altar or communion with the real presence to pay that respect to: and it may be remarked in passing, that many colds would be escaped, and perchance some lives annually saved, were the visitors to St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, who inspect those noble edifices merely as national monuments, and do not enter them to worship, permitted to view them covered.

Immediately on entering the church, at the bottom of one of three grand aisles of which the building consists, is placed the celebrated monument to the Count de Saxe.

The monument of the "Count" has been designed with much praiseworthy enthusiasm. It consists of a number of allegorical figures, ingenious in design and master-pieces in execution. The Frenchman and myself were equally struck on the first view of it, and we sat down to inspect it more narrowly. The prominent figure of the piece, which is perhaps consistent with the best style of composition, is the marshal himself, in full armour, and crowned with laurels. But the praise of excellence lavished on this monument can scarcely apply to that figure. The marshal

* In the Protestant Churches of Germany, at least in some parts, it is common for the men to remain covered, even during Divine service.

however stands amidst a perfect allegorical assembly, which appeared to us, generally, better executed, and of which it will not be difficult to give some idea. They consist of three distinct kinds of emblematic signs. That which is the first in rank and interest, is composed of the geniuses which under human or demi-human form, represent the passions, or denote the destinies, of men; the second, of the brute creatures, typical of the nations; and the third of the ensigns of France and the ensigns of her enemies: England, Holland, and Austria.

The Count, though habited as described, and in the attitude of command, is nevertheless descending the way which conducts to the tomb; for at the bottom of some steps there is placed a sarcophagus, the lid of which is held open by the squalid figure of Death, the most prominent of the demi-human characters in the allegory, who, with the spent clepsydra in hand, is pressing his victim to enter, while the marshal's attitude and demean seem ill befitting that of the hour of death, when evident, in bed or elsewhere. The next figure, the genius of France, is represented with one hand restraining the Count in his seemingly willing strides towards the tomb, and with the other, preventing the approach of the destroyer. This figure is gracefully

executed; but the expression, like that of the Marshal's is suited to the feeling which should belong to the hour of battle, and the contempt of danger of a hero in the field. Opposite to our common enemy or friend, and at the foot of the sarcophagus, stands a figure of Hercules, leaning upon his club and expressing more lively grief than I ever saw that worthy demi-god appear afflicted with before; and by his side, there is another genius in tears, beside whom the French colours are raised amid the broken ensigns of her enemies. Of the third allegorical signs, the British lion is the most prominent. The noble brute is represented as retreating from the presence of the Count, yet regarding the hero askance, with a contemptuous scowl, rather than as struck with the terror to which we may suppose the artist intended he should be subjected, at the sight of the broken ensigns of his Island sons, and those of Austria and Holland.

From the church of St. Thomas, we proceeded to the famous Cathedral of Strasburg. Here we met several travellers, examining the works of art which the noble edifice contains, and pronouncing judgment, with the variety of tastes which the difference of age, study, and experience beget. But this mighty fabric has been the theme of too many pens, to need any apology for sub-

stituting a remark upon those we saw within it for a notice of the church.

Upon the terrace of the great tower, where it is necessary to take some rest, before mounting to the last gallery of the steeple, we found an assemblage of the curious engaged in examining the works of the enormous clock of the Cathedral. Among the rest, was a school-mistress, with more than a dozen grown-up girls; but as the good dame and her fair charge were not to be approached, but by the eyes, we contented ourselves with making the best of the excellent opportunity it afforded us, of comparing the beauty of the fair of that part of France with that of the Parisian women; and, after all due allowance for the impression caused by so many holiday faces, and figures in the first bloom of youth, we could not but give greatly the preference to the fair sex of the province. The ladies of Strasburg, indeed, if an opinion may be formed from this choice example, are fairer and more regular in feature than the French women generally; and as we might naturally expect, would seem to partake of a part German and a part French character. But supposing Paris to be France, in this as we find it in some other relations, the ladies of this province should resemble more the Germans than they do the French.

From the terrace we mounted to the highest gallery of the grand tower of the church, from which you look over an extensive plain country, where the Rhine is seen above and below Strasburg, winding its peaceful way between the Kingdom of France and the grand duchy of Bade. The atmosphere was clear, and it was near the set of the sun, so that the opportunity was advantageous; but by reason of the generally level face of the country, the prospect is not of the first order.

After visiting these two churches of Strasburg and a few other objects of the traveller's curiosity, I took a passage by the steamer for Basle, and embarked on the following morning. The weather was unfavourable during the passage; and never was there more reserve on board an English packet than my fellow-passengers maintained towards each other. Among the members of one or two groups, an occasional few words, however, seemed to be exchanged; but as the parties were evidently made up of relations or previous acquaintances, I did not violate their just immunity from the intrusion of a stranger. There was, however, one passenger, who, from his frequent change of place, from the cabin to the deck and from the deck to the cabin, unaccompanied by any one, had, it was evident, come alone on board,

and it was as certain, was as uneasy and as tired of the packet as myself; and this was a Romish, and as it was apparent, from his habit, French priest. He read his breviary standing, said a paternoster kneeling upon the seat, and sat and contemplated, by turns; so that I for some time doubted the success of any attempt to make his acquaintance. I took, however, a favourable opportunity to address him, as he stood, alone, in the midst of a score of persons engaged in admiring the scenery from the deck of the vessel.

The Romish priest, once an object of superstitious veneration throughout the entire Christian world, is now perhaps, in France, sunk to the meanest condition of any of the appointed students and especial expounders of the Christian system and its rites that have been any where acknowledged since the establishment of the churches. With the French nobility, or as it is more proper to say in distinguishing the classes of the people in France, that order which take the lead in society, whether by their fortunes or by place, the priest is almost unknown. Banished at the revolution, subservient to the will of a tyrant during the dynasty that succeeded, received with suspicion after the restoration, and more effectually than ever proscribed as they were at the revolution of 1830, the remnant of this

ancient order neither possess the knowledge, generally, of those who preceded them, nor receive the respect which was once paid to the sacred office. Among the middle degrees, where the republican spirit is more strongly cherished, the priest is ever suspected of intrigue, often deemed a dissembler, and is almost universally neglected or contemned. In every class of the people, however, most mothers still take the girls to mass, while their boys follow the opinions of their fathers, which, when they have any, are usually those of the pure theist.

These opinions, however, among that class which we may call the people, are by no means universal. Some that have read the scriptures, deny only the divine authority of the church, which they have only seen in its abuses; but as the scriptures are always kept out of sight, or forbidden, to the laity, at least, until the age of the easiest impressions are gone by, the church, and Christianity itself, are in most instances rejected before the scriptures are even taken in hand. They cannot, therefore, be extensively spread or much respected among any class in France. But it is chiefly to the church herself that all the blame should attach. She has committed moral suicide in the corruption of the elements, and the annihilation of the principle

of her existence, in withholding, even the history of the very author of Christianity and that of his immediate followers. With her absurd claim to infallibility, she has prevented all reform in the rites of worship, such as we have adapted to the progress of society; and she has originated, and encouraged, the adoption of accumulated abuses for political purposes or for worldly aggrandizement and riches.

Yet among the above-named orders or classes of the French, there are found thinking people, well acquainted with the scriptures, who strongly desire to see any system adopted that might promulgate or enforce the morals of the gospel. These, while they esteem the Christian system as mere abstract philosophy in relation to themselves, know the weak and uncertain hold that problematic doctrine is able to obtain over the affections and passions of men, and are guided in their wishes by this principle alone; but they are not numerous enough to avail themselves of any opportunity to introduce a reformed religion, such as might have been embraced by a larger body of the people.

But there is yet another and more numerous class in France, with whom, it may be, the absence of sensible religion or the visible church, is the absence of all religion and principle whatsoever.

Thus, among the working classes, from the watch-maker's most ingenious assistant, to the labourer who carries the hod, at least, in all the larger towns, and the same is fast spreading to the lesser, in spite of a better education than the same classes upon the whole, receive in England, the church has not only been virtually set aside, but Christianity has not even survived as a philosophical system; and it is among this class, that murder, treason, suicide, and all the monstrous crimes of an irreligious population, are the most common, especially in Paris.

If what is here stated be really the value of religion in France, the respect felt for the Romish priests cannot be supposed to be any where great. With the highest order of the people, the holy fraternity are generally regarded with indifference, and with the middle class they are treated with distrust or contempt, while with the order that has been last named, they are regarded as tyrants by nature or what is the same thing, by inevitable necessity, and as enemies to their freedom or their licentiousness. Thus when a Romish priest makes his appearance abroad in Paris, he is usually seen hurrying through the streets, with his hat drawn over his forehead and his eyes fixed upon the ground, or he is discovered gloomily promenading

alone in some obscure alley of a public garden ; or he is concealed in the deepest recess of a closed vehicle. He has separated himself alike from the world and its affections, which, to assert might be regained, were to deny that the moral and political history of mankind had contributed any thing to the stock of human knowledge, or afforded any light concerning our future destinies.

In this condition of the Romish French church and of the religious order, a priest himself would hardly be offended, that a traveller from a land where Christianity stands upon its own merits, naked and undisguised, and where those who are appointed to make the Scriptures their peculiar study, officiate by the authority of a representative government and are subject to laws instituted by common consent, and are respected without superstitious veneration, and kindly regarded instead of being feared—a Romish priest, it is thought, with a knowledge of these facts, might pardon any one that should feel a degree of compassion which might incline him, sometimes, to take an opportunity to seek his company, even to sympathize with and pity his condition.

A conversation which I chanced to have with the priest, the mention of whom has given rise to these observations, was brief, and such of our dis-

course as remains the strongest engraven upon my memory will not cause much delay in reporting.

The commencement was much like the first essays to intercourse used by strangers of all classes or nations, and made no impression; but as some village spire came in view it gave the occasion of a remark, from which, by a very easy transit from the ornament of the building, we came to the purpose to which the holy edifice was dedicated.

To take up our conversation from this point: When I had discovered, that the priest was not of those bigoted opinions so frequent among the fraternity, but, without reason, attributed to the whole order, I observed to him, that if a foreigner might judge from what meets the eye in passing through the country, that his compatriots should be more religious in the provinces than in the metropolis.

The priest expressed no surprise at the remark, but replied :—

“ The mere peasantry are so.”

“ That, however, is something.”

“ But it is not durable. It is not with us as with the Protestants. You mix religion with education; and as the one advances, the other increases in strength. This is not effectually so

with any class of the people in France. To this end the government must act, not, to assent merely, but to superintend, direct. Before that, the nation, the instructed classes, must once more receive religion, and this will never be."

This opinion was new to me. At least, I had never heard the expression of despair, and above all in matters of religion, issue from the mouth of a Christian priest before. The word *never*, indeed, was uttered with such strong emphasis and even emotion, by the priest, that with the matter that preceded it, I found enough to engage my thoughts, until he inquired of me, after a short time had elapsed, whether I had been in Paris, and in reply to the answer he received, demanded, whether I knew any thing of an university education there.

To the last question of the priest, I was able to reply that I had even lived a short time in the family of a professor who had the charge of the education of fourteen or fifteen, or more, boys and young men.

"Then," said the priest, "if you observed any thing of their instruction, and will now suppose them, with their contemporaries, scattered through the provinces of the kingdom, you may foretel what fruits the moral seeds sown in their bosoms should produce throughout France, as certainly as the

husbandman relies upon the increase of its kind, of the natural seeds which he commits to the ground."

"But do you not think," I here observed, "that these effects are in some measure owing to the character of the religious institutions which have any credit or enjoy any influence in France? Or, is it conceived that the apostolic institutions are here in their primitive purity?"

"I know," said the priest, "that a variety of opinions exist upon that subject, and I am not a solitary instance among those in holy orders who would gladly see another general council take place; and I believe that this boon will indeed be shortly given to the Christian world, and that the Protestants will be invited to attend."

Here the conversation was suddenly put a stop to by our arrival at the quay at Basle, where I separated from the priest, whom I did not meet again; but I shall take this opportunity of saying a few words upon what came to my knowledge concerning education while in France, and recurred to my memory upon the remark made by the priest on the subject of the education of the youth of his country.

I resided for a short time, as I told the priest, with a professor, who, himself, exactly informed me, of both the manner and the amount or cha-

racter, of the religious instruction which his pupils received. But it should be premised, that we are considering the faults of the system, and the state of prevailing opinions generally, and not of the peculiar errors of the professor, who was a man of very regular family habits, and a strong advocate, and I had no reason to believe an insincere one, for at least the conservation of the present better political institutions established in his country. And it should be remembered, that we are speaking of the institutions of a country, in which a member of its legislative assembly has been listened to, who, in opposing a grant of money for the church, proposed, upon the grounds of economy, that a column should be erected in the centre of France upon which a priest should celebrate mass, or in other words perform all the essential Christian rites, or at least the most important, at particular hours daily, as a substitute for all the performances of that great mystery in all the churches throughout the country.

The French professor, then, informed me: that, as by the still extant laws, or customs, of the university, his pupils were obliged, like good Christians, to go to mass on every Sunday, he of course conducted them to the church; that as soon as he had entered, he placed them within one of the

recesses, of which there were several railed in from the side aisle, and after locking them up, that they might the better amuse themselves as they thought proper, returned home, where he remained till the usual time of the termination of the mystery, at which hour he returned to liberate them; and what he told me he was accustomed to do, I once, at least, saw him perform.

The professor further informed me, that the boys who came directly from their mothers, had usually some impressions of the ancient superstition; but that there were none in his school past the age of twelve years, that had not entirely conquered or forgotten all they had learned from their mothers, or from the provincial professors, who were usually priests. In short, that the whole matter of the Christian system, was to them, as to himself, a mere idle farce, that might have had, indeed, a beneficial influence in the government of the people, and a still greater and more legitimate, over morals properly so denominated, during the middle ages, but was too absurd for the more enlightened state of men's minds in the present day.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PASS OF THE SPLÜGEN.

As we had mounted the Rhine the temperature of the air had become gradually colder ; and at two o'clock, by which time we had accomplished about half our voyage, the rain began to fall in showers, and hourly increased, with augmented cold, until our arrival at Basle, when, in spite of the close vicinity of the hotel to the quay at which the vessel moored, we had great difficulty in getting our persons and effects under cover, without a drenching almost equal to a plunge in the Rhine.

After two days detention and confinement within doors at Basle by the incessant rain, I took a place in the diligence or public carriage for Zurich, where I arrived the same evening, without having seen any thing of the country, by reason of the continuance of the rain.

Zurich is situated at the northern extremity of the lake of the same name. It is a clean town, and seen from the water in fine weather, should present an agreeable appearance. But the rain, which had ceased after our arrival in the evening, began to pour down again in fresh torrents on the following morning; and as the cold still increased, I determined to proceed without delay towards the pass of the mountains; before we should reach which, we were every where assured we should experience no change for the better. Accordingly, I embarked in the morning by a steamer which passed daily from Zurich to Rapperswil at the southern extremity of the lake, where we arrived in the afternoon; and here, if ever, we had to endure all the inconvenience of these drowning mountain showers. The passengers, who were for the most part, people of the country, dispersed at once, or found accommodations: while three Suisse of another canton, a Frenchman, and myself, which appeared to be all the strangers that landed, proceeded on our journey towards the pass of the mountains.

The carriage that was provided for us was of the very worst description; covered, without being waterproof, and by no means, in dimension, sufficient to accommodate the five passengers that were crammed within it. Yet such was the

wretched appearance of the only habitation at which we might have rested for the night, that it had been worse than any thing we could have anticipated in continuing our route. The Frenchman who was of the party, as he stepped into the carriage, consoled us, by drily observing, that drowning was the least painful of all manners and modes of death, and as we had the choice of the means to that inevitable fate, we had done right to prefer making our exit in a carriage whimsical enough in its construction to keep up our spirits to the last, in the contemplation of the ludicrous, to being washed into the gloomy lake with nothing to assist the heaviness of the reflection that we were about to be served up for a grand feast for the fishes. We, however, escaped any inconvenience akin to a fate such as at one time, did indeed, seem almost inevitable; and on arriving at Chur, about an hour after dark, we found a dry ample room with a good blazing wood fire, a hot supper, and dry and warm beds awaiting us; which combination of luxuries soon put out of our minds all the pains we had suffered from the excessive cold and unceasing rain.

We had determined on our arrival at Chur, that we would not attempt the passage of the mountains until the violence of the rain should, at least, partially abate; but while we were at

supper, an Italian arrived from the opposite side of the pass, who informed us that the rains, which had been excessive for about ten days, had already ceased in Italy, and that the weather had become fine with a prospect of its continuance; and the same herald of good intelligence counselled us very strongly, to proceed on our journey, and we determined to follow his advice.

The morning was like the evening, with increased cold, and if possible heavier rain; so that, when we arose, we began to doubt of the prudence of following the advice we had received, and to waver in our determination. But when we enquired of the honest Suisse master of the mountain hotel, he gave it as his opinion without reserve, that the rain would continue on this side the mountains for yet many days, without there being any doubt of the augmentation of the cold; and this now fully determined us upon following the advice of the Italian, and to proceed without an hour's delay.

The rapidity with which I had passed across Switzerland, and the state of the weather during the journey, had precluded every opportunity of such observations as a traveller is accustomed to make concerning what he deems peculiar or appertinent to a race or class, rather than to the individuals with whom he should become the most

familiar. But with this slight acquaintance with the Suisse, though it were presumption to say more, it would be unjust to say less, than, that I found more honesty, more kindness rather than civility, than I ever experienced elsewhere among that class of persons with whom alone a traveller is thrown in the course of a journey through any country, accomplished with the rapidity of that which it fell to my lot to make through the Suisse cantons of Bard, Argan, Zurich, St. Galen and Grisons.

But few things that are good, are found to be without something tending to moderate our satisfaction or enjoyment; and two things during a passage through Switzerland excite in the traveller's breast, such feelings, as in the one case should be far from pleasing, and in the other beget unqualified offence.

There exists in all this mountain country, the well-known disorder certainly, called the goître, whether hereditary or indigenous, or as some say, produced by the practice which prevails among the peasantry of carrying every thing upon the head. It appears; however, to be so general, that we observed but one or two persons above the age of five-and-twenty, that did not exhibit symptoms of its commencement; while such was every where the condition of the aged, that it was at first

painful to look upon the passengers as we passed them by.

The effect of the disorder, is to produce, or the disorder itself, consists of, a frightful excrescence hanging from the neck, which could not be better described, whether it only fell under our great author's observation in his passage across the Alps, or is to be found in the higher countries of Britain, than was done by Gonzalo in the Tempest, who, to calm the terror of his companion Alonzo at the wonders with which they were surrounded in the enchanted island, reminds him of the incredulity of the age at the time of their boyhood in Italy.

“ Who would believe that there were mountaineers
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at them
Wallets of flesh ? ”

The frightful excrescence is usually of greater or less dimensions in proportion to the age of the women ; and the deformity is increased by the protuberance being left to hang loose, and its offensiveness exaggerated by its being exposed, generally, perfectly uncovered. In some cases that we saw, in the women, the excrescence could not have been less than eighteen inches in length and nearly as much in circumference.

But that which is most offensive of all that may perhaps come under the traveller's observation

during a rapid passage across Switzerland, is a practice about to be condemned, but which I would willingly believe is not universal among the honest mountaineers.

A legislator known among us for his humane endeavours to refine the feelings of the people and purge the native heart of a portion of its original barbarity, has triumphed over that false sense of shame, which, at least in our country, leads us to despise every thing that upon the first view seems adapted to render us too susceptible of feelings that might tend to unfit us for some scenes of after-life, where "the smallest part and least portion of humanity" might be troublesome to possess. But that which it occurs here to censure, might not perhaps have needed this apology, had the argument been to urge the claims upon our kindness, of the noble animal which labours its whole life in our service, and contributes so much to our enjoyment, or of any other irrational creature about our dwellings or within our doors; but to descend to the bottom of a lake to discover an object of human pity, might seem to infer so new and strange a sympathy, that the authority of the British Parliament has been thought necessary to justify the full censure of the shocking practice; and, in truth, it involves no greater horrors than the torture of mere amphibious creatures that

must necessarily be killed, in order to be eaten. But be this as it may, the feelings of that man should not surely be envied, who could stand unmoved watching one of the opposite sex occupied in skinning the familiar animal that wakes the morning with his high sounding and shrill notes when the day is propitious and the elements are at rest.

I stood, then, by the side, to be exact, of one of twenty women of the mountains, all occupied in tearing the skins off the living frogs, that the purchasers might fry them alive. They had each a bag at hand, that might have contained two bushels of frogs; and ever and anon, as the purchasers stood and held the plate to receive them, and were occupied in keeping them from crawling away, the vendor thrust her hand into the bag, and took out one at a time, and after cutting off the point of the nose, by a dexterous twitch left the animal in an instant entirely without his skin; and in this manner, plates after plates were filled with the flayn living creatures, ready to be placed over the red-hot coals, that Christians might the better relish their hateful meal.

It was necessary to leave Chur, which is the last proper village on this side of the Alps, at an early hour, in order to ensure our arrival at the

first hamlet in our descent into Italy before the close of the day. The rain was still falling as we commenced the grand ascent of the mountains, and continued to pour down heavily for the first two hours; but after this, as we proceeded, it gradually changed to a mizzling rain, and finally to a cold raw mist.

We now came to the small hamlet of Splügen, situated at a short distance from the proper defiles of the mountain pass of the same name. Here we found the mists broken into light floating rack, illuminated by the sun's oblique rays, which sometimes fell upon our path with a soft and hopeful beam.

We dined sumptuously, and changed horses at a good hotel at Splügen; and as we soon afterwards attained a superior elevation, we seemed to soar above the reach of the mists; and the sun, when not obscured by the peaks of the mountains, now shone upon us with his full and brightest beams; and we looked down upon the clouds that still poured their contents upon the lower country, while we were subjected to no further inconvenience, save the excessive, and as we continued to ascend, the still increasing cold.

At this point of our ascent, we found the deep ravines on all sides of us crowded with pine and spruce groves. Among these the snow was still

lying ; but there was not a sufficient quantity upon the road to obstruct our passage or cause us any inconvenience.

Near the summit of the pass, our conductors pointed out to us some mountain torrents, which are considered to be the more remarkable of the sources of the Rhine ; after which, we attained a broad and steril plain or platform of the mountain, where there is a building of stone, in which a large bell had been placed for the purpose of being rung at given hours during the bad weather, for the benefit of travellers benighted or bewildered by the falling or fallen snow at the inclement seasons. But now, in the early part of September, there was not a flake to be seen above the pine country which we had fully left, before we attained the highest altitude of the pass. There were also poles erected at equal intervals along the side of the route, the tops of which might appear above the snow at almost the greatest height that it could by possibility lie upon the unsheltered way.

Just seven hours after we commenced the proper ascent of the Alps we attained the highest elevation ; and before we began to descend, the postillion drew up beside a sign which had been erected to mark the limits of the two dissimilar

countries of Switzerland and Austrian Italy, which the Alps here divide.

While the postillion rested his horses, we all descended from the carriage, in order to see if we could find any spot from which we might obtain a view of any portion of the fruitful plains of Italy; but although the atmosphere was clear on every side, the tops and peaks of the mountains around, and the floating mists below us, entirely precluded or intercepted any considerable view; and we were informed by our conductor, that the prospect, under the most favourable circumstances, would not have comprehended any portion of the lower country on either side.

We now again entered the vehicle, and very soon commenced descending on the Italian side of the Alps. About half a mile below the bleak summit, we came to the Austrian pass, where we were subjected to the usual scrutiny of the customs, after which we continued the descent.

As the traveller descends by this pass into Italy, the first worthy object to which his attention will be drawn, is the grand and laborious work which has been performed by the Austrians to facilitate the ascent and descent of the mountains, and called the Galleries. These consist of a zig-zag parapet way, artificially constructed, to enable the

traveller to descend through the great difficulties that nature has placed in his way. Sometimes they overlook a deep and frightful abyss, and at others, pass through cold tunnels which have been cut in the solid granite rock, while the opposite sides of the grander ravines into which you are descending, present such stern and wild scenes as we might suppose the first surface of the earth to have exhibited before its adaptation to the uses and enjoyment, at least, of the rational inhabitants which were commanded to replenish and subdue it. And this grand work, which it is difficult to suppose a century of labour might have accomplished, seems to have been begun and terminated within the short period of five years.

We descended, very rapidly, whenever the inclination of the ways was not too great to leave us at liberty so to do ; and as the sun still shone upon us, whenever the defiles were broad, with little diminution of his rays, every abyss, every ravine, presented a new climate and new vegetation, from the first deep green of the stunted mountain firs which clung to precipitous rocks that were white with the foam of the falling waters, till the presence of the soft and delicate olive among luxuriant vines, seemed to transport us, in a few short hours, from the regions of eternal winter and irreclaimable sterility, into the bosom of a land

of perpetual spring. It appeared as if a transit of some thousand miles across the earth's smooth surface, from the limits of the frigid towards the centre of the torrid zone, had scarcely exhibited the same degree of change in the weather, or all the varieties of vegetation which we observed at the different elevations, more or less to abound.

Nor was the difference in our appearance, from the time we left the bleak heights of the Alps to the time we reached the climate of the olive and the vine, scarce less than that exhibited by the inhabitants of the several climates of the globe, of which we had experienced the effects in the course of a single day. The English winter travelling attire, which had been augmented by that of the Russian as we ascended, had, before we reached the first village in Italy, been all thrown aside, and nothing but the mere habiliments of summer were retained.

There was perhaps never any aphorism more true, than that which associates in our minds the indolence of man, and the fruits of his inertness, with the greatest bounty of heaven, in soil and climate, and quick and luxurious vegetation ; and here we are presented with the crowning instance of this universal fact. You no sooner enter the fruitful country of Lombardy, than for the neat and clean cottage, with the smart maiden at the

wheel, and the well appointed appertinents to field labour with their visible effects in the replenished plantations,—than for these grateful scenes of man's industry and virtue, you are presented with hovels, at the doors of one in every three of which sit dirty women shamelessly occupied in picking the disgusting vermine with which their homes abound from their half-naked children's heads, while the fields present everywhere abundance of extraneous and wild vegetation, or contain half cultivated, half wild samples, of the most precious fruits of the fertile earth.

We saw no beggars in Switzerland ; but from the first habitation in Italy to the first village, we were beset, or followed, by mendicants of every age, and whenever the vehicle stopped we were surrounded by the unfortunate and the wretched. But if the traveller enter a market or commercial street in any of the villages in this part of Italy, for the clean and business air of the Swiss markets he is presented with every dirty and disgusting sight that may be imagined, except the skinning of frogs ; while for the steady demeanor and honest character of the trader of the upper country, he will encounter squalling women, and as a foreigner, be cheated by every dealer of the inferior ranks to the utmost of the knave's craft. But as we are but a single stage in Italy, it

would be at this time unfair to pursue the contrast further.

Chiavenna, at which we first stopped, is a miserable village, and presents nothing that is worthy to be remembered, beyond the contrast which it forms, as the first of the towns which we attain on entering Italy by the pass of the Splügen, with those of Switzerland, and which has given rise to the above few remarks.

It had been my intention to make a few days stay at the very first village we should attain in Italy, of what character soever it might chance to be ; but I was easily dissuaded from so doing, by the description which the guide books, as well as our conductors, gave us of Varenna, and with the same fellow-travellers, continued the journey upon the morning after passing the mountains, as far as Rena, at the head of the Lake Como upon which two of our party embarked, while the rest proceeded towards Varenna, where we arrived soon after mid-day. The climate, scenery, accommodation, tranquillity, every thing here seemed to accord precisely with the most favourable report ; I therefore took up my quarters at an hotel upon the banks of this beautiful lake, with the delightful anticipation of enjoying a few days of perfect repose.

The travellers with whom I had continued the

journey thus far did not remain for more than a day at Varenna ; and I was left to contemplate, in solitude, that combination of all the sources and objects of enjoyment which this beautiful spot of the fair land affords, and was not disappointed in their restorative effects upon the spirits and the disposition to persist in the object of these travels.

The Lake Como, as you float upon its still bosom, exhibits some of the more picturesque scenes of that district of Italy, combining within the same compass of view, the grand heights of the mountains on every side, with some of the lesser rich plats and fertile valleys of a country teeming with the vine, the citron, and the olive, and presenting villages distinguished by the spire of some Christian edifice, with here and there, the retreats of the wealthy, seated in the midst of abundance, or the fisherman's humbler shelter upon the narrow strand ; while the dark surface of the lake, indicating a greater depth than that which is usually found in inland waters, forms an agreeable contrast with the scenery produced by the several lights and shades which the infinite variety of natural objects at one view presents.

Lake Como is formed by, or receives its principal waters from, the Adda, a tributary river of the Po, which takes its rise in the mountains, fifty or sixty miles further towards the north-east.

Several mountain torrents also on either side the lake, pour their foaming waters down deep ravines, or over precipices, directly into the lake. Among these, the most remarkable, is that of the Milk river, which receives its name from the whiteness which the surface of its foaming waters exhibits.

From the northern end of the lakes where the Adda falls from the mountain region in which it takes its rise, to its southern extremity, the distance is about sixty miles, while the breadth of the waters rarely exceeds a mile and a half. But the lake near the centre, divides into two branches, which extend in the direction of the south-west and south-east, the former terminating at Como and the latter at Lecco the ancient Leucum, from which there is a canal which communicates with Milan. From this, the same Adda continues its course until it falls into the great river of Italy.

CHAPTER V.

COMO TO VERONA—MANTUA.

I LEFT the banks of the beautiful Lake Como, in company with two Italians, in the first week of October, to continue my journey by the direct route towards Venice, where it was my intention to make some stay. We arrived at Lecco which is situated as above stated at the southern extremity of the lake, on the first night; and the following day, we took places together in the diligence or government carriage for Bergamo.

The country between Lake Como and Bergamo is too far removed from the Alps, and the withering effect of the winds which rush down from those inconceivably grand masses of shapeless rocks covered with eternal vapour or snow, to exhibit, in the beginning of October, any diminution of the deep tints of summer vegetation. Bergamo, the ancient Bergamono, is the first

considerable town of Italy that the traveller by this route will attain ; and if a description of that country were the object of these pages it would claim a chapter to itself : but it will here suffice to make a very cursory reference to what may yet hardly come within the limits prescribed to these observations.

Bergamo has been placed in the midst of a fruitful country between the inferior streams of Brembo and Serio. It has been formerly well defended, and is still surrounded by a wall and ditch and commanded by a citadel ; and it contains a population of 10,000 inhabitants.

The principal attraction of Bergamo or that for which it is the better known among the towns of this part of Italy in the present day, is an annual fair, which is held here, and continues for eight days. We were a few days too late to see, if a judgment may be formed from the accommodations provided for the visitors, an exhibition of the most uncommon kind. The more open and embellished part of the town has been chosen for the purpose, and suitable permanent buildings of stone erected, which cover a larger space of ground, and contain good accommodations for the sellers who come from the vicinity, and the most sumptuously decorated pavillions for the accommodation of the visitors.

In the midst of these buildings stands a noble fountain, which has canals or conduits that carry away the dirt and extend the comforts of fresh water from the heights above the town through between 600 and 700 shops or stalls. Nothing can exceed the description that the people give of the brilliancy of the coffee houses under the numerous tents erected for the time, or of the elegance of the company that attend.

Before I left Bergamo a little misadventure occurred, which, though of too trivial a character to particularize, gives occasion to notice the inconvenient method of reckoning or dividing the time which prevails in Italy.

After listening to a reproach of the English for their inaptitude in adopting the improvements, the most important that originate with others, without the power of wholly exonerating my countrymen from a charge of wilful neglect, in one instance at least, of what may perhaps be among those means which lead to that national superiority which one people enjoys above another, there is a kind of satisfaction in finding more than a parallel instance in the nation from which we extract so copious a knowledge of the arts which embellish and refine, if they do not enrich, its inhabitants, or produce that national greatness which should depend in a great measure upon posi-

tion and the practical application of political science.

A just method of reckoning time should tend above all, to preserve a respect to punctuality, which it will be acknowledged, is not a matter of slight importance in the economy of men's affairs in general, nor to be regarded with indifference in the formation of national manners and character. It almost surpasses belief, that in a country—not to go back to the great Syracusan of antiquity—in a country, that names Galileo among its philosophers, the people should not have arrived at the knowledge of a correct method of measuring time; or what is worse, or reflects more upon their rulers, that they have adopted the just method which we employ, so partially as to contribute to make the effect, if possible, worse than matters would be did the people remain entirely in their former ignorance.

The popular method of keeping time in Italy even in the nineteenth century, is, in commencing the day at sun-set, at which time the twenty-four hours begin. Thus, one hour after sun-set is one o'clock, two hours after the setting two o'clock, and so on: from which it is evident, that in order to a clock giving the correct time, it must be altered daily, seeing, if we go to mathematical nicety, that two revolutions of the sun, or more

properly, of the earth on its axis, within six months of each other, are never precisely equal in length. The alteration must generally too be made at a rough guess, unless we suppose the great orb is absolutely seen to drop into the sea, and that every one has moreover an acquaintance with the laws which govern the refraction of the rays of light, or at least their particular effects at that time, as well as the means of making a calculation of the height at which he may happen to stand above the sea at the time of the setting; and these suppositions it would be absurd to apply to the great body of the people.

The difficulty to foreigners which results from this neglect, is augmented by the inconsistency practised in the very marking the dial, and the report of the hour. In speaking of the time of the day, they do not reckon twelve hours and twelve hours, as we do, although their dial exhibits but twelve hours, and the hour-hand makes two revolutions similar to ours; but they carry the number of hours to twenty-four; so that in this part of Italy, where the sun rises at the summer solstice, by this measurement of time, at half past eight o'clock, or eight hours and a half after its setting, it will not rise at the winter solstice before fifteen o'clock. It would seem much more reasonable to separate the day and the night, that is, the terms of light and darkness, and begin the

one at the rising and the other at the setting of the sun. It is true, that at the principal hotels, indeed, in the direct route between the larger towns, and at the post office in some of the capitals, and by most persons engaged in the transport of travellers, what is called French time, by which is meant the method of measuring the time which we use, has been adopted. The traveller, therefore, not out of the ordinary track of the tourist, may not experience any inconvenience from this relic of barbarism in Italy; although the uncertainty which it begets is sometimes, as above stated, productive of confusion and considerable inconvenience. •

Of all that should be seen in Bergamo, it will suffice to mention two objects, which are not among those that are common to the arts or antiquarian interest, in every town in Italy.

In a chapel by the side of the Basilica di Santa Maria Maggiore a mausoleum preserves the ashes of Colleoni, the famous captain who is said to have been the first who joined artillery to the destructive equipage of any army. The monument is in marble, with sculpture in basso relievo, appropriate to the fame which the general acquired; but the execution marks the age when the later adepts in the art had not wholly eclipsed the less refined taste of their Gothic predecessors.

In the Church of St. Augustine is to be seen

the tomb of Ambroise Calepan, a monk of the order of St. Augustine, who, as early as 1503, published a dictionary in seven languages.

From Bergamo we proceeded the next morning by diligence direct to Bresica, where we arrived the same day.

Bresica is a town of about the same class in population and riches as that which has been last named. But, as Bergamo is known in this part of Italy for its remarkable fair, so Bresica is famous for its manufacture of arms. But the water-power which it possesses has also produced other manufactories, which have given rise to a profitable commerce in silk, iron, and woollen clothes, which give to some portions of Bresica the appearance of an English manufacturing town.

After spending but a few hours at Bresica, we set out for Verona, the name of which is so familiar to a British ear, and some of the objects of curiosity within which, we shall not be compelled by their want of relation to the main tending of these remarks to pass so quickly over.

Upon leaving Bresica, the country which lies towards the Alps presents all the signs of abundance and the most delightful mixture of everything that conduces to the beauty and cheerful aspect of an inhabited country. The vast "palaces of nature," which divide Italy from

the bleak or less favored country of the north, are here seen, with their faint blue peaks, like the first steps "from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven," descending in degrees from their snow-topped summits to the plain upon which you stand; while the lower and the nearer hills are covered with the most luxuriant vegetation of a country highly cultivated and naturally abundant. To this scene are added many villas, and also villages, presenting their fronts to the soft and beautiful lawn country, which is all around covered with vines intermixed with the varied productions of the richest arable lands.

About mid-distance between Bresica and Verona you coast the southern shores of the lake Garda, the ancient Benace. The lake is described to be about thirty-five miles in length, but not above twelve in breadth: but seen from this point, it seems to extend, although its full surface is not open to the eye, to the very foot of the mountains.

Between the lake Garda and Verona the face of the country varies, and the soil is in some places sandy and steril. We did not arrive at Verona until the first hour of the night.

CHAPTER VI.

VERONA.

VERONA is situated upon the Adige, a second-class river which takes its rise in the mountains due north of the city and falls into the Adriatic between Venice and the mouth of the Po. The town lies in a plain in the midst of a productive country, and is mentioned by historian and antiquarian writers, as one of the more ancient of the cities of Italy, and is among the larger and finer of those which flourish in this part of the Peninsula at the present day. It has at this time a population of 55,000 or 56,000 inhabitants, and to the stranger, wears an air of more life and gaiety than either of the towns which have yet been mentioned.

But Verona, as above said, has a homely interest with the British traveller, especially, as the scene of the celebrated loves and the catastrophe,

so familiar to us from the nursery, as the subject of the drama which alone of our great author's works, has been made to rest wholly upon the passion which we deem the strongest that appertains to our nature; and it is the first of the Italian towns that the traveller will enter by this route, that possesses, with us, a domestic classic interest, apart from its common associations connected with the rest of the towns of Italy.

My first inquiries, on the morning of our arrival at Verona, were for the tomb of the Capulets, of which, I learned from the guide books, there were still to be seen some remains. The cicerone was already in waiting. He seemed to have heard the question I had put to the landlord; and he immediately snatched up my cane, and presented it to me, and we were in a moment in the street; but it was not until we had got some distance from the hotel that I succeeded in explaining my wishes, which were to proceed in the first instance, to view all that might remain in connexion with the families that the poet has so memorably immortalized. My good purpose was however overruled, and I was forced to submit to the cicerone's own method of performing his duties, and we came in a few minutes to the old Roman amphitheatre of Verona; and although antiquarian researches are not the proper subject

of these pages, the first, so grand remains, might not be consistently left unnoticed. We will therefore look for an instant upon this noble remains, which may justly be placed first, among the objects of proper curiosity in this ancient town. After this we may follow the order in which we saw whatever it might not be possible to pass by unobserved.

The Amphitheatre of Verona, but it does not appear upon what authority, is said to have been built in the first century, during the reign of Domitian or that of Trajan. Its ruins, however, must be placed among the choice morsels of the grander remains, which Italy, every where, more or less exhibits of the ancient world.

The great edifice is of an oval form, and measures from the exterior of the walls about 460 feet in length and 370 in breadth, while the arena does not exceed 226 feet in length and 135 in breadth, which leaves a space between the exterior and the sides of the arena of about 117 feet in the whole round of the building. The base of this immense wall, save the passages, and the archway of about 25 feet in width, which extends around the edifice 8 or 9 feet from the exterior wall, is one solid mass. From the arena 45 seats rise, by steps, one above another, till they reach the outer wall about 100 feet from the ground;

and these, some nicer observers have calculated should have accommodated 22,000 spectators. The edifice has two grand gateways, one of which is at each extremity, besides numerous other exits and entrances, the thresholds of which, as well as the whole base of the building and the floor of the arena, now lie some eight or ten feet below the surface of the ground, which has however been cleared away to expose the foundations of the exterior walls.

From the Amphitheatre we proceeded to the Domo or cathedral of Verona, which is said to be one of the more ancient gothic edifices of Italy. The most admired of its decorations within, is a painting of "the Assumption" by Titian : but the library of the chapter, according to the custodia, who was our guide, conserves within its gloomy walls a grand collection of manuscripts of great value.

We next visited the picture galleries of several of the private palaces of Verona, without any difficulties or ceremonies which caused more delay than would attend the entrance into any public edifice entirely open and hourly frequented in England.

The palace of Bevilaqua, attributed to St. Micheli, the patron saint of Verona, possesses several choice specimens of ancient sculpture ; and

several of the other palaces contain paintings of the first order: while in that of Canossa may be seen a most important collection of fossils with many perfect specimens of petrified fish-bones and shells, with the bones of animals of species extinct or not known in the latitudes they should once have inhabited, and the leaves of exotic plants. The greater part of these interesting curiosities, are found embedded in stone of calcareous formation, discovered upon the volcanic mountain of Bolea and its vicinity.

The day was fast wearing away in researches such as these; but my desire to visit the site of whatever there might remain of the palace or the tomb of the Capulets or the Montagues, a portion of whose history has been so indelibly engraven in our memories, did not cool during this survey of the works of art, and the interesting specimens of natural productions above-mentioned: yet, as I had determined upon taking the course the most familiar to the guide, and did not perceive any deficiency on his part to perform the duty he had undertaken, I made no inquiries, until he informed me that I had seen everything usually visited by tourists who only remained a single day at Verona, adding, at least, with the exception of the tomb of Juliet.

It was now, however, too late to set out for that

purpose this day. The tomb of the fair Capulet, or of whomsoever it might be, was at some distance from where we stood to discuss the points at issue concerning our movements; and a Frenchman whom I had joined in one of the galleries, and whose company I was desirous of securing, seemed to be making great efforts to accommodate his taste, or to subdue his incredulity, in order to participate in the pleasures of the harmless research. Our dinners too, which we had by accident ordered at the same hour, at the same hotel, should be ready; it was, therefore, by consent of all parties, that we postponed our further researches until the following day.

On the next morning, then, we proceeded, together, to view whatever there should remain, or be supposed to remain, in any way connected with either of the two renowned families of Verona.

We were now brought to the extremity of the most ancient quarter of the city; and close to where the last street which we threaded, terminated, and was butted by a paling which enclosed the fields that are fast encroaching upon the crumbling remains of what should once have been a populous quarter of the town, we were shown an ancient edifice, still inhabited, which the cicerone informed us was the very dwelling of the

family of the Capulets. There is a large garden behind the house, which, if we are in reality where we suppose ourselves, should be the place of the first private interview between the daughter of old Capulet and the youthful Montague, any doubts concerning whose history it would be mere wantonness to entertain.

The garden walls which form one side of a lane along which you pass, are still on all sides "high and hard to climb," for those, at least, who have not "love's light wings," and his object within, "to o'erperch their stony limits." But we could see sufficient of what grew within the walls, to mark the great age of the trees which they enclose. At the end wall, as it should once have been, of the garden, there is a door which was opened to us as soon as we knocked, but it leads only to a square apartment, at one time probably a family chapel, but which has not now any opening to pass into the garden. And in this obscure chamber, we were shown a sarcophagus, which we were informed was that which once contained, but there is now nothing within it, the mortal remains of the unhappy Juliet.

We loitered about the purlieus of the garden or orchard for some time; and I came away with more satisfaction, after a remark of my incredulous companion of the day before, indicative of greater

faith in common report concerning these remains, than he had had before he visited the spot. The good Frenchman had his guide book in his hand ; and after some appropriate observations, he ended by saying : "The very place is sufficient to excite inquiry concerning its former inhabitants ; and I do not see less reason for believing this to be the actual residence of the Capulets, than, that this city is the ancient Verona. Your poet could not have passed by without inquiring, and hearing every impression in his time, which was not so remote from the events, nor the date of the romance from which he borrowed his legend, that a so famous family abode should have become unknown."

Before finally leaving Verona, I rode over to the birth-place of the great Roman poet, accompanied by my new French companion. The road from Verona to Mantua is uninteresting, by reason of the flatness of the country through which it passes ; but what is here wanting in variety of scenery, is atoned for by the incalculable riches of the soil and the uncommon equality of the cultivation.

Mantua is, however, unfavourably situated in the midst of a lake or morass, and can only be approached by means of causeways, which conduct from its gates to the firm land. The water between the solid earth and the walls by which the

town is surrounded is, in some places, four hundred yards wide, and is rarely less than about half that distance across : but it forms a great natural moat, and with the ramparts within, serves for a defence which makes Mantua a place of considerable strength.

On entering the town of Mantua, you are struck with the great breadth of the streets and the regularity of the buildings ; but everything wears the gloom and desert character of a city, decreased and still decreasing in population, and possessing but little communication or commerce with the country beyond its immediate vicinity. We first walked round the fortifications, all of which, including the Citadel, are in a good state of repair ; and within the Citadel there were no indications that a foreign troop, by right of violence, possessed the land. We next inquired for any memorial that might exist of the great poet of the Augustan age, and we were conducted to the Town hall, where there is to be seen a statue of modern construction, which has been erected to his memory, and afterwards, to see a bust which has been placed for the same purpose over one of the gates of the city.

We were shown in our rambles a more common object of Mantuan pride, which is a house said to have been occupied by Giulio Romano, who de-

signed the chief Palace of Mantua, the Cathedral, and several other edifices, and also embellished them with the choicest productions of his prolific pencil. The house is remarkable as a piece of rustic architecture, which looks as if it was designed to show, from what rudeness the lofty or refined conceptions that design palaces and copy nature, may nevertheless emanate. Over the door, there is a statue of Mercury; which is perfectly consistent with the greater works of the painter which adorn the chief palace of Mantua, the subjects of which are for the most part chosen from fabulous history. The fall of Phaëton—the marriage of Psyché. The Father of the gods' victory over the giants; with many others of similar character. But the very good people of Mantua generally, not having it should seem in all cases the clearest perceptions, have mistaken the messenger of the gods, as correctly observed by the guide books, for the first messenger and fore-runner of the Christian covenant.

Mantua has a much more modern aspect than any of the towns of Italy yet mentioned; and as the author of its greater works in architecture and painting, died here as late as 1546, it is plain that the chief embellishments of the city are not of greater antiquity. The people, however, speak with the same lively regret, of the loss of a pre-

cious collection of curiosities, destroyed or removed after the taking and sack of the city in 1630, that we should feel for a national calamity of but yesterday's occurrence.

After this hasty review of modern Mantua, during which we were regarded with an eye of curiosity sufficient to show that the people were not so familiar with the presence of travellers as the inhabitants of the larger cities upon the great high roads of Italy, we returned to Verona.

CHAPTER VII.

VERONA—PADUA—VENICE.

ON leaving Verona upon the direct route towards Padua the face of the country is found less level, but exhibits the same fertility, which, with little intermission, presents itself from the borders of the lake Como to the eastern coasts of Italy. On the one hand, as you proceed, the lower hills which skirt the southern line of the Alps, display wild vegetation or cultivated fields, while on the other, the vast plain which stretches towards the south, is bounded on either side by the Adriatic sea, and by the Appenines, which stretching from north to south nearly divide the peninsula into two equal parts. On either side the road, the fields are generally planted with the sombre mulberry, in rows which do not obstruct the cultivation of the cerealious crops, while the vines which are trained to entwine them, mix the lighter green of their

foliage with the darker hues, and hanging in festoons from tree to tree, give a character to the scenery, wholly new to the traveller from beyond the mountains which separate Italy from the rigorous climates of the more northern latitudes.

But while the fair face of this beautiful province engages our interest, and excites our admiration, our moral sympathies, and other and less grateful feelings are powerfully awakened. We look upon the barrier, which arrests the bleak storm in its course, and which establishes and regulates the climate of all the lands in its vicinity, and remember, that its cloud capt summits have no power to stop the course of the "hostile hordes of many nation'd spoilers," one of which even now usurps the soil and foison of this the fairest of all the provinces of Italy; and it is not until we turn from these reflections, that we are able to pursue the proper inquiries which should arrest the chief attention of a mere tourist in this or any other land.

The next town of any consideration that the traveller attains, is Vicenza—where we arrived soon after noon. Vicenza, is supposed to have been built by the Gauls four centuries before the Christian era. It is surrounded by a double wall, and at this time contains about 30,000 inhabitants. Two torrents from the mountain rush

through the town; and after, uniting, fall into the Adriatic between Venice and the mouths of the Po. We made no stay here, to examine any of its curiosities or its antiquities, which the guide books did not give us reason to believe were abundant; so that we arrived at Padua the same evening.

Padua, is the largest of all the towns that lie within that populous and fruitful part of the country over which the traveller passes between Milan and Venice, and is said to contain about 55,000 inhabitants. The works of art, and the curiosities, as well as the objects of natural production collected within the walls of Padua, merit the minute examination of the antiquary or scientific traveller. But the remarks which may be here admitted, must be confined to short notices of what was the more striking to one with less important objects at present in view than the acquirement or illustration of any branch of science. They will not exceed a few observations concerning some works of art, or relics or monuments that the people of Padua believe they possess, of such character, as history, poetry, or romance, has brought us acquainted with, or given us an interest or property in, in common with all the nations and people in the world.

In the great cathedral, said to have been com-

menced near the beginning of the twelfth century, and not completed until the middle of the eighteenth, among a collection of fine paintings, is shown one of the Virgin by Giotto, which is said to have been presented by Petrarch, by whom it was considered a fine specimen of the art ; and in the sacristy of the cathedral there are several other paintings of the Virgin, one of which is by Titian, and another by St. Jerome ; and there is also a portrait of Petrarch.

In the church of the Eremitain is shown a monument erected to the memory of Prince Frederic of Orange, the work of the great Canova. But in relics, such as idolatrous fancy has so often sanctified to the most hateful uses in Italy, Padua boasts of those, of names still more illustrious of our common acquaintance among the departed.

In digging for the foundation of a hospital for foundlings in the thirteenth century, the people of this city discovered a leaden coffin, which enclosed another of cedar, containing bones, a sword of ancient workmanship, and coins of silver and gold, which at once identified the precious relics to be those of Antenor, the companion of Æneas and the founder of Padua. About a century after this, in a garden of the church of San Giustina, were found similarly preserved, the supposed remains of Titus Livius, whom it is at least known was

born at Padua. These relics were first placed in the church of San Giustina ; but they were afterwards deposited in the Hall of Justice, where a monument has been erected to record the event, and over which is placed a head of ancient sculpture, presented by a celebrated antiquary, and supposed to represent that of the Roman historian.

Besides the relics which recall these memorable characters, the good people of Padua name the familiar name of Laura among the beneficed sisters of their cathedral, and that of Galileo among the lecturers in their university.

The university of Padua is justly celebrated throughout Italy. It has been the school of many literary and scientific men, less known among us than the great genius above named ; and it is for this institution that Padua is even now best known in Italy, and it is by the aid of this establishment that it has maintained its rank among the cities of modern Italy. We visited the lecture room, and the public schools which are attached to the university, and were received in every instance both by professors and pupils with the greatest attention : and we were gratified by the just curiosity of the professors, by whom we were asked many questions respecting the condition of the like institutions in England and France : and in the free conversation which arose

out of these inquiries, among other things we learned, that a complete university education at Padua might be obtained for about fifty pounds a year with personal and every other expense included.

We did not stay any more than a day at Padua, and then continued our journey towards Venice. The face of the country from Padua to Fusina, the place of embarkation upon the Venician waters, presents the same incomparable fertility, which we had hitherto observed: but it is plain, and the scenery is only varied by the village spires and pleasant villas which abound in this part of the country. Several of these abodes of the rich are of the first order, with wide courts, decorated with appropriate statues, while the chief edifice and its appurtenances display great architectural beauty. Others have gardens replete with the rarer shrubs and flowers, and ornamented with statues and pieces of sculpture which harmonize with the scene. The principal of the villas which we observed upon this road we learned, was inhabited by the Austrian, in chief authority here.

The scenery of this vicinity, was the first on the journey, that fully realized, either with my companion or myself, those conceptions of Italy which belong to a northern imagination, but which, like the expectations of youth after full

age, are seldom confirmed by a sojourn in this fair land. We did not enter palace, or cottage, or garden; and were glad that we had no opportunity of so doing, lest we should break the enchantment, by the perception of any variation from the general harmony between the works of art, and the trained exuberance of nature which seemed everywhere to abound.

At Fusina we embarked in one of the gondolas that navigate the Brenta, and the waters that divide the Isles of Venice from the main-land.

It is scarce necessary to make any particular mention of the gondola, with which we are so familiar; but it may be remarked in passing, that we found ourselves on board a most commodious and convenient passage-boat, of good length, sharp at the head and stern, with a fixed covering to protect the passengers from the rays of the sun or from the cold wind. Those which pass among the Islands, or from the Islands to the main-land, are of full breadth and appropriate dimensions to encounter a sea, but those which ply upon the canals or proper streets of Venice, of which a further notice may be necessary, are much narrower, and more resemble canoes than any other kind of boats that are commonly known.

We passed several of these passage boats, which

were rowing up the river as we descended, before we entered the broader waters. Here the beauty of the scene surpassed our highest expectations. Gondolas were moving in every direction; and the Isles, covered with palaces and domes and forts, which rise above the nearer edifices, seem like fairy cities floating upon the bosom of an enchanted lake. Travellers who were in the gondola, that were acquainted with half the world's surface, declared the scene before them, if some mountain-views might not be an exception, the most gratifying they had ever beheld.

An Englishman during his travels in Italy, may seldom be more forcibly reminded of the images which the poetry of his country has engraven upon his imagination, than at the moment that the once "ruler of the waters" is beheld with the senses, as we have before seen her in mind, like

— "a sea Cybele, fresh from ocean,
Rising with her tiara of proud towers."

And with every stroke of the oar, new domes, new towers and new parapets appear; and other islands seem to rise out of the water like that of the queen city, studded with the edifices of Christian worship and of defensive war.

As you proceed, the city continues gradually to

discover its varied details, until the eye compasses its full extent, without diminishing the interest which its novel and romantic position must produce in the minds of all who behold it.

But we now enter the Grand Canal, or proper highway of the city; and it is not until we are within the great liquid thoroughfare, that we find that our admiration must have a limit, and our poetic exultation descend to a more sober view of the waking realities of a common world; yet like the body from which the spirit but yesterday departed, the remains still show the outline of the form which life so lately animated, and though in their decay, present a great and noble monument of the durability of works of human art, while they teach us a moral lesson concerning the comparative instability of the firmest established institutions—the mortality of kingdoms.

But if the enchantment is here broken, the novel scene which Venice must present to the mind of every traveller, is not perhaps inferior in interest to any in the world. Description is not the present object; yet, what we observed among the more remarkable peculiarities of so curious a city might not be conveniently omitted.

The whole town is built upon piles set upon a shallow bank, a portion only of which appears above the water, in the midst of a spacious bay, which is

defended from the sea by a series of sand banks, and lesser islands. Thus, its foundations are actually below the level of the water which intersects it and forms its proper streets in every direction, dividing it into 150 isles or blocks of houses, with no better land-channel of intercourse than narrow passages which admit neither horse nor vehicle, of which however there is no need in Venice. These streets or allies communicate by no less than 300 bridges, which cross the canals or channels which are as above observed the proper substitutes for highways.

For the chief street which usually divides towns into nearly two equal parts, and is the centre of commerce and the channel of intercourse by which the inhabitants of the two extremities of the town communicate with each other, in this marine city, we have its Grand Canal, which, passing through the town by a serpentine course, is easily accessible from every quarter, and is thus the great highway of communication and proper channel of internal commerce. The principal entrance of this canal faces the sea ; but as we came from the opposite side, we entered it by the passage which opens into the waters between the island and the main-land.

There is nothing striking in entering Venice by the canal on the land side, save the novelty for

which you are prepared. The fronts of the houses face you on either side, and you at once perceive that you are in reality in a street ; and as you proceed edifices appear of improved structure, and the whole surface of the river is covered with various descriptions of gondolas, and of the smaller sea barks, laden with merchandize, and moored at the wharfs or at the doors of the private dwellings, or in motion by the use of the oar.

We first stopped at the Custom House, where we were immediately boarded by half a dozen of those often officious though sometimes useful persons who attend the arrival of passengers everywhere by land or by water, to secure their custom to the master of the hotel to which themselves belong ; and finding among them, several of the servants who represented the hotel to which we had been recommended, we placed our luggage in their charge, and as the day had not yet closed, took a smaller gondola and proceeded to navigate the channel to its opposite termination, in order to take a general view of the city while the novelty of its aspect was quickest in our excited minds.

There is but one bridge across the grand channel of the city, which is the bridge of the Rialto, the name of which recalls impressions that we have received both from history and romance,

which may give rise to a few further thoughts as we proceed with such details as may follow these remarks.

From the bridge of the Rialto as you proceed towards the entrance of the channel upon the side which fronts the sea, everything as it presents itself on either hand, exhibits some object of novelty or increased interest. Upon the surface of the waters float the glad evidences that a foreign commerce still survives ; while, here a palace, and there a temple of Christian worship, the marble steps of which are washed by the rippling swell, rise in their pristine beauty before you until you gradually enter upon the broad expanse of the outer waters within full view of the lesser islands of the bay covered with fortifications and magnificent domes ; at the same time, that in the distance, beyond these is seen the long low sands which form the outer barrier of the basin and port of Venice.

Here we stopped the oars, to look more leisurely around us. The scene from this happy site perhaps exceeds in magnificence every gaudy show, as chiefly the work of human art, that the earth anywhere exhibits. If we turn towards the bay, we are presented with the islands, studded with their splendid edifices, but if we turn on the other hand, we look upon the Piazzetta San Marco, or lesser place of St. Mark, on one side of which stands the ancient palace of the Doge in the age of Venician

independence, and on the other, appropriate buildings with noble arcades; while at the end of the piazzetta, on the right hand is seen the dome of the Basilica of San Marco, with the façade which fronts the yet only partially seen grand piazza, which is perhaps the noblest public place in Europe.

It would be more painful to contemplate these quick evidences of passed glory, did not the scene upon the water drown every melancholy thought with which the name of Venice is associated. Here the ancient spirit seems as if it still survived; and as we look upon the vessels in motion, we see, or think we see still, the great marine city which once played so proud a part on the world's wide stage—that Venice which was once the emporium and centre of the riches and commerce of the east—that was once the focus in which European trade centred. In a word, we seem still to behold the living signs of her vigour and her unrivalled magnificence of former years; and it is not until we step upon the quay, now guarded by a foreign mercenary, alike strange to the natives in manners and in tongue, or till we enter the courts of the tenantless palaces, that the imagination, wrought to the highest by the splendor of the view of Venice which we have just taken, permits our thoughts to descend to an equality with the character of what we are after-

wards with so different feelings to behold. We have indeed seen but a gilded show, a false Venice. The genius of commerce which we have seemed to see, has no longer her throne in Venice. She has removed her seat of empire to the cold island from which we came, but where she has yet erected but few lasting trophies of her reign beyond the historical record of her influence over the destinies of nations, over the happiness of mankind. The spirit of Venice has indeed departed; but the beautiful shade still stalks through the wide halls and about the courts of the deserted palaces and temples of the city, which in "monumental mockery," indicate the sepulchre of her material and perishable portion, as they remind us of the uncertainty of human grandeur—of the mortality of nations.

We now landed upon the quay; and proceeding to the upper extremity of the broad way between the outer chambers of the palace of the Doge and the appropriate line of building which forms the opposite side of this open place, we came directly in front of the great Basilica of San Marco, which forms the north end of the grand piazza of the same name. To those who have visited Paris, it would suffice to compare the Piazza San Marco to the great temple there, wherein are concentrated the very essence of the three too often associated

appurtenances of great cities, luxury or the misuse of wealth, pleasure, and vice, the Palais Royal: but for those who have not visited the metropolis of France, it is necessary to be in a slight degree more particular in this notice.

The grand public promenade, the Piazza San Marco, is a large long square, surrounded with handsome stone edifices, uniform in their construction, and having arcades the whole round of the place, except at the end formed by the façade of the cathedral, and the upper part of the side which opens upon the lesser place before mentioned, and faces the sea. Beneath the arcades, on the three sides, shops of small dimensions exhibit wares and merchandize of every description in retail, while the upper chambers, like those of the building to which the grand Venician edifice has been compared, are let out, but are more commonly appropriated to the use of private families than to public exhibitions, or to other purposes. In the arcades, are several coffee houses, but they are not of a superior class; and we look in vain for the welcome signs after a day's fatigue, which, placed above the arcades of the Palais Royal, indicate the way to a dozen chambers, where every appetite may be accommodated, every taste gratified.

When we had walked several times round the great public place of San Marco, we retired to our hotel.

CHAPTER VIII.

VENICE.

THE morning after my arrival at Venice, I left the hotel, still in company with the same gentleman with whom I had travelled from Padua; and we proceeded under the guidance of an accomplished cicerone, to view some of the rarer or greater objects of interest in the city; and of all that we inspected upon this, and several subsequent days, I shall endeavour to select such as may lead the least astray from the course laid down for the principal matter of these sketches, the character of which it has not been left to this time to explain.

We first returned to the Piazza San Marco, in order to make a narrower inspection of this great public place, and the grand Basilica which forms its eastern extremity. As you walk up the centre of the square, the noble Christian edifice presents a front not more indebted for the admi-

ration which it excites, to the grandeur and beauty of the structure, than to the situation it occupies, and to the novel character of its embellishments, of which, that which is the most rare as the ornament of a Christian temple, is also the most conspicuous.

The most spiritual Christian of the coldest region, and the most offended with the showy worship of the Romanists, and their pretensions to hourly miracles without presenting us with any sensible proofs of their performance, or in other words, to the conversion of one thing into another without its exhibiting any change in its appearance, its taste, or its feeling, might even yet be surprised to discover among the idols of the conservators of the practices of the dark ages, that noble animal that proudly paws the ground beneath his feet, as if he contemned everything save the rein and curb of his rider. In this city of the sea, however, it must be premised, that as the gondola upon the canals here substitutes the carriage upon the highways of every other town in the world, so are men in proportion the less familiar with the quadruped here presented to us in a position so novel. In Venice, in truth, this amiable as useful animal, is only known to the untravelled by his portraits, or the stone or bronze copies of the artist; and if art have produced any

other form than that which in the Roman countries is given, even to the first person of the Trinity, that might be worthy of worship, then the four perfect statues which surmount the frontispiece of the Basilica of San Marco, should needs be this worthy example of human ingenuity.

Standing in face of this Christian temple, among the details of ornament which first strike the eye, are the Horses above alluded to, of which it will suffice to make a short notice.

The four fine bronze copies of the noble animal, have been once, as the observer may still discover, washed with gold; but their history is perhaps the most remarkable, not excepting any Egyptian obelisk, of any work of art of any great celebrity in the world. They appear to have been originally Chian, and to have been first transported to Constantinople by the Emperor Theodosius, and thence transferred to Venice in the triumphant days of the renowned queen of the seas, where they remained until their better-known journey to the Tuilleries, whence they returned, after its habitant, so long the "arbiter of others" fates, became "a suppliant for his own," again to adorn, it should be rather said, the Piazza San Marco than the Christian edifice, of the embellishments of the gaudy façade of which, they nevertheless form the most conspicuous feature.

The other and more appropriate ornaments of a Christian temple, which we observe in the frontispiece of the grand Basilica of San Marco, consist of several mosaics. These appear beneath pointed roofs, supported by the most precious marble. That in the centre, represents the Last Judgment, and that on the right, standing in face of the church, represents the carrying away the body of the patron saint of Venice from the tombs at Alexandria, in 1617, and that on the left, the magistrates of Venice in the act of adoration of the body of their patron saint on its arrival upon their shores.

To carry any further, this far from ample notice of but a portion of the details of the church without, or to proceed to any description of the interior of the gorgeous edifice, would lead too far beyond the limits prescribed for these remarks. It will suffice, therefore, to observe, that this choice Basilica in the very presence of the magnificent palaces of Venice, is, according to our associations with a Christian temple, more fitted to assist the pomp of political government than for the purpose to which it has been dedicated. The rich edifice appears as one great mass of the precious and variegated marbles of the east and the west. Five hundred columns of green marble and porphyry within support a noble roof; while

the walls on every side are replete with monuments in mosaic, basso relievo, and other styles of sculpture, executed at every period of the progress and of the decay of the arts from the tenth, to the middle of the last, century. Such is the Basilica of San Marco at Venice.

When we had seen every thing within and without the church of St. Mark, except the relics of the Evangelist, which are with good taste kept shut up out of sight within a chapel, we left the church, and proceeded into the lesser public place, which it has been observed leads from the grand piazza to the open quay which fronts the bay, and the one side of which is formed by the outer chambers of the ancient palace of the Doges.

We now proceeded to inspect this princely residence more nearly. The great edifice, is in the form of a square, one side of which fronts the water, between which and its base intervenes a broad quay, another side looks upon the inferior place of St. Mark, while the third approaches within a short distance of the church, and the fourth which is properly the back of the building, looks upon one of the smaller canals which it has been observed, in Venice supply the place of the streets of other towns; and it is connected with the buildings of so great prison celebrity, by the famous Bridge of Sighs, which passes from

the chambers of the first story to the dark walls which form the opposite side of the canal way.

Two gates conduct to the great court of the palace, one of which opens upon each side of the double front which the edifice presents, or, one upon the quay, and the other upon the piazza or lesser public place. We passed the gate which leads from the latter, and entered the great court directly opposite the grand flight of marble steps, called the Giant's Stairs, which lead from the court to the interior of the palace. The two sides of the court which are formed by the outer chambers of the great edifice are ornamented with arcades, and exhibit architectural beauty; while in the middle of the space there are two bronze cisterns of the workmanship of the sixteenth century. We did not dwell long here; but desired to be conducted to the interior of the noble structure.

We mounted the grand flight of marble steps, the broad landing upon which, before you enter the palace, was the site where the Doges were accustomed to be invested with the ensigns of their monarchical power. It was a fit place for putting the external symbols of authority upon the head of such bloody-sceptred tyrants, as were many of the rulers in the state of Venice both in the time of her national prosperity and her decline. None could dissent or rend the air with their sweet

voices of approbation save the military, or chosen few, that might find a place within the gloomy walls of the courts of the palace.

In few words, the chief ornaments of the ancient Doge's Palace, are at this day, its galleries of paintings, and the library of St. Mark which was removed to the chambers of this palace in 1812. The paintings are of the more choice of all the galleries of those exhibitions of the fine arts so peculiarly Italian; and the great library is as remarkable for the beauty of the chamber itself as for the rarity and value of its contents. The walls and the ceiling are replete with representations of the more remarkable events in the history of Venice, and of the transactions of the world in which the state had any share or influence; while the shelves exhibit sixty thousand volumes, among which, five or six thousand are in manuscript. We opened several of the manuscripts, which we found beautifully copied: but we saw nothing during a short quarter of an hour which we allowed ourselves, that was not of religious character. But perhaps the most interesting object within the walls of the library, is the famous map of the world here preserved of Fra Mauro, which is dated, in the year 1460, or thirty-two years before the first discoveries of Columbus.

We had yet seen but a very small portion of

the great or rare works of art in which Venice abounds; but we had wearied ourselves by an entire day's application to the cicerone's explanations and those of the guide books; and, to avoid as much as might be, the vice of confounding the pieces of sculpture or painting one with another, we determined on the next day to vary the scene by a leisure walk through the streets, or a tour by gondola; and the course which we took, and the impressions which we continued to receive in our further inspection of the city, will be noticed in the same manner in which those have been set down which preceded them.

My gallic friend respected the little inclinations which direct the inquiries of the British tourist, under the influence of those indelible impressions which our Island poetry has so strongly stamped upon our fancies in association with the city of Venice; and on the morning of the third day we directed that we might be led immediately to the Bridge of the Rialto, which passes, as before said, over the grand canal, and is situated near the centre of the city. We had not yet been a hundred yards beyond the great public place, or seen enough to give us any general idea of Venice, apart from the magnificent palaces, the imposing views, and the stirring scenery which the grand canal and the bay present. But we entered the

piazza San Marco once more, by the west end; and after arriving again in front of the church, we turned into a narrow passage paved with flag stones, immediately opposite the lesser place so often already referred to. Here we found several shops resembling those of the arcades; but inferior in their decorations and the quality of their wares. The passage, which could scarce measure twenty feet at its greatest breadth, soon branched into narrow and miserable alleys, resembling those in which our Hebrew fellow-subjects are wont to retreat, as if the day-light did not become the character of their avocations. As we entered one of these wretched ways, our guide informed us that we had seen every thing in Venice that was worthy the name of a street; but we trusted we should find a compensation for the want of a like promenade, so desirable every where for strangers, in the gondola of which our experience had hitherto been so much in favour.

We soon arrived at the Bridge of the Rialto. In the approaches thereto, on either side, for a short space, the way is more open. That by which we come to the bridge, has a few miserable shops, and that on the opposite side has a market on one side of the way; besides which, there are stalls upon the bridge which help to relieve the dulness, if they do not ornament the ways, of this

part of Venice. There appeared to be no public place at present that bore the appellation of The Rialto; but our guide informed us, that the chief trading people of the city, and some connected with the craft upon the canal, came upon the bridge at certain hours daily to buy, sell, or order affairs; and that this had been the custom of their fathers from time immemorial; and as the term may apply to any eminence, this very bridge was doubtless *the* Rialto, when the grand canal bore upon its bosom the merchant's proud "argosies," that "overpeer'd the petty traffickers" of Venice in her palmy days. But in several visits that we made to the Bridge of the Rialto, we saw nothing that indicated any remnant of the race of the "royal merchant" that used to come "so smug upon the mart," nor any of old Shylock's tribe.

After crossing the bridge, we wandered through many streets, comprehending the greater part of the superficies of the city; but we saw nothing that indicated ease or comfort among any of the people who inhabit it. All in Venice, save the glaring shows within the churches, presents the appearance of poverty and wretchedness. Narrow passages, often between windowless, and sometimes, deserted houses, show every where the greatest contrasts that can be imagined between the private houses and the public buildings and

churches. Between the splendor and luxury, indeed, of the holy edifices especially, and the abodes of poverty around them, there scarcely seems to be discovered the connecting link which should be apparent throughout societies composed of members of the same original family and of the same rank in nature.

Many of the palaces are no longer inhabited, or they are possessed by the stranger, while others have become the conservatories of the precious remains of the works of art, of a former age. Thus it is plain there is little to be seen among the inhabitants of Venice, that reminds the tourist of the wealth and condition of the ancient race of the Venicians. All is gloom and decay, even upon the water, by comparison with the wealth that once there floated. Independence being lost, nationality is gone also, or lies fretting like the doubts of the timid in the secret bosoms of a generous few ; while, the population, which, little more than a century ago, amounted to near two hundred thousand souls, has now dwindled down to scarce one hundred thousand, and is yearly diminishing.

On the day after this walk through Venice, we made nearly the same tour by gondola ; for there is scarce a house that has not one side, or its proper front, upon one of the canals which it has been

observed here represent the streets of other towns. We were more pleased with our tour of this day; but as the canals are narrow, and the houses often high, and have seldom any terrace or quay; and as the water, though it is of the sea, is often full of rubbish and offensive impurities, the highways of Venice by no means impress the traveller with any prejudices in favor of building a city in the midst of the sea. We passed under numerous bridges which connect the Islands or blocks of houses formed by the canals; and we passed and repassed the grand canal or great highway of the marine city.

After this, we pursued our examination of the precious works of art preserved in Venice, and of such other objects as we heard were curious or rare; and with a short reference to which, and such as may suit the occasion, these general remarks upon this once famous city may be closed.

From the piazza or lesser public place on the side of the arcade we entered a second library called the ancient library, the great chamber of which is ornamented with the paintings of Titian; but its contents are not so highly prized as those of the library of San Marco in the Doge's Palace. From this we proceeded to the "academy of the fine arts" of Venice.

The academy is favourably situated upon the

grand canal. We approached it in a gondola ; and finding every accommodation for the reception of visitors we passed nearly a day in inspecting its valued contents.

The gallery of paintings of the academy is replete with the works of the first masters of the Venician school, all or nearly all sacred subjects, and the more choice works of Titian ; while the sculpture rooms are filled with models for study, of all the choice works preserved, not only throughout Italy, but even to those Athenian specimens in our own Museum which we call the Elgin marbles.

Such is the general outline of the principal features of the city which will engage the attention of the traveller on his arrival in Venice. To be more minute would not only suppose a superior degree of knowledge of the noble arts which once flourished in the queen city ; but would be too great a deviation from the plan of this writing and the objects which will better develope themselves as we proceed. Of the lesser objects of curiosity, it will suffice but to say, that we visited every thing remarkable within and without doors, of all that remain of the noble monuments of the nation's past glory. Of ten other palaces to which our guide books made special reference, we entered four. They are worthy of their former

inhabitants. Of more than forty churches specially indicated by the guide books, we entered and inspected about twenty; and it may be said, that the magnificence or beauty of their structure generally, and the riches they contain in the choice and precious marbles of the country, and of the east, and the unvalued pieces of sculpture and painting, without taking any account of the bones and relics of the Saints which repose beneath many of the altars of their splendid chapels, exceeded every conception, myself at least, had formed of the effects of the enthusiasm of the Italians, and their perfection in the arts by which these edifices were formed and embellished, or of the riches of the churches which abound in the works of the great masters when in the fulness of their glory, and when the institutions of their country were at the climax of superstitious zeal.

Towards the end of October, I quitted the gloomy remains of this once rich city, whose noble palaces, still beautiful in their decay, now stand in "monumental mockery" of all that belongs to human pride, and of our vain trust in the stability of national institutions founded upon commerce instead of the natural riches which every portion of the earth possesses. But human institutions as they are imperfect, so they could not be eternal; and if we do not fall by conquest, we

plant the seeds of decline by our very prosperity, in its tendency to increase population and riches, and luxury, and finally degeneracy and decay.

These thoughts may not seem affected, within a city whose stained history is the best essay upon the corrupting effects of riches, upon the moral as well as political institutions of every state.

CHAPTER IX.

VENICE TO FERRARA.

THE French gentleman who had been my companion from the time we had met at Verona, left Venice before the further course of the travels which are the subject of these pages was determined upon, I returned therefore alone by gondola to Fustina, and thence to Padua, where I arrived late the same evening ; and from Padua I took a place in the diligence to Ferrara.

Upon entering the diligence, I found myself in company with four Italians. Among them were, a priest, and a middle-aged gentleman whose acquaintance I had previously made in the gondola. The latter was accompanied by his son, who was a student in the University of Padua, and attended by a servant. The son was in the cabriolet, which takes the place of the coupé in the French vehicle of that name, while the servant

sat with the rest of the party in the interior, completing the complement of the vehicle of Lombardy, which has neither the French cabriolet, nor rotonde.

Leaving Padua, you enter upon the rich plain which is watered by the Po and its numerous tributary streams, and does not terminate until you arrive at the foot of the Apennines.

But before we arrived at Ferrara, I experienced one of those mishaps that a lone traveller in Italy may expect; and as the little adventure was one which, from the circumstances that attended it, should be rather pleasing than painful to recollect after the temporary inconvenience is forgotten, and may be, moreover, a wholesome lesson to some future traveller, a somewhat particular notice of it will be the more readily pardoned: and, as I was indebted to one of my fellow-travellers for an act of great kindness, considering the character of our intercourse, and our knowledge of each other at the time, I should previously mention what passed in the interior of the diligence before the misadventure occurred.

It is perhaps wise in a traveller to respect all opinions given upon religious subjects, at least, until any circumstance arise to throw a doubt upon the sincerity of the party from whom they proceed. Our conversation upon this occasion

turned upon the churches. The observations of the priest, who was at first a principal in the discourse, were modest, simple, and as it appeared to me, sincere ; but he ceased to speak when he found that a discussion that had commenced between the gentleman above alluded to, and whom I afterwards found to be the Marquis of R——, and the Protestant, was not conducted with the same degree of charity or good humour which had previously prevailed : for, in spite of my respect for the sincerity with which I am convinced the Italian spoke, our conversation ended in the marquis's reply to severer observations on my part than would have suggested themselves in a cooler moment. I had gone so far as to express contempt for the institutions of any country where the clergy were in possession of all or even any political power.

"My dear sir," said he, "we met friends, let us part friends. We shall presently cross the Po, and the distance thence to Ferrara is short. If we continue this discussion, we shall not have time to regain our equanimity and separate in charity."

Upon this, I felt that I had exceeded the moderation that truth should maintain when opposed even to the most palpable error, and I only observed—"That, at least, I could not but acknow-

ledge, that he possessed the great essential in Christianity in a superior degree;" adding, that "I trusted there would yet be time before we entered the dominions of the Pope, sufficient to enable me to re-acquire that respect due from a traveller to the existing institutions of every country in which he may sojourn, a foreigner, which I did not think my countrymen were usually in the habit of forgetting."

The conversation, after this, turned upon the delay we should in the ordinary course of things experience about our passports on the Roman side of the Po.

The marquis asked me whether I had been very careful about the endorsements upon my passport before leaving Venice, and begged to see it; and, at the first sight of the troublesome instrument, he discovered an important informality.

"You will most assuredly be detained," said he, as he announced the ill tidings with unaffected concern. "They are very strict here—there are but two signatures where there should be three."

We soon now came to the banks of the Po. The river is here about a mile in breadth, and is crossed by the passengers in a manner which is somewhat remarkable. No mechanical power is used to effect the crossing, except the force of the

current and the very chain by which the boat is moored, which are made available in the following manner:—A boat is anchored in the middle of the river, about a mile above the ferry, and to her stern are attached other boats at intervals of about one hundred yards, and last of all the ferry boat, in which passengers, horses and vehicles and all embark. This boat is now loosed from its hold on the shore, and by the operation of the two above named powers, the one, forcing her in the one direction, and the other in that immediately opposed to it, with a little management of the rudder, and the placing of the chain, she quickly finds her way into the middle of the stream, and almost as rapidly thence to the opposite shore. Her way, however, through the water, is made very slowly, in consequence of the necessity of the intermediate boats between that at anchor and the ferry boat having to pass a great part of the stream, forced sidelong through the water, for want of the necessary steerage similar to that by which the passage boat is managed. The plan seems to have nothing but its cheapness to recommend it; and would not do upon any river where there is any considerable traffic.

But, in fine, we landed at Francolino, a small hamlet on the right bank of the Po; and we were now in the Papal State. Our passports were

taken from us on landing ; and we remounted the vehicle which had crossed with us, and drove to the passport or police office of the station. Here about half an hour elapsed before we received any communication from the authorities ; but, at the expiration of that time, two of the Pope's good subjects in official uniform, accompanied by two soldiers, armed cap-à-pie, brought all the Italians their passports, and as they delivered them, expressed their regret that they were obliged to detain the Englishman of the party ; and I was immediately conducted into the presence of the civil chief of the station.

On entering the office, I was received with politeness by this officer, who was nevertheless inflexible in his decision that I should remain a prisoner until I recrossed the Po. I now began to regret that the conversation with my fellow-passengers in the diligence had not taken a more fortunate turn ; for I felt assured, from the influence of the clergy, who are the proper nobles in the Roman State, that the priest in the interior might have obtained my release by the mere form of a pledge that my business in the dominion of the Pope was not to open the eyes of the blind, or to sow the seeds of discord among the patient subjects of His Holiness ; but as matters stood, had the holy man, free from all anger, had the inclination so to do, it was doubtful whether he could

have served me with a conscience void of offence.

After what had passed, I did not of course think of descending to ask any favour at the hands of any of my fellow-passengers; and I contented myself, after the manner of the country, in entering into arguments against the measure; which, as they seemed to cause no surprise and certainly no reproof, were continued until the marquis made his appearance, a volunteer in my cause. My noble fellow-traveller, with much able discourse, first pointed out to the officer, that there was evidence enough upon the face of the passport, to prove that no fraud had been contemplated, or could be practised; but finding this of no avail, he declared, rather than that an English gentleman should be obliged to return to Venice, which would be necessary after crossing the Po, as we have no consul nearer, that he would give his own security for at least my good behaviour for six hours in the Papal State, before the expiration of which there would be time to procure a pass from Ferrara. But difficulties still appearing, the marquis proposed that the room in which we stood should be my prison; adding, that if necessary, nothing could be easier than to double the guard, and it was not probable that one man unarmed would venture to set four bayonets at defiance; and he concluded, by a proposition, that on the non-

arrival of a proper permit in six hours, I should be sent across the Po without any further delay. These very reasonable terms were soon agreed to; and the marquis now informed me that he was well acquainted with Cardinal Uglino, the Pope's legate at Ferrara; and that long before the expiration of the term of the agreed armistice, I might depend upon being at liberty to enter that city. I thanked my fellow-passenger for his politeness, and he remounted, and the diligence, with the rest of the passengers, proceeded on its proper way.

Two armed soldiers now stood, one near the window and one near the door, with all the form and circumstance that they might have guarded a state-prisoner, whose escape it was of the utmost importance to prevent.

The prospect of the inconvenience of having to return to Venice, had at first caused me great vexation; but after the diligence had departed, when I came to reflect upon my situation as the Pope's prisoner, there appeared enough of the ludicrous in the affair, to entertain the time until the arrival of the expected permit.

But things did not long wear these state inconveniences; and permission, even without asking it, was given me to walk wherever the will listed, in company, however, of the armed guard, which I as

soon took advantage of, and set out to take a walk in the hamlet.

As soon as I had seen all the streets of the little hamlet, it was time to think of dining. There were but two places with signs attached, and they did not present a tempting exterior. However, I approached the best. Here large gates opened into a broad court, replete with occupants, that presented a sort of brute commonwealth. Oxen, hogs, sheep, horses, fowls, donkies, goats, were all dwelling together in the utmost harmony; and yet, not through necessity; for the way was open, and they all walked in and out without seeming more to regard the majestic figure of their superior in the scale of creation whom they met, than they did that of any of their brute equals. The Millennium should scarcely exhibit a more peaceful scene.

I now entered the apartment appropriated for human entertainment, which I found of great dimensions, with a table reaching from end to end, with forms occupying the whole length on both sides. The floor of the ample hall was of hewn, and the walls of unhewn stone, and the roof, which was high, was constructed of timber; but there was an uniformity about the whole interior that was picturesque and pleasing. The form was a long square, perfect, with the door in the middle on one side; and the large fire-place

decorated with all the appertenents to cooking, was placed in the middle of the other.

My reception in this apartment was of the most agreeable kind. As I entered, two or three women literally raced round the end of the table to be the first in attendance; and they were no sooner beside me, than one seized my stick, and another replaced my hat, which I had taken off; while a third, in one breath, asked whether I would take refreshment, and what, and where sit?—and, without waiting for a reply, took me by the arm, and led me round the table to the fire-side, where messes were shown me that had been quite an antidote to appetite, had I not cast my eyes upon some clear bright fresh fish, which I immediately demanded might be cooked for my dinner.

A half a dozen, at least, of men and women, were now in a moment in full occupation, and with the promptitude of good will, a dinner was soon served, that in the main, the most fastidious taste could not have disapproved. It consisted, however, of what is considered in Italy or France, but one dish; no account whatever being made in these plentiful or sensual lands, of accompaniments, upon half of which an Englishman might well dine. To descend to a few particulars; the thing first placed before me was a basin of beef-soup with pats, the second, the meat from which the soup had been made, the third, spinage fried with

oil, the fourth, potatoes, the fifth, the proper dish, which consisted of four fish, well fried, a single one of which, a glutton after a day's fasting had been ashamed to have eaten to the bone; and to conclude, a dessert was served, consisting of oranges, grapes, figs, apples, boiled chestnuts, raw ham and eggs. And besides these good viands, I had an excellent bottle of wine of the country, and the attendance, conversation and good company of all the house and their guests of both sexes, in numbers about ten, during the whole of the repast.

How much of these luxuries was eaten or how many were tasted, is of little importance to remember; but it would be unjust to omit to mention, that the whole charge for this luxurious repast, was one carlin only, or in English money, four pence and some decimal parts. A hotel-keeper at Venice would have charged an Italian gentleman six carlins for this dinner, and probably an Englishman twelve.

I had scarce made an end of this feast, when one of the guards who had kept the door of the great hall during all this time, entered to inform me that the officer had sent to say that the permit of the Cardinal and Governor of Ferrara had arrived, and that I was at liberty to proceed. I now, therefore, took leave of this good specimen of the Romans, and in a few minutes I was once more on the way to Ferrara, where I arrived soon after dark.

CHAPTER X.

FERRARA TO FLORENCE.

I MADE no stay at Ferrara, as I did not wish to miss the opportunity of travelling with the party that had made me so largely their debtor; and as the diligence started at 12 o'clock at night we all supped together, and all except the priest left at that hour for Bologna, where we arrived very early the next morning.

It was scarce day when we arrived at the family hotel which was patronized by the marquis and his family. The bell was now rung; and after we had waited a few minutes, the bolt was drawn by means of a string which led, as I afterwards observed, from the top of a long straight flight of stairs to the door; and we entered. By the indistinct light however when we were within, we could only perceive that some one stood *en chemise* at the head of the stairs; but nobody spoke.

The marquis now demanded permission to mount; to which a male voice replied: "Who is it?" upon which the marquis's servant taking up the word answered: "the Marquis of R——."

The reply to this announcement was in actions; and in a moment, appeared, rushing down the stairs, a droll figure in trowsers, shirt, and a cook's cap, with his sleeves tucked up above his elbows: and ere the marquis had set his foot upon the first step of the stairs, the good, cook apparently, seized his right hand with both his own; and mutual salutations followed between our patrician guide and the droll who admitted us, that were as warm and familiar as those which ancient friends among us might exchange upon meeting after a long separation.

We now mounted the stairs together, and entered a large dining hall, where, before we had time to talk of business, two fairly dressed young men made their appearance, and fresh salutations were exchanged; and before these were over, two smart young women joined the party: but it was not until business commenced concerning myself, who had determined to remain in Bologna for a few days, and at that house if the apartments should suit me, that it was possible to discover all the relations of the company to each other. The honest man who had received us upon our en-

trance was the master of the family hotel, and cook also, and was engaged in his inferior avocation when we arrived, and the rest of the party, to whom I was soon familiarly introduced, were his sons and his daughters.

This was the first fair specimen which I witnessed of the amiable sociality of the Italians, and the kindness of the different classes of society for each other; and when the father, sons and daughters, all took me by the hand, quite unconscious of those feelings which habit or necessity has implanted in our bosoms, it was impossible to help thinking, that whatever may be our national and moral greatness, we might find a great deal on this side the Alps that should at least instruct us in our proper duties and conduct towards each other, in some of the more important relations of social life.

Our business caused but little delay. Rooms were shewn me that suited very well; and all the travellers of the party, with the exception of the servant, who disappeared, sat down to a breakfast consisting of every luxury of the country. We were waited upon by the master of the house, and the mistress who had now made her appearance, and both the girls; while the young men brought bottle after bottle of the various better wines that the fruitful country afforded,

until every taste was accommodated, and every appetite satisfied.

As soon as breakfast was over, my fellow travellers took leave of their Bologna friends and myself, and proceeded by a private conveyance on their journey to the marquis's seat; and I was left alone, as yet undetermined, whether my stay might be for a few days or for many weeks, depending upon the results of a little further experience of the advantages which the place might seem to afford.

After this parting, I retired to my room, unpacked a few things, and sat down to see what the guide books should point out as most worthy of the stranger's curiosity in Bologna. But I was scarcely seated, when my studies were interrupted by the entry of all the younger part of the family at once, with their hands full of books and maps which they kindly brought for my amusement or profit; and these were scarcely spread on the table before the two elder of the family led in a young man to introduce to me, who had been banished from the state of —— for the too free expression of his political opinions: and we passed the morning, the whole family altogether, in the most agreeable interchange of useful or entertaining information.

The next day, I went alone to make a short

tour through the principal streets of the town. The appearance of Bologna to a stranger, is almost as novel in its kind as that of Venice. The streets, the houses of which have at least their exterior of stone, are almost entirely built with broad heavy arched arcades, on both sides, the bases of which are raised from two to four feet above the level of the street, with usually a low parapet between the buttresses that support the arches of the arcades. This style of building has certain advantages. The town should be cooler during the height of summer, and admit of more business out of doors. In the rainy season the arcades permit foot passengers to pass from one end of the street to the other with very little exposure to the wet; while it must at the same season contribute to the dryness of the houses within. The style of building, however, is heavy and ungraceful to the eye, and gives a decidedly gloomy appearance to the whole town.

Bologna is surrounded with high walls and fortifications, and contains a population of eighty thousand inhabitants. It is one of the richer towns of Italy in the more precious works of the Italian painters especially, and is inferior to few, in the structure and ornament of the magnificent churches which conserve them. This ancient town is also remarkable for the antiquity of its

university, which was founded by Theodosius in the beginning of the fifth century; and also for that of its public cemetery, which contains innumerable monuments of the finest specimens of sculpture produced during the seventeenth and eighteenth, as well as the present century.

There are several noble palaces in Bologna, the most striking of which, is upon the great public place, and contains the court of justice and the chief municipal public offices. Over the entrance of this edifice have been placed the statues of Boniface VII. and Gregory XII. and in the front of the building there is a fountain called "The Giant's Fountain," which is remarkable in its details. The work is in bronze; and is considered by some, to be one of the finer specimens of the kind in Italy. The god of the Ocean, armed with the trident, here stands in proud defiance of every invader of his watery empire; while the pedestal which supports the haughty deity, rests upon four dolphins, by the side of which recline syrens or mermaids, not, occupied as of old, in alluring the mariner by the harmony of their voices towards the fatal rocks on which they sat, but full of the "milk of human kindness," in pressing that part of their fair persons which distinguishes the sex in the human portion of their figures, from out of which flows a continual stream of that fluid

which is more precious and necessary to man, than even that which nourishes us in the beginning of our lives. Besides these figures, at each of the angles of the cistern of the fountain, a statue of an infant purely human, embraces a dolphin which pours from its mouth the same necessary and precious fluid.

Bologna, though so often mentioned in history, from the early times of the Roman republic to the establishment of the modern states of Italy, has few of those nobler ruins of ancient edifices which should establish its claim to be one of the more ancient of the cities of Europe. All that is shown the traveller, that has any title to be considered of great antiquity, are, the remains of an old Roman aqueduct said to be of the time of Marius, and some fragments of the Temple of Isis, found in the walls of the church of San Stefano, which has been erected near the spot where that temple appears to have stood. But within a church dedicated to the Virgin, erected upon Mount Guardia about three miles from Bologna, is preserved an ancient picture of the mother of Christ, which is attributed to the Evangelist Saint Luke.

Notwithstanding the agreeable company in which I found myself in Bologna, my stay in that city did not exceed a week ; after which, I took leave of the good landlord and his happy family ;

but not before they had exacted a promise that I would not, at any period, however distant, pass through Bologna without stopping to spend at least a day with them, and that promise will not be broken.

You have hardly passed the gate of Bologna taking the road towards Florence, before you commence the ascent of the famous Apennines. The views as you ascend extend in every direction over the rich, but ill-cultivated plains of the Pope's domain from the foot of these mountains even to the banks of the Po.

The unequal and undulating country is at intervals steep ; and although the roads are good, you have for several stages to engage the aid of oxen ; and we added to our four horses sometimes one, and sometimes two pair of the immaculate white oxen of the country, as free from blemish now, as when the poet of the Augustan age sang the praises of their unmixed and spotless beauty, their strength and their docility.

The ascent was long and labourious ; but the views which continually present themselves at different distances, and in varied lights, as you ascend, relieved the tediousness of the journey. Unlike the Alps, where you attain no great elevation before you lose sight of the earth, save the snow-topped eminences, and the fir groves, and

the bare rocks broken into gigantic masses which on all sides surround you, till the same fleeting mists that at one point obscured the heavens, now seem to cover and fill the vallies and the ravines, here the ever fresh prospect increases in interest and extent until you arrive at the sterile summit of the mountains, where the eye ranges on either side over the vast undulating low country of tilled lands, abounding in every variety of scenery from that of the natural forest intermingled with cultivation, to the softer exhibition of the trained olive and the vine, which surround the distant villages and often conceal every thing but their church towers or spires entirely from the view.

Having passed the summit of the Apennines, the fruitful territory of Tuscany now presents to the eye all the riches, scenery, and varied productions of Lombardy, spread over a more undulated country teeming with villages as far as the beautiful capital of the state, beyond which appear the bright blue waters of the Mediterranean Sea.

I was on this occasion in the good company of five Italians, one of whom was a Tuscan. A very little conversation occurred as we ascended the mountains; but as soon as we looked upon the scene of fertility and high cultivation now before us, the Tuscan broke out into expres-

sions of rapture which excited the curiosity, not of myself only, but, of all the rest of the company, none of whom had been before in Tuscany.

We now passed the remaining time we were together in conversing upon such subjects as the good Tuscan's enthusiasm had suggested, or the five strangers in this country, in listening to the enraptured gentleman's encomiums upon the administration of the government of the present Grand Duke, and his exaltation at the good fortune of his compatriots above all the rest of the Italians, in the encouragement here given to industry, and in the effects of more enlightened policy, upon the improvement and happiness of the people. But it will be sufficient, here to observe, that this was the first instance of nationality in the form of loyalty, as we are accustomed to see that high conservative of order, good government and morals, among ourselves, that I met with from the hour of taking leave of the British shores.

But while the Florentine was still in the midst of his more instructive than methodical discourse, we suddenly came upon the side of a hill which commands a more distinct view of the rich country immediately around Florence, and in the midst of which you may distinguish the towering

spires and white edifices of the Tuscan capital, which seems like an ideal city set in the midst of a fairy land.

Descending from these heights you now pass through the most luxuriant plantations of the vine and the olive, at once the beauty and the source of the riches of this fortunate portion of Italy.

The immediate approaches to Florence differ from those of most other continental cities, and bear some resemblance to those of many of our larger towns, where, it would seem as if the surplus riches of the inhabitants have been employed in building villas and planting gardens beyond the influence of the noise of the city and the impurity of its air. The villas of Tuscany, however, are not usually near the road, and commonly stand in the midst of eight or ten acres of land replete with all the ordinary productions of the country, including the bread-corns. Some of them have gardens; but these, from their formal arrangement and careless cultivation, often diminish, rather than add to, the interest and beauty of the rural scenes.

But if, when you enter the capital of Tuscany, you find not the full realizations of your high conceptions upon the first view of the city from

the mountains, you have the pleasing consciousness of knowing, that at least, you are among a well-governed and contented people, and should be in the better humour to bear the first disappointment which most strangers must in some degree experience on arriving in Florence.

CHAPTER XI.

FLORENCE.

HAVING passed the gates of Florence, you drive up a clear and somewhat neat street, entirely paved with flag stones without any foot-path distinguished from the rest of the street; and the town is paved in the same manner throughout. It was late in the evening when we arrived; but early on the following day I made a tour through the principal streets of the city, in order to obtain a first general idea of the whole, and which will engage us for a moment, before proceeding to consider any of the objects of greater interest or curiosity.

The first prominent feature which distinguishes the Tuscan capital is the broad stream of the Arno, which runs through the heart of the city, measuring from 200 to 250 paces in breadth. It is passed by four stone bridges; besides, two suspension bridges, one of which is at each extremity of the town. From all these except one only,

which has houses on both sides of it, the town is seen to great advantage, as the fronts of the houses face the river, along a considerable portion of its banks. There is sometimes a broad quay also, which forms a street, defended from the river by a low stone-wall; and when this is not the case, more attention than is usual upon the banks of rivers, as they flow through a populous city, has been paid to the appearance of the fronts or backs of the houses that look upon the water.

We walked along the quay from the lower of the stone bridges, till we arrived between the two upper, at the end of the great edifice of the Ufizi, which contains the royal or great public gallery, the library of Magliabechiana, and the courts of justice of Florence.

The exterior of the building is of oblong form, with an open space in the middle, three sides of which are formed with columns which support an arcade, while the fourth opens upon the Piazza del Gran Duca, to which we proceeded as soon as we had walked round the arcades.

The Piazza del Gran Duca is the centre of the civil and commercial affairs of Florence. On one hand stands the ancient palace of the Grand Duke, which now contains the offices of the police and of several other public departments. This edifice is considered remarkable from the great height of

its tower, but it exhibits little beauty in its external structure. On the opposite side stands the post-office; while in a space on one side of the palace forming a piazza which is usually full of bales of merchandize, are the offices of the customs. The grand piazza is not without statues and pieces of sculpture, the very dimensions of which render them sufficiently remarkable.

At the entrance of the old palace stand two colossal statues in marble, which represent the two great heroes of sacred and of fabulous history. The great warrior of the Jews, in the act of killing the Philistine giant; and the worthy Hercules killing Cacus.

Near the corner of the palace is a noble fountain. The principal figure represents Neptune standing upon a broad and high car, which is drawn by four horses, done in bronze, while the cistern and corners of the pedestal are ornamented with curious figures in the same.

In the centre of the Piazza is an equestrian statue of Cosmo the First, also in bronze. Besides these, the lodge of the palace which forms one side of the Grand Piazza, is ornamented with groups in marble and bronze, by several sculptors of celebrity.

From the Piazza del Gran Duca we passed through some narrow streets, leading northwards, till we came upon the great open place, in the

midst of which stands the Grand Cathedral of Florence. We did not, at present, enter the great edifice; but we stood by a marble slab under the walls of the houses on the south side of the church, upon which is found written: "*Seggia di Dante*," (the seat of Dante), and upon which it is said the poet was accustomed to sit and to muse in full view of this magnificent work of men's hands. The entire of the external surface of the great edifice, including its immense tower, which is unattached, is overlaid with polished black and white marble; but although the style of architecture is the gothic, the building is in the main heavy.

After passing Ponte Vecchio, or the old bridge, upon the way which conducts to the Roman gate, you come to the Palazzo Pitti, which is the present residence of the Grand Duke. The palace is a plain building; and to the eye of the ordinary observer, has no other merit than solidity. It exhibits a front and two wings, without portico or column; while the material of which it is constructed, consists of the rough, but not less laboriously hewn stone, which not more from custom perhaps than from propriety, are associated in our minds with the offensive ideas of a prison, and which might be very well considered a new or sixth order in the art of building.

From the palace of the Grand Duke we entered the gardens of Boboli, which are situated behind the palace, and properly belong to it. They are laid out and planted with great good taste and elegance ; and they are embellished with fountains, and with statues too numerous to particularize in this place ; and they form a delightful promenade for the inhabitants of Florence, to whom they are thrown open on Sundays, and on one other day in the week.

From the gardens we returned to the opposite side of the river, and now entered the grand gallery of the Ufizi. The external form of the building has already been noticed ; but the interior of this vast conservatory of the more precious of all works of the fine arts that the world has in every age produced, who shall describe ? More than to give a faint idea of the whole, could not with propriety be so much as attempted here.

You ascend by a broad staircase to the chambers above the arcades before mentioned, and having attained the landing, you enter a first and second vestibule, both of them replete with beautiful specimens of sculpture ; and from the second you enter the long gallery, which makes nearly the entire round of the three sides of the building. Passing up this first corridor between the paint-

ings, with which the walls are hung, and the sculpture set on pedestals on either side, at about half way from the entrance, a door opens into a suite of rooms, the first of which, called the Tribuna, is an apartment of octagon form, and one and twenty feet in diameter, and in the construction of which, great pains has been employed to distribute the light with advantage. In this chamber have been placed the more choice works contained in the whole collection. As you open the door, upon a pedestal, about four feet and a half high, directly in front of you stands the celebrated work of Medici, the beautiful statue, of the goddess of love, or, more properly, of the form of perfect beauty in the human figure of the gentler sex. The name of the Venus de Medici, recalls all the admiration we have heard bestowed upon that well-known work of art, and it is sufficient here, to express the belief, that the most extravagant fancy could paint nothing superior, and that the most sanguine expectations, whether our taste have been cultivated or neglected, could not be disappointed in contemplating this astonishing production of human art. It should at least be one of the few works of sculpture extant, of any age or any country, representing the human form, upon which even a novice in the study might gaze, without fear of the attention being diverted

from the contemplation of the whole, and the impression weakened, by the study of some one point of separate or more special excellence, such as almost every work is found to exhibit. One of the more admirable of our great poet's dramas might not be read in more utter forgetfulness of the art and the artist by which it was designed and perfected. The height of the statue is four feet eleven inches, and four-twelfths.

Among the paintings which hang round the walls of the Tribuna, are three of Titian, one of Michael Angelo, four of Raffaello, and four of Correggio; but, concerning everything that here engages the attention of the traveller, there are books enough in every tongue.

After we had spent several days in the inspection of the precious contents of the royal galleries of the Ufizi, we proceeded to view the private galleries of the Grand Duke in the Palazzo Pitti already mentioned.

Within these rude walls, that surprise us as the residence of an Italian sovereign, are conserved a great number of the nobler works of art of the Italian age, which are the private property of the grand duke. We ascended to the principal gallery of the palace, which is open to every one who should choose to enter; but even here, to name the works of the great masters severally would

not be possible. It must suffice to mention, that the visitor is admitted into seven or eight spacious apartments, the walls of which are covered with the noblest productions of the first Italian masters, among which is, the Madonna Seggiola of Raffaello, which is that picture of the Virgin with the child Jesus and John the Baptist of which we see copies in every part of the world; and there is also the same artist's famous historical painting, with the portrait of Leo the Tenth.

It may seem strange presumption, to attempt to find a fault in that which all mankind deem the absolute *chef d'œuvre* of the fine arts in the whole compass of the precious works now extant in the world. And, certainly, if any one should not see within the frame which encloses the painting, even under the disadvantage of being beneath glass, a perfect copy of a beautiful woman and tender mother, and of two children, it would be reasonable to conclude, that he were bereaved of the faculty of distinguishing colour, or of a large portion of the common feelings of humanity. But if no mere human performance should be perfect, it might be asked, wherefore the painter should have put the cross in the hand of the child John the Baptist, represented an infant, and in company with the infant Jesus, the sight of which cannot but divert the thoughts from contemplat-

ing the speaking images of life to confound them with a kind of solecism in the language of the pencil, or a blot on the more eloquent pages of a choice composition of the admired Muse.

The day after our visit to the gallery of the Palazzo Pitti we made a second visit to the Grand Piazza del Duomo, and entered the church of Santa Maria del Fiore, the Duomo or Great Cathedral of Florence.

After having seen enough of Italian churches to have learned by habit to associate the excess of ornament, and the magnificence displayed in the precious metals and marbles in which they abound, with the character of the holy edifice, there appears great poverty in the interior decorations of the Duomo at Florence.

The superb exterior of Santa Maria del Fiore, has been already noticed ; but upon entering the grand fabric we are struck with the contrast, which is perhaps greater, between what is within and what without, than with any other church whatever in Italy. The massy buttresses which divide the aisles, exhibit but the plain stone surface ; and we look around in vain for the numerous altars and countless works of sculpture and painting : and if the lack of ornament be relieved by the painted windows which appear, this is more than counterbalanced by the gloom which

is the consequence of the great obstruction of light they occasion. Such indeed is the simplicity in the style of this cathedral, that we may advance up the middle aisle, wrapt in a pleasing dream of pending reform, even to the substitution of the simpler rites of what we deem a purer system of Christianity, disturbed only by a few male and female porters of wares and merchandize, and a few passengers, making their highway and thoroughfare through the church, until we arrive beneath the great dome.

But here we fairly awake. Here, at least, we find we are still in that dark age, when absurd pomp was substituted for a religion addressed to the understanding and the heart. Here we still witness what should be the vehicle of instruction actually made the means for obstructing every kind of knowledge.

Beneath the mighty dome of the church, there is a circular balustrade of precious marble, which is occupied by the *élite* of the Florentines on occasions when the church is crowded; and from this are seen the three grand altars of the church, in one or other of which, mass is almost hourly performed, and on Holy-days and Sundays, in all three at the same time.

It will suffice to mention one more of the numerous churches of Florence, the rich or gaudy in-

terior of which, forms a striking contrast to the poverty or simplicity which is the characteristic of the cathedral.

But the interest attached to Santa Croce, which we are about first to enter, is not confined to its relics in silver and gold, nor to the specimens of sculpture and painting with which the holy structure is replete. Here, our weary study of the everlasting representation of the same persons of religious history, which by the varieties of light and imaginative portraits under which they are exhibited, are become in many instances mere figurative beings, is for once relieved by the presentment of several of the greater characters apart from what is sacred, which adorn the annals of Italian history, and should render Italy respected, even partitioned and subject to native despots or a foreign yoke, sunk in superstition, expunged from the family of independent nations.

The exterior of the church of Santa Croce, which was never finished, exhibits little beauty of design ; and, with marks of neglect from the beginning, it has the appearance of a temple fast approaching its age of ruin, rather than the fit depository of the sacred ashes, and the many numerous specimens of the arts which it conserves. But we have no sooner passed the portal than we look upon the accustomed show of an Italian church ;

and when we turn into the aisle upon our right hand, we experience a new pleasure in the contemplation, in several instances, of a more definite application of the arts, if not a more appropriate, at least, of that of sculpture.

The first of the monuments, is that of Michel Angelo, whose ashes hallow the edifice where they repose. It is by several artists. Three full length figures represent each the genius of one of the three divine arts, of, sculpture, painting, and architecture, in all of which the immortal Tuscan excelled. They are seen sitting in the attitude of mourning, beneath a sarcophagus surmounted by the bust of the artist, and a small painting by himself.

The next, is that of the great epic poet of the Italians, with whose name we associate whatever is terrible, elevating, sublime, in the yet diviner art. The noble monument is by Stefano Ricci. It represents the immortal Dante seated upon a tomb, in the attitude of meditation, yet robed and crowned with the wreath, like an emperor, with the genius of poetry hanging over a book, and in the act of weeping, and the genius of Italy, holding a staff in one hand and pointing with the other to the simple inscription "*Onorate l'altissimo Poeta.*" But the ashes of Dante repose at Ravenna.

In the same aisle of Santa Croce stands the

monument of Alfieri, by Canova. There is here a bust of the poet in basso rilievo, and the genius of Italy weeping over a funeral urn.

Before the end of the aisle appears the monument of Machiavelli. We observe here, an appropriate figure seated, representing political wisdom, holding in the right hand the portrait of Machiavelli, and in the left a pair of scales, upon one side of which rests a paper-emblem of constitutional government, and upon the other a sword.

In the aisle opposite, there is a monument of Galileo. The famous optician is represented with a telescope in his hand. There are monuments also of several others of names of great celebrity in Italy, but of less interest with a foreign traveller.

CHAPTER XII.

FLORENCE—*continued.*

THOUGH the paintings which adorn the walls of Santa Croce are less estimable than the pieces of sculpture which have been especially noticed, there are several, by such master hands as the Italians seldom name without expressions akin to those which bespeak the superstitious veneration with which a patron Saint is regarded by every naturally grateful heart. But before making the special reference, which is intended to follow, concerning one of the choicer works of the great painters of Italy, it may be proper to notice the character of the veneration seemingly paid by all Italy, to one or other of the visible signs of things in heaven, whether it appear in those essays of art in which this ingenious people have gone before every other in the representation of what is unseen, or towards those remains of the departed

which sanctify or pollute almost every edifice in the land.

But the devout or superstitious sentiments of the nation, might not be confounded in one sweeping expression of disapprobation, without putting a scandal upon the more enlightened portion of the people, which, were as unmerited on their part, as it would be unjustifiable on the side of him who should pronounce the inequitable censure. It could proceed only from one that might be incapable of distinguishing, or negligent in observing, the important difference which obtains between the grossest of our feelings and the most refined of our impressions.

And before we stand in front of this notable painting, and beside the good Florentines, whose devotion, or the manner thereof, gave occasion for these remarks, it will be better to clearly distinguish the characters of the two parties which we are to observe in the act of adoration and prayer—that, which was of the more simple of the people whose coarser apprehensions of the truth are more open to observations, from that of our fellow-Christians of the more refined classes, whom, at least, we may safely exonerate from the reproaches of idolatry, though the means through which they receive, and the manner in which they interpret revelation, have been productive of con-

clusions which differ so widely from the results at which we have arrived.

The simple peasant of Italy, instructed from the cradle, that the priest through whose sacred agency he sees the daily miracles of the mass accomplished, is the very appointed of heaven; and that, according to the conception and positive assent of good Christians to all he shall declare, as well as their obedience to his desires, will be their condition hereafter, doubts nothing, examines nothing; while the simular representative or apostle of Christ, careful only that his authority should endure, studies and practices, only such means of impressing the peasant's imagination as experience has discovered to be the most effectual towards attaining his false end. Candles, high and grand, burn before every altar. The representation of his Saviour upon the cross, every instant presents the devotee with the horrible image of the most frightful death, while beneath the adorned slab of the altar, he sees through a glass the relics of some saint, who should now be his intercessor or his condemning witness in the presence of his Creator. There is no exertion of the understanding demanded nay, even allowed, in the assent required of him—no employment of the higher powers of the mind. It is enough, that he has human passions, and can feel fear, awe,

reverence ; for by these, he may comprehend all that it is intended he should know and practice. Or where he should make his appeal in correspondence with any suggestions of nature in his calmer hour, in the hope of relieving himself from any doubts which should oppress him, reason fails altogether to remove one atom of the burden which is only to be lightened by, or only tolerable in, the credulous acceptance of the pardon which he thinks he receives in the priest's pronouncement of his perfect absolution. In a word, the devout peasant believes he receives the judgment, or enjoys the indulgence or protection of heaven which the canonized immortal at whose shrine he bows down, may deign to afford, in proportion to the number of the prostrations which he performs, and the supplications which he offers, even to the relics and impure remains of the grosser elements from which the thinking principle has departed—that spirit fled, which, if it be conscious of the actions of men, and retain any portion of its former elements, should feel only disgust, and if the understanding still possess any human cast, conceive only offence, mingled with compassion for the infirmities of our imperfect nature.

But there are, however, more rational Christians than these in Italy. There are a class, which, at least, save in the mysteries of religion alone, do

exercise their understandings, if not freely, ingeniously and temperately; and though we should presently see one or more of these, also engaged in their worship, it belongs not, at least, to the present, to speak with the same confidence, of the character of the certainly less determined and confiding creed which they profess. It is sufficient that we do not confound the more intelligent, though still submissive class of the Italians, with the simple peasantry of their country.

Passing then by the more degrading of the exhibitions which present themselves in every church in Italy, we will now stand in the presence of several devotees of both sexes to whom my attention had been drawn, kneeling, and apparently engaged in adoration and prayer, before the striking and singular painting of Cigoli, representing the holy Trinity, which adorns the north chapel of the venerable edifice.

It was not the unintelligent and unreflecting, the blindly and wholly confiding in the decrees of the church, that stood before the astounding painting which it is proposed to criticise without an appeal to any one rule of art, which we will not suppose to have been violated by the mind that conceived, and the able hand that brought into existence, a form of what is formless, a semblance, of what no combination of the powers of nature

and art might imagine, or without presumption and irreverence pretend to represent.

As we gaze upon the smooth surface of the canvass in this admirable work, we seem to look through a glass which exhibits to our senses the tender scene in reality of a father, in the act of receiving the lifeless body of his son in his aged arms. Struck with the truth of the painting, we look more intently, and we discover, in recognizing the Son, that we see before us the image of the Eternal Father receiving the dead body of Him whom we slew, when He came to teach us all the knowledge that should be necessary to enable us to atone for our multitude of sins. We see the Almighty Father in human form, with a countenance expressive of natural sorrow, made yet more impressive by the lineaments of age. Grey locks from his head and from his beard, flow in apparent neglect and natural disorder; whilst he is seen in the act of receiving at the hands of two angels, the dead body of his Son, as a mortal father might lift his slain child from the ground, that was stained by the blood of the victim which he could not resuscitate, nor do more than accomplish the last mournful office for the perishable portion that remained. The countenance of the Son is justly painted, representing the human features dispossessed of every human feeling, passion, affection,

the perfect image of natural death ; while the Holy Spirit appears in the form in which we are accustomed to see the third person of the Trinity, amongst rays of glory proceeding from the bosom of the Father ; making together the three persons whom we worship in one, and so touched with human kindness and truth as almost to engage us to pardon the incongruities of the painting for the emotions which the natural forms and the true image of human passions inspire.

Before this "counterfeit presentment" of what is in heaven, and of Him who has been on earth, knelt six or eight pious men and women, chiefly of the instructed classes among the Florentines. All crossed themselves, and some wiped their eyes as they finished and began again their pater-nosters, and such longer petitions as they seemed to offer to this wonderful representation of the Father and Son and the Holy Spirit. And such, amidst the awful stillness of the great cathedral, could not but be the effect upon every one who should look upon his equals, bowed down before a visible representation of Him whom we equally worship, and represented in the act of all others the most interesting to men, though not at the happiest moment, that even emotion scarce less lively than that of those who knelt, might be pardoned in one whose cooler nature at another

moment might condemn the dangerous feeling to which he had unconsciously given way.

As the pious Florentines raised their eyes to look—to look—upon God! and let them fall again upon the unblemished marble upon which they knelt, it was difficult to believe, that what we gazed upon, and that which they seemed to worship, was not at least the consistent representation of the truth. And this is the means by which the more refined of the Italians have their feelings affected to the exclusion of rational inquiry, and every effort of the understanding to examine the scriptures that exist, that they might judge whether the forms and rites of religion established in a dark age, should be worthy to be maintained in the present day.

In place of following the course of our further rambles through Florence, and its eight or nine palaces, its gardens, its markets, its churches, and above all, its galleries and museums, we may recur to the enthusiastic feelings of the Tuscan, in favour of his country and its institutions as we entered it; and it is gratifying to be able to express the belief, that it must be the most fastidious observer, at least, as a stranger, that should see, or hear, or experience anything in Florence that might contradict the good gentleman's report concerning the happy condition of his country. The

palaces of the capital of Tuscany are not magnificent ; but the streets are in general gay, and have shops well supplied with the works of art, and manufacture from all parts of the globe, indicating that prosperity and content which the traveller indeed is in a manner prepared to expect, from the very aspect of the inhabitants, from the moment he enters the territory of the better governed of the states of Italy. The public gardens seem more tastefully planned, and are more delightful, than those either of Paris or Versailles, and its royal gardens are not closed to the public. The churches, though not usually finished without, want nothing that adorns those of other parts of Italy, but the excess of riches and false ornament with which so many edifices are decorated, that were designed for, and should be held sacred, to the worship of Him who listens to the prayers of the pure in heart, without respect for the vain parade of silver and gold, and the work of men's hands, the waste of which, indeed, is one cause of the extreme wretchedness of the people in other parts of Italy, and especially in the Roman state.

And as to the works of the Italian masters generally, the mere names of those of Florence, at the head of which would stand the Venus of Medici, might not be admitted into any book not composed with the especial design of illustrating the fine

arts, without filling a space that would bear an undue proportion to the rest of its contents. One rarity, however, which has probably been thought by tourists in general, and the writers of guide-books, as beneath their notice, is not so foreign to the purpose of these remarks.

In one of our rounds, in the course of viewing the capital of Tuscany, we were accompanied by a Florentine gentleman, who, as we passed through the Piazza del Gran Duca, stopped us in the middle of it, and placing himself in the attitude, and assuming the expression, suited to one about to communicate something mysterious or sacred, proceeded to ask several questions, the immediate tendency of which, appeared to be to ascertain the nature of our impressions or the extent of our admiration of the works of those, whom in the honest enthusiasm of his style, he termed the select band of the immortal dead. We were not inattentive to what he said; and we endeavoured to catch, as much as possible of his enthusiasm, and his object was soon apparent.

"And now," said he, "after what you have seen, you would, I think, regret leaving Florence, while there should remain unseen, a mark of the chisel, however small, of the great, the immortal Tuscan, at whose tomb in Santa Croce you have seen the bereaved sister Geniuses of painting, of sculpture

and of architecture, and to which might have been added that of poetry, mourning and forlorn. You would regret, I think," he continued, with increased emphasis, "leaving a scratch of the finest chisel of all time, unseen."

We assured him, in the quick feeling of expectation, that it would cause us great pain, should such a misfortune be our lot.

"Then follow me," said he, "and it shall not."

We now advanced to the front of the Palazzo Vecchio, and mounted the steps to the terrace, which extends along the front of the palace, and is decorated with the colossals before mentioned.

The Florentine, then turning upon the right hand, led us nearly to the corner of the building, where he pointed out a few strokes of the "immortal chisel," which, if they did not inspire us with an equal degree of admiration to that which he himself possessed, fully accounted to us from the first glance, for the warmth of the good Tuscan's feelings; and if the sight of them did not remove every doubt of the truth of the whole that is related of them, we were at least convinced, even with our less quick sense of excellence in the arts, that they were not the scratches of any ordinary hand. They consist of a few bold strokes, deep enough engraven, and representing a human profile of a remarkable physiognomy. It is like

one of those portraits of which it is common to say: It must be like somebody, and somebody of decisive character, and of uncommon and expressive features; and when I took out my pencil and pocket book to make a hazardous sketch of it, the Tuscan proceeded to admonish us, as he pointed with the fore-finger of his right hand to the pavement beneath our feet, and spoke with emphasis akin to religious awe, that we ought to remove the shoes from off our feet when we stood upon the very stones that were hallowed by the step of the immortal himself, who had stood thereon to accomplish this performance. He informed us, moreover, that the great sculptor, while conversing with a friend, and with his back to the wall, and while he appeared to be engaged in nothing save oral discourse, had, with his hand behind him, accomplished what we now looked upon.

It was the moment for a traveller to essay, if it were even the first time, at least to trace the outline of the remarkable original. But the polite Florentine now added much to the sum of our obligations to him, in taking my book from my hand, and substituting a sketch of the profile for the scrawl I had commenced making.

This little notice concerning the capital of Tuscany, may be closed by a few observations

upon its climate, and upon the climate generally of this part of Italy, including the countries through which we have passed since the first inquiries, which engaged us in descending the Alps. They are founded upon the experience gained, during the journey which has been thus far traced, assisted by the accounts of those better qualified to judge of advantages or disadvantages of which travellers are prone to give the most irreconcilable reports.

From the time of descending the Alps, in the end of September, up to the middle of November while at Florence, I had seen no rain, nor had any cloud in all that time, obscured the sun for an hour. The air was always serene and dry; and till the end of October, at Florence, sufficiently warm within doors to render a fire unnecessary. But with the early days of November, the air gradually became colder, and colder, until the middle of that month, when the variable state of the winds, indicated approaching great change in the weather, which was soon realized in a tempest of thunder, lightning, and rain in a deluge, which continued with short intermissions for several days. The temperature of the atmosphere was now changed to that of the coldest we experience in October; but, though the sky soon recovered its wonted deep azure, and the sun

its accustomed brightness, the winds which now rushed down from the snow-capt mountains in the vicinity of the Tuscan capital, grew daily colder, until the third week in November, when I quitted Florence, then quite as cold as we usually find the weather in the south of England at that season ; but the air was ever bracing and clear.

With this slight experience for a key to a just knowledge of the true character of the weather and climate of this part of Italy, I have listened to, and compared the impressions that generally prevail, and believe the following remarks to contain as correct a general account, as may be obtained without long and careful observation of the average of the weather during many seasons.

Florence, Venice, Milan, and Turin, and the vicinity of these four greater of the many populous towns of the north of Italy, are by their geological as well as geographical situation, all subject to great variation of temperature, and may be considered to have extremely variable climates; they are all very cold in winter, and with the exception of Venice, subject to great heat in summer. Turin and Milan, which lie in the more immediate vicinity of the Alps, are colder in winter than Florence or Venice ; while Florence, although so far south of Venice, is, at the same season, also colder than that city, by reason of its

vicinity to the Apennines, over which the east winds pass before they touch the plain, near whose bounds on the side of those mountains, the Tuscan capital is seated ; at the same time, that Venice is ameliorated by the vicinity of the Adriatic, which tempers the same winds before they touch Italy, with opposite properties to those they receive from the mountains that cover Florence, and by reason also of the salt water which surrounds it. Thus, the cold that prevails in these towns and their vicinity, is plainly much governed by their geological situation ; but, as the winds are variable in the Mediterranean Sea, it would be difficult to account for the prevalence of cold in the north of Italy, especially in Florence, which is not so near the higher mountains, as the other two of those towns above-mentioned, while Leghorn and Pisa are so much less cold, though in the near vicinity of the Tuscan capital, were it not observed that the cold winds that rush from the mountains in the north, meet no certain check along the vicinity of the Apennines, until they advance much further south, while the cold air turned from these hills towards the sea, in the latitude of the plain of which we have been speaking, is met by the warm breezes from the south-west ; and thus that perpetual struggle kept up between these two sovereign influences, is

usually between Florence and the sea, which makes the vicinity of Pisa a wonderful exception to the bleak character of the country which lies upon the north and east of that favoured portion of the Tuscan plain. In the mean time, the vicinity of Turin and Milan, being yet further removed from the meeting of the sea and the mountain winds, remains so cold, as to bear no comparison with the temperature of the south-western portion of the plain.

The extreme cold, then, felt in the several of the cities of the north of Italy, and their vicinities, is thus easily accounted for; and the great heat which they experience during the summer months, in all except Venice, we must attribute to the contrary action of the same influence after the sun has warmed the earth, melted the snow, without the power of proportionably changing the temperature of the sea, which operates as powerfully against the heat of summer where it prevails, as against the causes of the cold during the months of winter. At the distance, therefore, at which the greater part of these towns lie in the interior of the country, the sea winds are rarely felt; and when they do so far gain the ascendant as to reach the midland towns, it is not before they have passed over the parched or heated soil, that lies between the interior provinces and the coast,

and after their force has been diminished, and their efforts in a great measure overcome. Venice, however, is a great exception to this partial influence of the winds, which is not peculiar to Italy; and that city, it is said, enjoys during three of the four seasons of the year, the temperate and delicious climate which Turin, Florence, and Milan, and the country in their vicinity experience, in the autumn and spring. Thus, after these remarks, it is scarce necessary to add, that Pisa, which is upon the Arno, and within five miles of the sea, is under these influences, considered the most healthy, as well as possessed of the mildest climate of any of the notable towns of Italy, and being in Tuscany, is generally to be preferred to any other part of the whole Peninsula for a winter residence.

CHAPTER XIII.

MODES OF TRAVELLING IN ITALY.

THE changes in the weather, already noticed, near the conclusion of the last chapter, induced me to think of quitting Florence earlier than it had been my intention upon arriving in that city; and it became necessary to consider of the most convenient means of continuing the journey.

There are three special ways of travelling upon all, or most of, the public roads in Italy; and as I chose now to change the mode before adopted, it may not be an unfit place for a few observations upon the relative advantages of each. The first, and the most expeditious, is by diligence; the second, and doubtless the most comfortable in the common acceptation of that term, is by your own carriage and post horses; the third, is by the Vetturini, which is not so rapid as the diligence, nor so comfortable as your own carriage

and post horses, yet is attended with advantages which render it sometimes the most desirable method as well for a foreigner as for a native ; though this preference, as we shall presently see may arise from wholly different reasons.

When the tourist chooses the first method and travels by diligence, he is almost certain of arriving at his destination within one or two hours of the appointed time. But to counterbalance the advantage of this wonderful approach to punctuality, he will be inconvenienced by the necessity of passing the night in the vehicle instead of his bed, he will frequently be alone, or what is little better, he will meet only travellers that are foreigners like himself, in Italy, and strangers to the Italian character, perhaps speaking no language that he is acquainted with, and whose country and its inhabitants are not now, at least, the object of his interest and his inquiries.

The traveller by his own carriage and post horses, it has been said, will travel with most comfort. But comfort is a relative or dependent attribute, and to estimate its value, we must know both its special quality and its relations ; for it is not only sometimes found that what is comfort to one, is discomfort to another, but it is also as certain, that often the same individual is at one time content with what would displease him at another.

If the traveller, then, wish to skim over the face of the country, contemplate in solitude, and live upon the reminiscences of history with which every range of mountains and every ruin is replete, from the descent from the steep Alps to the utmost limits of Italy, let him bring a strong carriage and hire good guides, and from the museum to the prison, none will arrest his steps, none dispute the authority of his warrants, or of his claim to look with as much contempt upon all institutions, and even upon the works of men of genius, as if it were a truth in nature that national and individual greatness have but one field, and that Italian liberty being gone, this fair land now fills up a space only upon the earth's broad surface which feeds its native men as it does the beasts that perish, but should excite no interest, and can possess no attribute that should be worthy the observation or study of any other people.

There is, however, another kind of traveller, to whom this method of making a journey may be with advantage chosen; and towards whom it would be unjust to indulge in the same reflections. Whole families or parties, from the more northern countries, come to pass the winter or to stay a longer time, in Italy; and in this case, the comfortable in the sense in which it is here understood, including entire freedom and privacy, it

were not unreasonable should be allowed to weigh more than all other considerations put together.

But we now come to the traveller who has neither the value for time, considered as the peculiar attribute of the first of the two above mentioned, nor the disposition nor kind of necessity of the other, and for whose purpose it is believed the manner of travelling by Vetturini is preferable to any other. But a short account of this method of performing a journey will obviate the necessity of much reasoning or argument for the establishment of its advantages.

The Vetturini are a sort of private coach-proprietors and coachmen, bound by no absolute law, either as to the direction of their journeys or the time they may take in performing them. They abound in most of the larger Italian towns; and as they are always on the look-out for travellers, the stranger has no difficulty in discovering them.

The manner in which the agreement is made and performed, is peculiar. It is usually agreed between the contracting parties, first on the side of the Vetturino, that he shall carry you to the destination you require, within a certain number of days, and that he provide you upon the journey with dinner and bed, then, on your side, that he shall be entitled to receive a certain sum at the end, and not the beginning of the journey. The

only disadvantage attending this method of travelling, is applicable, alone, to those who are in haste ; for as you do not change horses during the journey, you cannot, usually, make above thirty miles a-day. But you have the advantage of sleeping in a bed at night instead of a carriage as by diligence, and of avoiding the imposition of inn-keepers to which foreigners, and especially the English are too subject, in Italy, and also, of seeing the country to greater advantage ; and add to this, that the expense does not usually much exceed half that by mail post. No manner of travelling, in fact, can be more agreeable, when the passengers happen to be in accord, and I have never experienced any inconvenience through any disagreement on the journey.

The custom of the Vetturini, is to wait until they have one or two applications, after which the drivers or the proprietors exert themselves to make up an ample number, to secure a certain profit, at a price they can safely demand. Sometimes the parties are all brought together by the Vetturini, and they come to an agreement as to what they will offer ; and, as custom has here its usual influence, a bargain is easily made. At other times the parties do not know each other till they meet ; but every one is certain that he will not be alone. In this case, however, there is this inconvenience,

that every one does not know what the others pay, and where the Vetturini are less civil and honest than it has always been my good fortune to find them, you may discover at the end of the journey, that you have to pay a dollar or two more than any of your fellow travellers. A little trouble therefore, should be taken about the matter; or perhaps, more correctly speaking, the traveller should spend an hour or two in business, that had otherwise been less profitably occupied. The arrangements, are, sometimes, however, as easily made as your place might be taken by a diligence. But a short account of the circumstances which attended my first transaction with the Italian Vetturini, may usefully precede the account of the journey which it is believed will show ample cause for a foreigner's choice of this method of travelling, should he not be of the disposition of one of the class of travellers above mentioned, or restrained like the other.

In Italy every man's business is every man's; and few people are so inconveniently pressed or overcharged with their own affairs as to neglect attending to those of others. In this state of things it is not wonderful that the landlord of the hotel in which you are staying, the commissioner, the porter, and even all the Vetturini in the vicinity

should know, what in different degrees concerns them all, the day you have fixed upon to continue your journey, and the manner in which you propose to travel. None of these, however, made any use of their knowledge of my determination, which they should long before have had, until the day before that on which it was intended it should be put into execution, when, the commissioner of the hotel, came to tell me he had done all but arrange the price with a Vetturino for my journey to Rome, and all things appertaining to my departure in the morning; and that he wished to know whether I desired to have a front or back seat, and whether I had any objection to have as many fellow travellers as should make up the customary number. To which I replied, without expressing any surprise at his marked attention, or his foresight, that I had, on the contrary, the greatest possible objection to travelling in a carriage where there was one single passenger less, especially if an Italian might be obtained, than the full complement of the vehicle, and that I would upon no account go in any one where I was not certain of at least three companions; but adding a request, that he would not trouble himself with the matter, for that I had a particular wish to transact this very business myself.

Soon after this necessary, but often tiresome official in a hotel, was got rid of, I descended to the street, for the purpose of transacting my own affairs ; but before I had got six paces from the door, I met the commissioner with the Vetturino, whom he was exhorting to make me a proposal. There was no avoiding this encounter ; so we immediately commenced business, but which was, however, not so quickly terminated, as it nevertheless, may be, in the majority of cases.

After about four times more talk, and much more expenditure of time than would have been convenient or justifiable in a tourist to expend, whose object had been chiefly to visit the museums of Italy, or whose engagements had been such as to preclude observation of those little varieties in character of which these sketches more particularly treat, every thing was finally arranged. The chief of the Vetturini agreed on his part, to provide a good place, the next morning, in a close carriage for a sum which was exactly half what he at first proposed, and exactly double what was at first offered him, and that he would send to the hotel to awake me at six in the morning, and send the carriage a half an hour afterwards to take me up ; moreover, he assured me, that my fellow passengers, whose acquaintance I had not the time

on this occasion, previously to make, would be of the first order in rank, and gentility, and the most accommodating in disposition.

The Vetturino was punctual ; and on the morning after this bargain, we were by the hour of seven, beyond the barriers of Florence ; and I found myself in company with a professor of an Italian university, a young monk of the good Capuchin order, two other Italian gentlemen, and a young Frenchman.

CHAPTER XIV.

FLORENCE TO SIENA.

WE had not long left Florence, before we began to ascend towards the higher lands of Siena and its vicinity; and as we attained the summits of the first hills, the oblique rays of the sun which had already reached the zenith, began to colour the firmament with the faint azure of an unclouded morning, while his more direct beams gilded the peaks of the higher mountains around us, though the great source of light was still hid from our view, by the inequalities in the altitude of the eastern hills.

The scene before us, as we advanced towards the sun, and that behind us, exhibited all the contrast which the full and fainter rays of light could present to the view. Behind us, beneath the darker firmament we looked down upon Florence, seated in the midst of a vast amphitheatre, and upon the

innumerable villas, amid the highly cultivated lands which lie on either side the great vale to the extreme height of natural vegetation, beyond which, the rugged peaks, just receiving the first tints of day, seemed to present a barrier at once to the human spoiler, and to the rude blasts, which, coming from the snow-clad mountains which lie yet beyond the clearer ridge, during the winter months, render all the country within their influence, as bleak and cold as the climate of Britain at the same season. In our front, the scene was of a different description. The deep blue of the heavens was fast vanishing away; but the rays of light, falling partially upon the lower country, left the shade of the hills upon the valleys, which seemed still wrapped in almost the obscurity of night; while the country immediately about us, covered with the light green olive and the vine rising from a dark arable soil, added, in its full beauty, all the show of terrestrial riches, to the magnificent display of the grander objects of nature upon all sides around us, till the bright orb, escaping from behind the peaks of the mountains that obstructed his full glory, burst into view, and at once established the perfect day.

The road now passes through a beautifully undulated country, gradually rising, without any apparent diminution of its fertility; and in the

midst of this varied display of all the softer beauties of an autumnal scene, we arrived at Siena, where we were to pass the first night of our journey.

We alighted two hours before sun-set; and as Siena is the most important of the towns which lie upon this route between Florence and Rome, and this the first night of my experience of the advantages of travelling by the method above described, I shall not omit a notice of the burgh, and of our reception and entertainment under the patronage of our worthy conductor the Vetturino.

We entered the hotel at which we had alighted, but did not at present remain longer than was necessary to agree upon the dinner or supper time, which was fixed at an hour after sun-set. This arrangement afforded us nearly three hours to see the objects of the greatest interest in the town, and we proceeded together to make the best advantage of the time.

Siena is a walled town, and is built upon, and covers the summit and two sides of a long but not broad hill, along the ridge of which runs the principal street, out of which numerous others issue and descend on either side to the adjacent vales. The unequal breadth of the hill, and the several natural terraces which it presents, afford even within the walls, the most commanding situations

and the most beautiful points of view ; and these have been judiciously chosen for placing the public buildings and churches, and above all, for the site of the citadel, which almost on every side, overlooks a deep vale.

Delighted with the view from the outer bastions of the Citadel, we determined to mount the highest building of the town, which is a tower upon the Piazza del Campo, to which we now proceeded.

This public place, is in the form of a half circle, the circular portion of which is formed by houses of a superior class, with, usually, shops in the lower story ; while on the direct side stands the great town-hall, which contains the summary courts, and courts of law, and other offices. Here also is placed a chapel of the Virgin, to which is adjoined the great tower, rising to 270 feet above its base. The Piazza del Campo is now used for the great market fair, and the public games, and is ornamented with a marble fountain, with basso relievo and sculptures representing the Virtues, and the creation of Adam and Eve with their expulsion out of Paradise.

We now mounted the tower, from which we obtained an extensive view of the whole country on every side around us, even to the grand heights of the Alps, where they divide the rich plains of

Lombardy from the bleak and sterile country of the hardy Swiss ; while the immediate country for some miles around Siena is seen teeming with the richest foliage of the vine and olive, and every hill and valley covered with the choice productions of the climate in the highest state of cultivation ; and the land was at this time preparing for the reception of the seeds of the cerealious crops. Amid this paradisial scene, we counted near a hundred villas, each seated in the midst of a vineyard and an olive grove ; and we were informed that the whole country within twelve or thirteen miles of the Siena, was covered with these delightful retreats ; and that they were for the most part inhabited by the families of the wealthy tradesmen of the city, who are an intelligent race, and who thus combine rural with commercial industry, and if we were well informed, enjoy all the benefits of these opposite pursuits, without the inconvenience with which their seeming contrary character might be attended in most other parts of the globe.

The Sienese are said not to possess that insatiable thirst for riches, the acquisition of which, if it has made us nationally great, has assuredly not contributed to our social enjoyments. And if the excess of elegance, or luxury, which we are accustomed to see with us, is wanting in Siena, no less so is that bane of true enjoyment, which, whether

we designate it ambition, or vanity, equally corrupts all the natural sources of the most refined pleasures which predominate in a state of society in a more simple or less artificial state.

Beyond the vicinity of Siena the irregular hills, mark the different distances by their deeper or lighter shades, till the eye rests in the direction of the north upon the faint blue peaks and curved grand summits of the Alps, which now resemble those clouds that are sometimes seen upon the horizon of the ocean, and present the appearance of Islands too distant to discover the colour of the soil or the indications of their now being, or of their capability of becoming, the abodes of men.

We now proceeded to the cathedral, which is well situated upon the highest elevation in the town, and is a Gothic monument of the most magnificent description. Issuing from a regular and well-built street, you come upon the court of the noble edifice, which at first presents an appearance too brilliant to impress the truth which is proclaimed upon a more leisure view, and a minute examination of its details. The approaches, as far as they are open to the square, are by flights of steps entirely of white marble. The whole edifice, indeed, is formed of white and black marble, so artfully disposed as to exhibit a

splendour which seems to surpass the power of the precious material to impress ; while its dome, and the frontispiece with its three magnificent doors, forbid all attempts at any notice of their details.

We entered the cathedral by one of the front doors ; and when my companions had sprinkled themselves with holy water from the font at the door, and knelt and disposed of as much prayer as the time would permit, we walked up the grand aisle, and placing ourselves under the dome made a rapid survey of the magnificent interior. But it will suffice to name, only, such objects as were most striking to a foreigner and a Protestant, of all the choice works in precious marbles, with the paintings and gilded altars by which we were surrounded.

Over one of these gaudy places of offering and of miracles, upon the west side of the dome, is seen another of those peculiarly Italian paintings, representing the holy Trinity, but without the presence of death, which it has been observed shocks our senses and confounds our conceptions of spiritual existence, in the painting at Santa Croce. It is of execution indeed, so artful as to make us forget the sensations with which the representation of the Creator in human form first oppress us. If it were by the work of men's hands—if it were

by perfection in the arts, that the Eternal Father might be conciliated, the Italians should be the favourite Children of Heaven. The Holy Spirit, in the usual form of a bird, is seen upon the wing descending upon, or hovering over a figure, which is a less daring attempt to represent Him whose form and feature were of the earth, and who cannot be faultily represented in our own image. Above the opposite altar there is a basso relievo representation of the Crucifixion, in which appear the principal characters of the holy family. But what is most uncommon of the decorations of the cathedral of Siena, is, the exhibition of the busts of all the Popes from Alexander III. These are placed upon a narrow gallery over the cornice above the columns around the nave of the church.

From the Duomo we returned to our hotel, at the door of which, we were met by the landlord and several of the domestics, by whom we were conducted to the dining-hall. The room was not equal in dimensions with those in the Italian inns generally; but it was not more inconvenient or uncomfortable. The table wanted nothing in neatness and was complete; and, when our worthy Vetturino bade us be seated, and at the same time took his place at our table, there was something so simple and primitive in all our relations to each other, that a traveller might never

feel so disposed to condemn that moroseness or ungenerous pride which so often deprives us of the company of those who may be our equals in all but the means by which we purchase our solitude, and often with it, the ill-will, and, when we least think it, even the contempt, of those whose society and whose conversation, had we exhibited less repulsiveness, would have entertained—perhaps, instructed us.

Our dinner was excellent. We had soup,—we had a choice dish of wild boar,—we had hare,—we had treel, the best fish in the Mediterranean, beef, and several dishes of vegetables, salad, and a dessert composed of seven or eight kinds of stewed and undressed fruits, and as much ordinary wine of good sound quality as we thought proper to drink.

The table conversation was animated, and to myself, at least, instructive. We talked of what we had seen of the town, and what we had read of the Sienese; for my companions, save the monk, were all foreigners in Tuscany. The conversation was begun by our landlord observing, how rarely he had an opportunity of meeting an English gentleman upon the familiar footing upon which we now stood to each other; and was followed by a confession on my part, at least of my opinion, concerning our national manners, of more than need

be repeated here. But from this we jumped to the works of art which we had seen, and thence to the people.

It was the impression of my fellow travellers, that the Sieneſe are conſidered a clever people among all the Italians, and affable and obliging ; and that their pronunciation of the language, has all the richness and harmony of the Roman accent combined with the more correct and more eſteemed diction of the Florentines. Moreover, that the women were extremely handsome, with a fair complexion and generally a high colour ; and what we ſaw and heard while we were here, did not certainly lead to any doubts of the truth of theſe favourable impreſſions.

When dinner or ſupper was over, we went together to the coffee houſe, where we each paid two *gracie*, which is equal to about a penny and one fourth, for a cup of coffee and milk, and the ſame for an ice-cream, in a well-lighted gay room, with gazettes ; or, one *gracia* for black coffee with ſugar only.

From the coffee houſe we returned to the hotel, where we were ſhewn into our bed rooms ; and I never went to bed happier, nor ſlept better, than on the firſt night of my experience of the pleaſures and advantages of this mode of travelling.

CHAPTER XV.

ROME.

AFTER three days passed in the same agreeable manner, as the twenty-four hours which gave occasion for the remarks comprised in the last chapter, on the morning of the fourth, amidst a conversation which arose out of some observation upon the steril and inferior appearance of the country in the Roman state, compared with the signs of industry and abundance which reign every where throughout Tuscany, one of the passengers in the fore-part of the carriage exclaimed, "Roma!" It was an alarm to new objects of anticipated interest; and every head was now thrust out of the windows of the vehicle, to obtain a first view of the "Eternal City," and all, save Rome, was forgotten. Little was, however, yet to be seen, but the domes and towers of a multitude of temples of Christian worship, issuing from a confused mass of trees, walls, and mounts, while over all peered the unrivalled and mighty

fabric of St. Peter's, resembling at this distance, our grand Christian temple, and great sepulchre of heroes, statesmen, and philosophers, St. Paul's.

We were now within two hours of the gates of the city—a time too short for the traveller to form in one concentrated idea, any distinct image, from the diverse reflections which crowd upon his mind at this exciting moment of his tour. Rome—a village—a city—the mistress of the world. For centuries, history scarce records another name. The shadows of heroes, poets, orators, in their turn flit before us, each apparition more potent than the last, till that appears which “wears upon his brow the round and top of sovereignty,” to usurp the ephemeral glory which preceded the crash of the mighty empire.

“But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now
Is none so poor to do him reverence.”

Then follow the visions of the more insidious race who so long possessed the moral empire over all the civilized world, and whose blind or corrupt agents still taint the social institutions of Christendom with follies and vices which should scarce be inferior to those which prevail among a people, yet unsubjected to civil government and established laws.

What a crowd of reflections press upon the

mind, as we cross the eternal stream, which, presently turning its course, flows through the memorable city, which it has watered through all its vicissitudes in every age, and will flow on, when no trace of either ancient or modern Rome remains—when the very ruins of the mighty city have perished, and its site is known no more.

The tourist of the coldest imagination, could not, at the gates of Rome, want the ready emotions which spring from reflections like these. All the travellers that were now together, could hardly have been of the same temperament, the same disposition; yet, there was not a word uttered, from the time we obtained the first sight of Rome, until we reached the bridge of the unchanged Tyber—the current which witnessed the rule of Romulus, Augustus, the Antonines, and now sees the religious empire fast passing away, to vanish and appear no more.

We now passed by the ancient bridge of Milvius, now called the Molle, from the right to the left bank of the Tyber, about two miles from the point at which the stream enters the city; thence we soon found ourselves threading the street of the suburb without the walls, which leads directly to the Porta del Popolo, or the gate of the people, where we arrived soon after noon.

The very gate of Rome is an object to illustrate,

or impress the truths of history. Here the statues of St. Peter and St. Paul, the first works of art that present themselves to the eye of the traveller upon his very entrance into Rome, proclaim the yet existent empire, which, if it was formed to enlighten, has so often employed its moral influence in deluding, mankind.

Having passed the gates of Rome, you find yourself immediately in the midst of the Piazza del Popolo, which is a public place, that had been worthy the queen of the nations, at a happier era of her sovereignty and her glory. On either hand of the Piazza del Popolo, there is a broad semi-circular gradatory ornamented with statues, fountains and shrubs, terminated at either end by uniform buildings, and two fine churches. On the left is seen a colossal statue, representing Rome between the Arno and the Tyber, and on the right, another representing Neptune between Tritons; while the four extremities of the two semi-circular gradatories are ornamented with statues, representing the four seasons of the year. But, in the centre of the noble piazza stands an Egyptian obelisque, a glaring monument, like that in the *Place de la Concorde* at Paris, at once, of national robbery and sacrilege, and of the bad taste that would associate the most incongruous elements to compose one simple design.

Passing through this grand piazza, we entered the Via del Corso, or grand public way, which conducts to the Piazza Colonna, in the very centre of modern Rome. A few steps further, and we arrived at the hotel, which had been recommended to us, where we took leave of our good friend the Vetturino; and, with the exception of the young monk, who entered one of the numerous convents of the city, we all established ourselves for the present at the same hotel.

The thoughts which will pass through the mind of the tourist, during the first moments he may find himself alone in Rome, will remain indelibly engraven upon his memory. Nothing in Italy, until we arrive at the ancient capital of the world, very strongly recalls to our minds the memory of the Romans of the republic or of the empire. At Venice our reflections turn towards the history of the middle ages, and we contemplate the scenes of blood and crime, which, through the space of centuries, defile the annals of the royal merchant state. The noble ruin which we gaze upon, like the corporeal remains of a vigorous bodily frame, from which the spirit has just fled, presents us with all the external proportions and beauty of the original, without the essence of existence—with the lifeless relic, left to see corruption day by day decompose and destroy the material sub-

stance, which was once animated with a living soul. We walk or row through Venice in the melancholy mood in which we approach and stand in the very presence of death; and the causes of her national extinction recur and engage our inquiries, until horror and abhorrence of the scenes which we recall, excite our apprehensions concerning the untimely fate of every society, whose institutions require the prop of such wealth as can only be derived from external sources, as well as attest the vicious and unstable character of oligarchical government. A stranger band, in language, in feeling, in everything, now parades in the courts of the tyrant doge. The traveller who should feel for the oppressed generations that have passed away, will painfully sympathise with the present race; and we leave Venice with few incentives to return.

At Florence our feelings are of a kindlier nature, and the things which regard the present engage our whole or chief interest. No stranger troops, tell a tale of foreign conquest and of woe, no blood-stained oligarchy has left the traces of its fearful career. Even superstition, which still stalks a moral engine of terror through the rest of Italy, is here shorn of its force, and ceases to harrow up our feelings with the frightful examples of its diabolical reign: and thus, we engage with

calmer interest in the examination or study of the fine arts, with which the public edifices and the palaces of Florence so especially abound.

But at Rome—with what feelings we first enter the “Eternal City,” the occasion has already occurred to notice, but when within the walls of an ample chamber in our first domicile, carelessly thrown, rather than luxuriously reclining upon a large couch, and reposing rather from the burden of thought than from bodily fatigue, other feelings than those which before possessed us, unexpectedly occupy our minds.

There was nothing within or without doors, that one could say was directly similar with anything with which a Briton might have been familiar elsewhere; and yet, for myself, I experienced that sensation, which few have not in a greater or less degree approved, at some time, and in some circumstances, of their lives. It was that feeling which arises from an impression that we receive, and at the same time we know to be false, that the objects that are around us, and our present situation are not new to us, although we cannot recall any perfectly distinct recollections of any object we see before us, or any disjoined clear revival in the mind, of any definite impression that we should have before experienced. Some, under circumstances very different indeed from

the present, have even thought these sensations to be the faint impressions of a former existence ; but perhaps they are too easily accounted for, to drive us to such a forced thought, at least, within the walls of that city, which possesses yet some remains, if not of the soul that once animated an empire, at least of the bodily frame, and the heart from which the life blood circulated, that even attained in the time of its full strength, our once dependent island, our now free and happier Britain. But be the causes of these feelings what they may, their operation upon the spirits, is at least, found to be at all times soothing and grateful. They should be like our impressions, when we awake under the effects of a turbulent dream, and as effective as the first beams of light, in elevating the spirits, depressed below the just mean which it is most desirable to maintain.

To these impressions succeeded others, that should have some kindred to those which we experience in early life, on our return, after long absence, under our paternal roof. There was something essential indeed missing. Where was the greeting which we are wont to receive at that season of life especially, when our more disinterested and purer feelings predominate, and before the earliest natural ties have been loosened by other bonds perhaps not more sacred than they, or

broken asunder by death, and we are taught that which regards our short pilgrimage here, and binds us to this world, if we look not beyond it, is indeed but vanity, and a course of disappointment and pain? But when you reflect upon that Britain from which you have travelled—your country—that was a land of barbarism in the proud days of Rome, the island seems removed to an immeasurable distance, such as Rome never appeared to be, when contemplated at home.

But these fond thoughts, by and by give place to such as are more readily entertained. We now inhabit that very spot upon which the mind has been steadily bent, upon which the fancy has been fixed, from our boyish days. We now stand upon the site of events in the history of the human species, in every sense the most interesting and the most important to the present and the future generations, of all that are found recorded in the annals of mankind in every age. If the world is indebted to the sages of Greece for its systems of philosophy, it should be not less bound to the heroes and legislators who flourished in free Rome, for those laws which still more or less prevail throughout the world, and for those principles of liberty, and those free institutions, in which a Briton above all, has the most reason to rejoice. For the chief and tyrant, in many a land,

he, at least, sees and obeys only the chosen sovereign of his people. The oppressor elsewhere, is the father of his people there. Or, if it sound less familiar, it will not sound the less tender—at this time, the mother of *her* people; a chief, at least, with equal respect for the laws, with those who are subjected to their censure, and with equal interest in their just application, and in the conservation of the liberties, the happiness, of the nation.

Long before our arrival at Rome, it was known to me, that the objects of all my companions, save the young monk, consisted equally in a commendable curiosity to view the antiquities, and examine the works of art of which so many noble specimens are still to be found within the walls of the ancient capital; and as there was nothing in my original motives in quitting Britain, of a nature to forbid society, or excuse passing by anything worthy to be examined, I was glad to avail myself of the agreeable company into which I had been thrown; and I agreed with those of my companions that remained, to engage with them in our common pursuit. The same plan, however, that has hitherto been chosen in these sketches, will still be adhered to, of taking notice only of the leading objects of interest that came under our review during the ramble through Rome, in which we now engaged.

CHAPTER XVI.

ROME.

THE PIAZZA COLONNA—MOUNT CAPITOLINE—THE COLISEUM.

THE day, then, after our arrival at Rome, we set out together upon our first ramble through the streets and public places of the city.

We had scarce left our hotel, before we came upon the Piazza Colonna already mentioned, which occupies a part of the Forum, which bore the name of Antonius Pius, and upon which stands an ancient doric column, erected by the senate of Rome, to commemorate the victories of Marcus Antonius over the Marcomani in Germany, the particulars of which are represented in basso relievo, upon the shaft of this noble monument of antiquity. And here, it may be remarked, in passing, we have another strange instance of perverted taste in the substitution of the statue of St. Paul for that of Antonius—the apostle, placed upon the summit of a column which perpetuates

the memory and exploits of a Roman soldier. The piazza is ornamented also by a fountain, and is surrounded by the palaces of Chigi, Nicolini, that of the Prince Piombino, and a public building, in which are found the post-establishment, and other government offices.

There had been some difference of opinion among our party, concerning whether we should make our first walk through the more ancient part of Rome, and over the sites of the former city, or whether we should proceed immediately to view the great Christian edifice of modern Rome. The Frenchman and myself were in a mood which engendered more curiosity about such antiquities as recall our impression of the ancient capital, or throw a faint light upon the pages of history; but, as the inclination of the Italians who were with us, lent strongly towards the great Cathedral of St. Peter, and neither party was willing to yield its judgment or fancy, after we had made rather a minute survey of the memorial of the virtuous Antonius, we separated, and the young Frenchman and myself directed our steps in the first place towards the Mount Capitoline.

Our perambulations upon this occasion, were without any other guide than the books; but our inquiries soon brought us to the modern capitol,

which is formed upon the ruins of the ancient, without destroying them: and with the additions, which now contain a museum, forms one of the most interesting objects of the modern city.

The approaches to the capitol are open, but not regular or grand, till you stand near the foot of the great flight of steps, which conducts to the mount upon which the ancient, and on this side, now modernized building stands. The broad steps have an ample balustrade on either side, and are ornamented with statuary of the most precious remains of antiquity. The first in order, as you approach, are two lions in black granite, which spout water from their open mouths. These have been put at the bottom of the steps on each hand, while at the top have been placed colossal statues of Castor and Pollux, which were found among the rubbish of the ancient city, during the pontificate of Pius IV., one on either hand, each standing by the side of his horse. Besides these, there are also the statues of Constantine Augustus, and Constantine Cæsar, which were discovered among the ruins of the termes or baths of the Emperor Constantine.

Arrived at the top of the grand approach, you find a public place called the Piazza del Campidoglio, the front of which is formed by the present senate house, built upon the ruins of the ancient

edifice, and the sides by uniform buildings, erected by Paul III., from designs by Michael Angelo, and now made the conservatories of the precious remains of antiquity, found from time to time in Rome: it is entitled the Museum of the Campidoglio. In the centre of this square, is placed an ancient equestrian statue of Marcus Antonius in bronze.

The approaches to the chambers of the senate-house, are by a double flight of steps, immediately beneath the summit of which, fronting the square, is a grand fountain, constructed by Sextus V. This fountain, also, is ornamented with ancient sculpture, and in the centre of it has been placed the statue of Minerva seated. This statue was found at Cora, and is of white marble, with the drapery of porphyry. Another colossal figure is placed on either hand, representing the Nile and the Tiber; and these it appears were found in the temple of Serapis, and are of the time of Marcus Antonius.

From the platform above this fountain, you enter a vast hall, in which the senators and judges sit to administer justice to the citizens of modern Rome. The wall is without decorations, and is in nothing remarkable except its dimensions.

We next entered the Museum of Campidoglio, which contains choice specimens of antiquities, the collection of which was commenced by Clement

XII., and terminated by Pius VII. Its very contents could not be so much as enumerated here. But, would, it may be said, that the sacerdotal sovereigns had been as eager to rescue from corruption, the spare remains of the primitive Christianity, as they have been to preserve the external symbols of a system, by the admixture with which religion has been defiled, and even converted into an engine of restraint upon the improvement of the human intellect, instead of being our safest conduct through the perplexed mazes of philosophy, and through the violent moral as well as political struggles in which mankind are unceasingly engaged.

Without quitting Mount Capitoline, we visited such other remains of antiquity as are here pointed out to the traveller. The most remarkable of these were some columns said to have belonged to the temple of Jupiter of the Thunder, erected by Augustus, and several columns, also of the temple of Fortune, with some remains of the cellars or vaults of the temple of Concord.

On descending from the Campidoglio to the opposite side of the senate house, you leave the streets of modern Rome, and, coming upon the site of the Forum, you are surrounded at different distances on all sides, with many of the noble remains of the ancient capital, sometimes sepa-

rated from each other by masses of indistinguishable ruins, and sometimes by regularly planted, aged trees, which look like the remains of pleasure-grounds of a later age. On this side the Capitol, and in its immediate vicinity, are to be seen columns, some standing, and others long fallen, but which have been discovered and exposed by the removal of the earth, which here, as every where, upon the site of ancient Rome, has accumulated many feet above the former surface of the ground.

The Forum, which was established at the epoch of the peace between Romulus and Tatius, was formerly surrounded by a portico of two stories, the upper of which we are informed consisted of offices for the collection of the imposts, while the lower contained magazines or shops; and it should be from one of these that Virginius drew the dagger on the occasion so familiar to us; but of the actual edifice which formed the enclosure, nothing now remains. We however stand upon the site of that Forum so memorable in history, and in the front of the Capitol, that has looked upon so many scenes that will be recorded with thrilling interest as long as the world shall endure. We stand upon the ground hallowed by the eloquence of Cicero, and by the deeds of men who struggled to maintain the dignity of our nature in the establishment or conservation of political freedom. We stand

in the very midst of that city, which, as our reflections may lead us, we seem to behold in all her former grandeur, or muse over, in the sad monument which her ruins exhibit of the instability and the vicissitude of human affairs.

We next proceeded to view the ruins of the edifices which stood upon that part of Mount Palatine, which antiquarian lore points out as the spot of that very Rome which Romulus built upon the site of a former city, and which bore the name of the hill upon which he now erected the first edifices of the future mistress of the world.

The most remarkable ruin in this vicinity, is the Coliseum, the form, dimensions, history, and the purpose of which, are almost as familiar to us as the name of Rome itself; and the sensations which the traveller will approve in approaching this vast pile, are like those which we feel on returning after a long interval of time to take a second view of some object of interest with which we have before made ourselves familiar.

The Coliseum is at once a monument of the greatness and barbarity of the Romans, under the Emperor Flavius Vespasian, by whom it was erected in the seventy-second year of the Christian era—of that mixture of refined taste and barbarism, which distinguished the Romans in the first and two following centuries.

In the very age of the arts, even Titus could sacrifice 2,000 human beings to gratify the savage delight of his ferocious countrymen. But this sad memorial of human cruelty, which was placed in the midst of ancient Rome, now stands, in its decay, amidst the ruins of that great throne of Empire which it equally adorned and disgraced.

We mounted to the top of the four stories of which the enormous edifice is composed ; whence we obtained a full view of the melancholy scene around us, comprehending palaces, termes or great public baths, temples, or the sites of the greater number, indicated by some prostrate column, or broken remnant of walls or indistinguishable heaps of rubbish ; all once the seats of sensuality or luxury, or of the degrading worship of fabulous beings, which it were as rational to call demons as gods.

What an amazing compass of thought, if the memory could call up the events, and the mind entertain all the scenes of which this spot of the earth has been the varied theatre, from Romulus to the erection of the edifice upon which we now stand—from Vespasian to the abolition, under Honorius, of the cruelties of which it was so long the chief stage—from the first influence of Christianity, in refining the savage manners of the

Romans and of the world, to the usurpation and tyranny of the church, with the corruption of morals and the establishment of that mental slavery, which even the Reformation and the progress of knowledge in the freer states of Europe, has not yet been able, entirely to overcome.

Such was the proper business of our first day in Rome, and such were the reflections which presented themselves, as we stood amid the ruins of that once mighty seat of empire, the history of whose people has furnished the world with lessons both moral and political, which will not cease to have their influence upon all human actions, and upon the destinies of mankind.

To proceed any further with these notices of the more striking remains, which the vast site of the ancient city exhibits, and which we necessarily visited, or with the reflections they suggest, would be to dwell too long upon these earlier stages of a journey, the future incidents of which claim an equal share in the proper object of these inquiries and remarks.

CHAPTER XVII.

ROME.

BASILICA OF SAINT PETER.

OF the many modern objects of profound interest in Rome, we proceeded first to view that immense and grand edifice, which has been for several ages, the wonder and admiration of Christendom.

Having passed to the left bank of the Tyber by the Bridge of Saint Angelo, you leave the Castle of Saint Angelo upon the right; and proceeding by an indifferent way, arrive, in the space of a few minutes, in plain view, and in the very front of this wonder of art, and noblest example of the results of genius and perseverance, aided by the combined efforts of common zeal, and directed to the attainment of any great design.

There is nothing, however, more disappointing, than the first view which is obtained of the church of St. Peter. The approach, which it has been

observed, is by an indifferent way, presents nothing but mean buildings on either side, even to the near vicinity of the first columns of the great circular colonnade, which, extending from each side to the proper front or grand portico of the church, enclose an ample space adorned with an obelisk and fountains and appropriate statues. But you must take up a position near the centre of the enclosed space before you have a perfect view of the great objects around you. And even at the most favourable point from which we here contemplate the noble structure, the fancy, at least, will be offended, if not the judgment, (to the possession of which, however, no claim is in this instance pretended), by the seeming incongruity which presents itself between the magnificent Corinthian frontispiece and the plain Doric colonnade. Indeed, it is not until the grand Basilica is seen in detail both within and without, and that every object has become familiar to the eye and present to the memory, that a just conception can be formed of the immensity and magnificence of the perfect whole.

In the centre of the piazza formed by these great colonnades and the church, stands, also, one other of those obelisks which of course agree neither with the age, the style, nor the associations they present, with the surrounding objects which

they are intended to embellish. Two grand fountains, however, one on either side of the Egyptian monument, in better taste, give an air of liveliness to the place, which, without some object for ever in motion, had been too dull to contemplate in the proper frame of mind, that we might receive that impression which should be the just effect of our first contemplation of the mighty fabric. But we may proceed to such details as might not be consistently dispensed with.

These grand colonnades—which were an adjunction to the original edifice, consist of four parallel or equal rows of Doric columns, forming, as already observed, two curved porticos, each uniting at one extremity with the grand portico of the great temple itself—present an approach that is worthy of the noblest edifice that exists in the world.

The grand front of the church exhibits a portico of eight Corinthian columns and four pilasters forming five entrances, above which are seven balconies, the whole being crowned with a balustrade, and thirteen colossal statues representing the Saviour and the twelve Apostles.

We approached the middle entrance of the church by a broad flight of steps, at the bottom of which stand the statues of St. Peter and St. Paul ;

and we now entered beneath the spacious portico which extends the entire length of the front of the building, and has at either extremity a fine equestrian statue, the one of Constantine and the other of Charlemagne. From this, five doors corresponding to the five flights of steps opposed to them, lead to the interior of the church. But one of these, which is called the Sacred Entrance, and is that on the right hand, is walled up, and only thrown open at the commencement of the Jubilee which takes place, and lasts the whole of, every twenty-fifth year, by the Pope himself and three of the Cardinals, to signify the beginning of the time when the occupant of the chair of St Peter in a peculiar manner extends pardon and remission of offences to his great flock throughout the whole earth; and it is again walled up at the conclusion of this happy era.

A piece of sculpture, in relieve, over this sacred entrance, represents the Saviour in the act of giving the command to St. Peter, contained in the words, "Feed my sheep," upon which the church of Rome lays so much stress, in advocating the claim of the head of their community, to instruct, to govern mankind, and to remit or retain the sins of all who acknowledge the authenticity of this passage in Scripture. "Authentic words,"

says a worthy monk of La Trappe, in the simplicity of his cloister faith, "sufficient in themselves to confound both heresy and schism."

We now passed into the interior of the holy edifice, concerning which, a few general, and one or two particular remarks will suffice.

That disappointment, which it has been said can scarcely fail to strike every one upon the first view of the exterior of St. Peter's, has in some degree even before we find ourselves within its walls, given way to a juster conception of the grandeur and magnificence of the noble pile; and yet are we doomed at our very entrance, once more to experience a parallel sensation. There is nothing at the first view of the interior of the church that strikes us with that degree of wonder for which we have prepared ourselves; but we soon recover from our disappointment, to experience yet higher degrees of satisfaction than we had anticipated, and from more solid motives of interest and admiration. There is a chastity and simplicity, and an agreement of one and every thing to every other within the church, which produces that calm and tender impression upon the mind, which is as unexpected as the sensations we experience when we first came in sight of the exterior of the building; and perhaps the secret concerning the bond or principle which exercises, even at this day,

so much influence, and blindly binds so large a portion of the Christian world to the ancient superstitions which the Romish Church retains, is never nearer its revelation to the Protestant traveller, than at the moment of this his first entrance into the church of St. Peter.*

The wonderful perfection of art, and the cause by which sensations, approaching even to a holy feeling, are impressed upon our minds are not apparent until we contemplate, in particular, some of the noble objects which adorn the magnificent interior of the Basilica ; but so perfect is the agreement of all the parts to the grand whole, that it is some time before the eye is able to fix itself upon any one object to the exclusion of any portion of the perfect works that present themselves on every hand. But when this is accomplished, we discover, in whatever exclusively engages our curiosity, that degree of beauty and excellence, from the separate contemplation of which, we find it difficult to withdraw ; yet, it is

* The author of the Italian guide-book which we held in our hands, observes, that the grand Basilica upon entering, has, to many, appeared smaller than the cathedral of St. Paul at London and the grand cathedral at Milan ; and lest this impression should remain, he gives the proportionate length of the two latter churches and of St. Peter's in palms : a measure of about $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches English.

	St. Peter's.	St. Paul.	C. Milan.
Length . . .	830	710	598
Breadth . . .	606	400	465

not until we have examined many objects of our highest admiration, and considered the causes of our impressions, and weighed the full force and effects of the just adaptation of many parts to one grand whole, that we are able to understand and fully appreciate the character of all which we contemplate.

The first of these individual specimens of art, or the two first that attracted our attention, came directly under our view before we ventured to penetrate further than a few paces towards the more sacred and central parts of the church. They consist, each of a winged cherub, done in pure white marble, supporting a reservoir, in yellow marble, and fashioned to represent a shell; and they are so exquisitely sculptured, and preserve so perfectly their infantine appearance, that we might hardly suspect that they exceeded the dimensions of human infants, until we are informed by the guide who conducts us, or the book which we hold in our hand, that they are each six feet in height, or more properly in length, measuring from the sole to the crown, as they seem to float upon the bosom of the incumbent air. With this key to our inquiries, which, at the very entrance of the church, threw some light indeed upon the yet undiscovered cause of our peculiar admiration, we proceeded up the grand nave of the sacred edifice.

Everything around, as you proceed, preserves an admirable agreement with the whole; statues, paintings, mosaics, altars, all present themselves, between or upon, the pilasters that divide the grand from the side aisles, until on the right, as the aisles terminate with the space beneath the dome, against the last pilaster, is seen a colossal statue of St. Peter, in bronze, represented in a sitting posture, and placed about five feet from the ground.

Here we stopped to contemplate for a moment the enormous black statue, a little in detail, and remained to see the adoration which it received from the devotees which ever and anon as they passed or prepared to leave the church, respectfully approached the dusky representative of the great patron Saint, and with their warm lips embraced the great toe of the cold figure, now worn beyond the bone by the pressure of Christian lips that daily pay this simple or idolatrous reverence to the image of the supposed founder, and first head of the great Christian church.

If there should be anything in the great church of St. Peter which might form an exception to that unanimity and agreement between all its parts which so eminently prevail, it is doubtless this black figure of the apostle, which, is certainly more striking and remarkable, than pleas-

ing, in the contrast which it makes with the pure white marble statues, and the monuments in precious coloured marble which appear in every part of the church. But it does not, however, appear to have been originally designed for the church; for we are told, that it is formed of the metal which composed the ancient statue of Capitoline Jove; and that after sitting for a season in the monastery of St. Martin, it was transported by Pope Paul V. to the place in the church of St. Peter where it is now seen. Without this history, it would be almost impossible to persuade ourselves that it is not formed of black marble.

Our attention was next turned to the grand centre beneath the lofty Cupola, where we find the two-fold objects of interest united—the precious works of art, which are in view, and the broad pit and way to the sacred subterranean chamber, with the precious relics intombed beneath the pontifical altar which is erected directly under the dome.

At the four corners, formed by the figure of the cross which the church represents, at an appropriate height above the ground, stand colossal statues of the Four Evangelists, while in the centre is seen the confessional of St. Peter, consisting, as commonly understood, of the altar above men-

tioned with the tomb and the chambers below it, but to both of which, a mere reference is all that may here be admitted; and that, without pretending to more exactness, than minuteness in detail.

The pontifical altar of St. Peter, is placed seven steps above the pavement of the church, and is decorated in a style suited to the precious objects that surround it. Its form, is that of an ancient tabernacle; and the canopy, which, with all its appertinents, is of bronze gilded, is supported by four twisted columns, while angels are represented at the corners, carrying the Tiara, the Keys, and other pontifical signs, or in the act of throwing garlands of flowers upon the table of the altar. The Pope officiates here on Christmas day, Easter Sunday, and St. Peter's day, but not on any other day in the year.

On the side of the altar, towards the front of the church, is seen the wide open pit above mentioned, surrounded by a semi-circular balustrade of precious marble, and decorated with a hundred and twelve lamps, which are kept always burning. From the side opposite the altar, you descend by a double flight of steps to a sepulchre, and a subterranean chapel, the gates leading to which are of bronze, also gilded. This chapel is said to have been formed in the first ages of Christianity, and

to have been used by the faithful during times of persecution and terror. It is now that which is properly called the confessional of St. Peter; and contains, you are informed, the tomb in which the body of the Apostle is still preserved.

In a niche in the front of the four grand pilasters which support the great dome, there are also preserved, several other precious relics. Among these, a piece of the very cross upon which our Saviour suffered, the lance by which he was wounded in the side, and what surprises us still more, some of the very perspiration that issued from the pores of his skin, while living a mortal being.

At the upper extremity of the great aisle of the church, is a magnificent monument, a short notice of which, will close these few remarks concerning the church of St. Peter, the worthy Citadel of the spiritual fortress of the Roman-Catholic world.

By two steps of porphyry, you arrive at the upper aisle of the church, in face of a monument of the most brilliant description called the chair of St. Peter. It consists of an altar upon which is placed a chair of bronze gilded, over which appears the semblance of two spirits, while in the advance are seen colossal statues of the two Fathers St. Ambrose and St. Augustine of the Latin

Church, and St. Chrysostom and St. Anastatius of the Greek. The chair, however, which appears, is but the case to another of wood, which is said to be that in which St. Peter and his successors for a long time sat to perform the ecclesiastical functions. But the whole is rendered the more striking by a brilliant representation of the Holy Spirit in the usual form, with the rays of his glory, which are formed of bronze also gilded, and with glasses so disposed as to double the effects of the luminous deception.

Amidst the splendour, however, of this grand and generally appropriate termination of the main-aisle of the great Cathedral, there is another little variation from the general simplicity of the whole design of the many objects of interest which we contemplate, that is remarkable.

On the right and left of the chair of St. Peter, at the circular turn which unites the upper with the side walls of the main-aisle of the church have been erected two superb monuments, that on the right being of Pope Paul III. and that on the opposite of Urban VIII. and this slight variation from the general character of the whole, which some, however, might not think a fault, occurs in the allegorical figures which adorn these monuments. That of Urban is attended by Justice and Charity, and that of Pope Paul by

Prudence and Justice, the worthy deities of ancient fable. The latter of these monuments was executed under the direction of Michael Angelo; but as we learn from the guide-books, is a little changed from its original character by Berinno, the author of the major part of the embellishments which have been noticed. The figure of Justice, which is represented in a reclining posture, was left quite without drapery; and the fair form was so natural and so exquisitely beautiful, that, even in a country where these exhibitions are not rare, it required the deficiency in the covering being supplied, which was elegantly done in metal by the hand already mentioned.

To proceed further with the monuments of the church of St. Peter, or even to the shortest notice of the altars and chapels which they decorate, would suppose an acquaintance with the subject not pretended to in these remarks, as well as far exceed the just limits, which have been prescribed. We did not, however, omit visiting the monuments of "Mary Clementine Sobieski Stuart, Queen," as it is here inscribed, "of England," who died at Rome in 1755, nor that of our "King James III." as it is also written, the last of a Royal Line, and better known and more properly, as the Cardinal of York, who died at Rome in the year 1819.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ROME.

A HUMAN SACRIFICE.

THOUGH nothing which has its origin in false principles, or is dependent upon the will of fallible beings might be found perfect, yet one that should be about to regard the rational inhabitants of the globe from an elevation at which the meaner motives of the actions of men were concealed from observation, might have fondly hoped, that where at least we have no greater share in the institutions of those things which are our inheritance or of their adaptation to our uses, than the mere external forms, or "appliances and means," by which we transfer to our offspring and transmit to future generations the blessings we enjoy—one thus situated, might have fondly hoped, that in this case, at least, there would have been found no material discordance, no essential difference, in our modes of thinking and of acting; yet, is it

certain, that among all the varieties of knowledge which we possess, in that especially in which the Creator has vouchsafed to afford a direct light, and to communicate with us in person in our own likeness—in that especially, there is less concord among men, even concerning all that thereto appertains, than in every other branch of knowledge whatsoever; and this, even to an extent to have given rise to differences, which, in one extreme, has led to the authorization of systems of error and folly, confidently erected upon the basis of knowledge—structures of evil, built upon a foundation of benevolence,—nay, of down-right burlesque, placed upon the solemn basis of important moral truths.

The spirit of man, indeed, seems never so completely to lose possession of its faculty of discerning good from evil, as when we should walk in the clearest light, and might be most expected to frame our actions to correspond with a system given us from a source which we do not hesitate to confess to be of divine authority and not subject to error—never to stray so far from the direct way, as when we should be under the conduct of an unerring guide. Hence, we find in almost every system of religion which we contemplate, a certain compound principle, which, in the most extensive application of the term we may desig-

nate superstition, which is an attribute of the soul which accommodates itself to every humour, and exhibits itself in every form, from the feminine beauty which engages our affections, to the monstrous shapes which assume the attitude of terror; while it is not unfrequently seen in the character, and robed in the habiliments, of the perfect ludicrous. In a word, wherever we contemplate the illegitimate offspring of man's intellectual powers, whether in the observance of unauthorized rites and practices under the influence of affection, or of terror, or in the honest fervour of devotional zeal, one element of its composition and one mode of its influence is usually found to abound above the rest, and to be most open to our observation and censure. And we are about to contemplate this supple element, in the single example which gave rise to these remarks, without attempting to define, or to weigh its ingredients, and estimate the predominance of the one above the other—what of evil, what of good, or what of the ludicrous, should prevail in that degrading affection of the mind, of which we shall see one of the lamentable effects.

While we had been occupied in the examination of the monuments of Saint Peter's, we made the acquaintance of two French priests, by whom we were afterwards escorted to view as much of

the ceremony of the solemn religious act of taking the veil, as we might at any time have witnessed ; and an attempt will be here made to give some account of the grave event, after the manner hitherto chosen for recording what has fallen under observation during the course of these travels.

Our new friends called at the lodgings which we had taken soon after our arrival in Rome, whence they conducted us to the church at which the religious ceremony was to take place. There were a few persons about the door ; and the church, the interior of which was exposed by the great gates standing wide open, was crowded with spectators. There was, however, an alley left clear from the entrance up to the altar, which was kept open by the sacerdotal dependants, for the passage of the great object of the day's interest. We were, however, with the class privileged at Rome, whether upon a bastion or within a church ; and following our guides, we arrived at the balustrade which separates the more holy places, which are more spacious in this, than in ordinary churches, and better distinguished from the nave and the entire of the building. Here we were immediately offered seats, and had been but a little time in our places, before a general movement announced the arrival of the great

object of all our interests, who was now conducted up the centre of the church, attended by a cardinal and several other priests, and a lady, whom we were informed was her sister. There were monks seated around the entire choir or upper nave, of the church; and as the party entered, the Cardinal took his place in front of those on the right of the altar, and the two ladies took theirs, side by side, at a little distance on the right of the Cardinal; while a Deacon, at the same time seated himself upon a round, ample, armed chair, immediately opposite the Cardinal and the ladies. Three other priests now ascended the steps of the altar, and the mysteries which attend, or work the miracle of the mass, commenced.

While these important rites were performing, we had time to make a few observations upon the person and appearance, of the fair human sacrifice about to be offered up upon the altar, more cruel in the choice of its victims than that which the old law prescribed, yet abandoned long before humanity had been prepared for the substitution of that better system which enjoins purity of heart rather than "vain oblations," or ceremonials, too long, and too much, even then, practised, to the exclusion of the spirit of the laws which they should only have been intended to solemnize and establish.

The present victim of this cruel sacrifice appeared to be about twenty years of age. She was of a fair complexion with blue eyes ; and had just colour enough upon her cheek to proclaim that the air she had breathed in her youth, had been widely different from that of the cloister in which she was now about to be confined for the period of her mortal life. There was, so far, nothing that could be seen that would have excited any other feeling than admiration or regard ; and yet the whole figure, taken together, and wherefore we shall presently see, was that of a vulgar coquette, who it might have been imagined, sat in a court of justice, with her witness by her side to testify in her favour against the accusation of some injured party of the opposite sex. Her dress was of silk, satin, lace, with flowers in abundance ; but it seemed made or put on, with so little judgment or good taste, that it struck us at once to inquire the meaning of habiliments apparently so opposed to the solemn and sad occasion of the virtual death, and not the less cruel, because voluntary, of one who seemed formed for the innocent enjoyments and the charities of a useful and happy life. The mass, however, was not over before our clerical friends gave us a history of what had preceded the present ceremony, which will explain the apparent

inconsistency. A short paragraph may suffice to repeat what they informed us.

They told us, that a fortnight had elapsed since the youthful novice had passed the twelve-months' noviciate which precedes the awful and irreclaimable step—that during the whole of this time, following the established practice of the church, she had been, not merely permitted, but enjoined, to enter into the company of the gayest in the gay world—the theatre, the ball room, halls of concerts, and all the haunts of fashion had been for that time, as her home—that all this was intended to prove fully that the firmness which Heaven had given her, was capable of resisting the utmost temptations of the world—and, that this was the moment that proved the triumph of religion over the vanities of the external world.

The young Frenchman during all the time that his countrymen of the sacred order were speaking, wore an air of uneasiness, which I at first took for a certain contempt of the speakers, which I knew not to be incompatible with his opinions of the church generally, and of the clergy in particular, nor discovered that it was otherwise, until the next and most touching act of the drama, so moved myself with contradictory and inexplicable feelings that I did not know well, either the source

of them, or precisely the nature of that which produced them. The priest, that sat opposite the novice and her friend, had as soon as the mass was celebrated, commenced a sermon, which he preached sitting, and in the course of which, the proper business of the day being the subject, produced such effects upon the feelings of the fair victim as became uncontrollable and impossible to conceal. In his discourse, he vividly painted the joys of Heaven—the happiness of the convent—the pains of Hell—and the transient character of the pleasures of the world; but whether my own feelings were slower to move than those of others, or it may be that a perfect knowledge of the language was necessary to receive the full effects of the discourse; I was astounded when I perceived the countenance of the novice change from a smile which commanded respect and seemed at least sincere, to such a titter as better became her mock dress than the sanctity of the place and the occasion; and I was still more surprised when I perceived this to change apparently to a badly-suppressed laugh: but when this became full and convulsive, the religious extasy which the fair child enjoyed, and was the occasion of it, became too powerful to be concealed and too plain to be misunderstood.

The extasy, which seemed to be little less, than

the youthful Frenchman experienced, was however of another kind. A combination of feelings, as he afterwards informed me, which he could not explain, had produced the most violent passion for the fair object of the day's interest; and which had not been without hope, when, confounded, or deceived like myself, he first perceived the apparent levity of the lady, whom he then thought, a whisper as she should repass, might turn from her purpose, or that a note which he actually commenced with his pencil might lead to the gratification of his sudden and ardent passion. But when the cause of the fervour and seeming mockery in the fair maid, had become apparent, and its very spirit was energetically explained by one of the priests, who in the tone of brotherly love and affection, unconsciously "spoke daggers" to his countryman, the lover knew perhaps for the first time, the feeling of despair; and it is but justice to add, that he did not recover his Gallic spirit and wonted gaiety for a full week after this dangerous experience of the effects of religious extasy, and the sympathy between the affections and passions, to which our nature is not perhaps at any stage of our journey through life entirely exempt.

When the sermon was over, the willing victim was led through a private door that conducted

from the choir of the church to the convent to which it was attached. But the ceremonials of the offering were not yet completed; and while a second mass was in performance, the fair novice appeared at a lattice-window or grating above the altar, where she remained seated during the rest of the performance of the service, in the same gay habiliments in which she had first appeared. The second miracle, however, accomplished, singing commenced, and at the same time, the abbess or good mother of the convent appeared beside her new child, and was soon seen engaged in completing the immolation, by transposing the outward condition of the person to conform to the change of the spirit within. The office of the abbess was gingerly performed, and ended with the placing of the fatal veil, the sad type of eternal seclusion, in which she entirely enveloped the fair person of the young and beautiful novice. But the touching ceremonials of the human sacrifice did not quite end here.

The disappearance of the abbess and the new sister of the convent, who now both slunk from the grating as if they dreaded some demonstration in making a marked adieu, was a signal for the rush of the people from the church. We were unacquainted with the cause of the movement, until we were informed by the priests that the last

scene of all, in this eventful drama, which we had yet to witness, was to be performed in the courts of the convent itself.

We now leisurely left the holy edifice. The crowd gave way to our privileged guides, whom we followed, and we obtained easy entrance at the gate of the convent, which adjoined the church, and soon found ourselves, with about twenty priests and laymen, in the first vestibule of the galleries of the holy prison.

As we entered, the now perfect nun, with the veil thrown from her face, was sitting in the little apartment on the left hand of the great folding doors which opened upon one of the long galleries of the convent; while the opposite side of the doors was occupied by the cardinal who had been present at the ceremonies performed in the church. Within the doors stood the abbess, with four or five of the nuns, not chosen from the younger sort, all with countenances, it must be confessed, which seemed to confirm the reports of the preacher concerning the happiness that reigns within the walls of the asylum, to which has just been given so harsh a name, and to which we attach so gloomy an idea. My young Gallic companion, declared he had never seen beauty without youth before. I never looked upon more heavenly faces.

The new nun here appeared in a state of calmer

joy than that which she had exhibited in the church. Indeed, every face, from that of the cardinal, throughout, wore now the same air of composed and perfect joy. Some conversation took place; but not a word passed on the subject which had been the business of the day. A table was placed by the side of the cardinal, with coffee, which he partook and offered to those immediately about him. But this, truly the last scene, was of short duration.

The holy man now arose from his seat; and this was the signal for the withdrawal of the abbess mother and her children. The parting was not abrupt; yet it must have been an eye that inhabited, where curiosity, and no feeling else reigned, that could have perceived at such a moment, the precise manner of the parting. Those within or without, might have bowed or might not. All that was certain, was, that a mixed feeling, and the first that had been perceptible, seemed to discover itself in the countenance of the new nun: yet it could not be supposed to arise from any other cause than the momentary pang of parting with the holy men to whose exhortations she had listened, and upon whom her eyes were fixed to the last, combined with those of less earthly character which himself and brothers in the holy labour had inspired. But

the doors closed, few might know how, or exactly when, and shut for ever upon the loveliest woman I had yet seen in Italy.

We now parted with the priests, whom we did not meet again ; and perhaps I was not a bad companion, during the rest of all that day, for my stricken and now melancholy friend.

CHAPTER XIX.

ROME.

THE VATICAN—ST. JOHN DI LATERANO—THE HOLY STEPS—
THE PRISON OF ST. PETER.

Our next visit was to the Vatican, concerning which, a very few remarks will suffice.

Among the works of men aided by the same arts, the same science, the world could not perhaps furnish an instance of greater dissimilitude, than that which is observed between the Grand Cathedral of St. Peter, and the Pontifical Palace; and which is rendered yet the more remarkable by the juxta-position of these edifices, and the names with which their details are connected.

In the above faint outline of the great temple of the Christian world, the universal concord which there reigns, was especially noticed as a remarkable characteristic of the interior in particular of that astounding work. The Pontifical Palace, wonderful in its dimensions, grand in its details, and though exhibiting some of the more

precious remains of Michel Angelo and Raffaello, has no perfect whole, to enable us to conceive and unite in one simple idea, as we are able to do with the Basilica, all that we nevertheless admire in the examination of its myriad details. It consists in fact of several palaces built at different epochs, and united in one whole; and some idea may be conceived of its magnitude, when we are informed that it contains within its extensive ramifications no less than twenty courts, and has eight grand, and two hundred lesser staircases.

Within this cluster of palaces, is the great museum of Rome, the great library, and other chambers of curiosities, while every vestibule and corridor is teeming with the cherished works in particular of the great artists above mentioned; but these, for the same reasons already sufficiently often stated, it is incumbent to pass over. There are also, two chapels in the Vatican, the principal of which, the Cappella Sistina, we may enter, simply that we might not pass by the supposed masterpiece of the pencil of Angelo.

Over the altar of this chapel, appears this wonderful painting in fresco, representing the Final Judgment at the resurrection of the dead. It occupies a great portion of the whole wall of that end of the chapel, and reaches from the roof to

within five or six feet of the ground. A little above the centre of the picture, is seen, as the most prominent figure, the Saviour, or here, more properly, the Judge of mankind, above whom, appear angels who bear the cross and other emblematic signs of the sufferings of Christ on earth. On the right hand of the Saviour and Judge, appear the Just, and on the left hand the Wicked; while a little beneath, is seen a group of angels, still in the act of blowing the trumpet, and on their right and left, other assemblages of the Just and the Unjust. It had perhaps been well if the painter's imagination had stopped here: and could we sever from the picture all that appears below this point, the awful religious allegory had been at least consistent; but below this, there is a river, on which a boat is seen floating, with old Charon engaged in his well-known occupation upon the Styx, besides such furies and monsters as might be easier excused in the machinery of a long epic poem, than when the whole of the allegory is at the same time present to the view. The painting, is, however, dusky and indistinct; and we are spared much of the loathing or horror which would not otherwise fail to mix with the religious awe which the better portion of the picture should inspire.

Besides this grand work, there is much to be

seen in the chapel exhibiting the same hardy invention by the same celebrated hand. On the roof appear, the representation of the Creation of the world, and several other as bold conceptions of things related in the Pentateuch and in the Prophets, the artist never omitting to mix up the worthy sibyls which figure in ancient fable, with the earthly and celestial beings which compose the characters of sacred history.

Of the great Christian temples at Rome, it will be sufficient to add to these notices a few remarks upon that of St. John di Laterano, which cedes to none but St. Peter's in extent, in riches, and in the precious objects of religious veneration, of which it has been made the sacred and the safe repository.

This stately edifice, is one of the Four Grand Basilicas of Rome, that have each a walled door, which is opened only on the year of the Jubilee, the other three being, that grand head of all which we have already entered, that of St. Mary Maggiore, and that of St. Paul. The door of St. Peter's, as before mentioned, is opened on the rare occasion by the Pope, in person, but the ceremony attendant upon the enclosing of the others is honoured only by the presence of a Cardinal.

The Basilica of St. John has had several names. It was first called after Constantine, by whom it

was erected, and after the Saviour, to whom it was originally dedicated, and later, "The Golden Basilica," on account of the riches which it contains; but, since a second dedication that it has undergone, which has transferred the protecting patronage of the Saviour to St. John the Baptist, it has been called by the name of the Baptist, united with that of the Palace of Constantine, near which it was built.

The portico of St. John di Laterano, is one of the finest in Rome. Six pilasters and four columns support a balustrade surmounted by colossal statues of the Saviour and the eleven Apostles, while beneath the portico is seen the statue of its founder. Five doors, including that which is walled up, penetrate from the portico to the interior of the edifice.

The interior of St. John di Laterano, is composed of five aisles. Standing in that which forms the centre, you see twelve statues of the Apostles in niches, decorated with twenty-four columns of precious marble; while beyond the great arch, which is supported by two enormous columns of red granite, is seen the chief altar. Here four columns of porphyry support a marble gothic tabernacle, the interest concerning which is not confined to its external ornaments; for here we are informed are preserved the heads both of St.

Peter and St. Paul, with other precious remains of inferior saints. The chapel at the back of the grand altar is also of the richest description, and contains a tabernacle decorated with precious stones, and figures of angels in bronze gilded. On the right of these you are shown the slabs of a table, carefully kept in a glass case; and which, you are informed, are of that at which the Saviour sat at the institution of the Sacrament upon the last night that He supped with His chosen Apostles.

Near this basilica stands an edifice erected in the thirteenth century, in which several other precious relics are to be seen; and among them, a column of the Temple of Jerusalem, said to have been broken without apparent means at the death of Christ, and the stone upon which the soldiers, by the hazard of the die, determined the possession of the vesture of the Saviour.

From this, we were conducted to the Santa Scala, or Holy Steps, within an edifice near at hand. Here is preserved a grand flight of steps, which we are informed belonged to the Palace of Pilate at Jerusalem. It consists of twenty-eight degrees of white marble, to the conservation of which the whole building with a chapel has been appropriated and sanctified. The Holy Scala is cased in wood, which only admits a view of a part of the

perpendicular front of each step. As we entered upon the platform on which the base of the flight rests, we observed several young women mounting the steps upon their knees, which appeared to us to be by no means a work of easy performance; but as the action was a penance, voluntary or prescribed, as we were informed, the more painful of course the better; and a remark being here made concerning our being the only men present, led to our guide's further informing us that the penance was usually performed only for those venial errors which are not regarded with the same sense of shame in ourselves, as in the more delicate sex.

There is a staircase on either side the marble flight, by which we might have mounted: but seized with a desire to obtain the same advantages which the fair penitents hoped to derive, we determined to imitate their example; and falling upon our knees, we began the difficult task. It was not, however, a work of the same difficulty to us, that it appeared to be to our fair companions; whether this was from the greater length of our legs from the knee upwards, or from superior strength—it certainly was not through superior faith; and we could not look upon so fair a sample of the beauties of Rome, and think we might have less sin than they. Thus, although the last of the young women that had commenced the ascent

must have accomplished, at least, a third of the labour before we put ourselves upon our knees, and several above a-half, we passed by them all, one by one, and arrived the three first at the top of the Sacred Steps.

It might be difficult to conceive a just idea of the character of this holy race—wherefore our sympathy had been exercised—the feelings of our companions in the toil and our own. We might have put ourselves upon our knees with very different feelings from those which we received upon the way, or after we had gained the summit. We may think what we will of the weaknesses of mankind, when we fully exercise the higher powers of the mind—when we employ our noble reason; but who has a heart so deficient in sensibility, as to receive no impression in the contemplation of even the most humble expression in a rational being of any sense of dependence upon a beneficent Being who should be the parent of all—any trust, that the common Creator will accept our acknowledgements or our voluntary pains, for a recompense for our wilfulness or our guilt? Penance should, at least, be a more rational kind of worship than the senseless Mass.

But if there were subjects for reflections of this character, there were others that partook less of a religious cast. I never saw in so small a number

of the younger sort of the opposite sex, so large a proportion of beauty before ; and the effect (it is possible) was heightened by the expression of the features, natural to all who are engaged in a work of absorbing interest. We then see, as it were, the soul herself, and read intelligibly her inmost thoughts, when they are the least of all restrained ; and when these are of a dependent creature, sensible of error, seeking forgiveness, and full of hopes on the very point of being accomplished ; and when the form that we look upon, should be delicate, and the face lovely, who might define the precise nature of the sensations—the exact character of the feelings, that should possess one of Adam's sons in the contemplation of so many impressive objects, so many motives of affection, united in a daughter of Eve?

The first of the damsels that I passed by, as we mounted the Sacred Steps, was reposing from fatigue. She held in her hand a white handkerchief, soaked with her tears. The second, looked directly in my face ; but all consciousness of the presence of a witness to her toils seemed absent from her mind. Another was perceived to throw herself at full length, which her inferior height rendered necessary, upon every step, before she could attain that which she had next to mount. Some seemed most solicitous to obtain all the virtue that the

chapel ; and as the fair penitents sat contemplating before the concealed image of the Saviour, and one after the other retired, it seemed as if the same voice of God in human accents might be again heard to utter the memorable words, "Go, and sin no more !"

This concise description of a few of the leading objects of immediate and chief interest in Rome, may not perhaps be inappropriately concluded by a short account of our visit to one of the former sad chambers of punishment or persecution, so often found amidst the ruins of the capital cities of ancient empires, and whose well chosen position or artificial strength, has secured them from the general wreck which the palaces and edifices of every kind that stood around them have not been able to escape.

Descending towards the Forum, from the steps of the ancient way that lie upon the left hand of the capital, you come to the church of St. Joseph, an edifice of itself, of inconsiderable importance, but which is built upon the wreck and over the cells of what are pointed out to the traveller as the remains of the subterranean chambers of the prison established by Ancus Marcus, the fourth King of Rome, whose name is still given to this fit apartment for the uses ascribed to it.

As soon as we entered the church, we were

conducted, descending an ancient flight of steps, through a narrow way which led to the gloomy cell. The dimensions of the cell are about twenty-four feet long, by eighteen broad, and thirteen feet high; and it has the sides partly cased with stone of the volcanic formation of the Campidoglio. From this chamber, the good monk, who was our guide, informed us that a passage, which is now built up, formerly penetrated to the Forum, and formed the cave where the bodies of those who were executed were sometimes thrown, till the tumult which might attend the event had passed away.

In this prison, following tradition, we find some event proclaimed, marking every age, almost from the foundation of Rome, down to the time of the Apostles. In this very chamber, it is said Gugurtha perished by famine; and here the accomplices of Catiline met the just punishment of their crimes: and it is here also, as the traveller is informed, that St. Peter was confined during his imprisonment at Rome.

After we had listened to thus much of the history of the prison, our informant passed from the probable, to reports not entitled to the same degree of respect; ending, however, with a legend concerning the great apostle, which it were not consistent to omit.

On one side of the cell, is still to be seen a stone post or short column, which is placed in the ground, and rises about three feet from the floor, and which, as you are told, is that to which St. Peter was chained; and near the centre is a gently oosing spring of water, which is said to have first appeared at the command of the apostle, who performed this miracle to obtain the water which he used in baptizing the gaoler, whom he had converted to the Christian faith. But the story proceeds yet further; and the good monk informed us, that the apostle, weary of confinement, caused the gates of the passage to open while the keeper slept; and that he left the prison with many of those confined with him, and that they all escaped the fury of their enemies; but that the apostle meeting our Saviour himself in his earthly form, a little without the gates of Rome, was rebuked by him for his irresolution, and the ill use which he made of his supernatural power, in flying from martyrdom, and the glory which awaited him; and that he returned to the cell, where he was again chained to this same stone. It may be here added, that on another occasion we were shown, in a church without the city, a stone of about two feet square, which is said to be that upon which our Saviour stood, when he reproved the apostle,

and caused him to return to this prison: and this stone is so happily or cunningly marked, as to present the impression that might be made by human feet upon any soft or more accommodating substance.

CHAPTER XX.

A ROMAN PRIEST.

BEFORE completing this short notice concerning a few of the many great objects of interest in Rome, it is incumbent to make a little revelation concerning two minor incidents, even though it should be difficult to be precise in the account of what in either case transpired, without some slight offence against the supposed obligation to maintain that strict regard to delicacy, for the violation of which, a greater object than is here affected might alone atone; and as it is necessary in the details of the first of these, which will be made the subject of this chapter, to introduce a Christian priest under circumstances less favourable than might be desired, it is proper further to premise, that, that which it might well be wished had not occurred, would certainly not have found a place in these sketches, had not the writer of them been, by subsequent experience, convinced that this divine,

if not a just copy of the fraternity generally, was yet not a solitary exception among the holy brotherhood, nor indeed a character uncommon in Italy. But for my own justification, it is necessary to introduce the little illustrative incident, by an account of the circumstances which led to it.

A few days after we had entered the apartments in which we lodged during our stay in Rome, I made a request of the good landlord whom we frequently saw, that he would obtain for me the address of an Italian professor, with whom, as I informed him, I wished to read, for the benefit, at once, of the language, and of a learned Italian gentleman's society.

"I know, myself, precisely the gentleman that will suit you," said the landlord, discovering at the same time, a satisfaction which I never knew any Italian or Frenchman fail to discover when a foreigner has expressed a desire to use, or to study the Italian or French language; "and if," continued he, "you will permit me to introduce you to a priest, I can ensure you a good master, and at the same time the society of one of the cleverest men in Rome."

At this announcement, I did not omit the opportunity of assuring the landlord of my esteem for the clergy of Italy generally; adding, indeed, that I should prefer a priest above any other.

The good host now left me ; and but a short time had elapsed when he returned with the professor, with whom I soon formed a plan of study ; and we appointed a certain hour of the next morning for our first essays, and after a little conversation upon ordinary topics, separated for that evening.

The next morning the priest came very punctually at the hour appointed, with his hands full of books ; and we sat down, turned over the pages of many, read a little of one and a little of another, and talked away the time, until it wanted only a few minutes of twelve, at which hour the holy man informed me he had to perform mass at a chapel near at hand. But he suggested, that if it were agreeable to me, we might afterwards walk together through the town, to which I consented, and proposed to accompany him to church, and attend his performance of the mass in the mean time. We, therefore, left the hotel together, and parting in front of the temple, the priest entered the sacred edifice by a private door, which led to the sacristie, while I took the public way which conducted immediately to the open body of the church.

As I entered, another priest was in the act of concluding a preceding mass, and a pause of a few minutes elapsed, during which the assistants

in the mystery were making their "exits and their entrances," as well as the congregation, which was not numerous, as it was not the Sabbath or any other holy day. But my new acquaintance very soon made his appearance upon the sacred stage. The eyes of the holy man were cast upon the ground as he entered with the consecrated vessels in his hands; but he marched with a quick step to the front of the altar, where he bent the knee and bowed, in wonted reverence to the holy symbols, then mounted the step, and immediately commenced the mystic ceremonies, by which bread is converted into human flesh—into the flesh of the Son of God—and wine into the live blood which ran in the Saviour's veins, before the last scene of his human career.

The outward rites, inseparable from the great invisible effects, were more expeditiously performed on this occasion than I ever saw them before; and the unfailing miracle, which requires not the evidence of the senses to witness it, nor clean hands and a pure heart to bring it to pass, was, of course, as quickly accomplished; and I met the apostle of the Christian faith, at the private entrance of the temple, and we commenced our walk through the public thoroughfares of the town.

The priest, escaped from the short-lived restraint

incident to the performance of his duties, was like a school-boy let out to play, thoughtless and full of gaiety and mirth, and seemed as free from the cares, as from the corruptions of the world. As we plodded the streets at a quick pace, with each a stout stick in his hand, several of the passers-by, greeted my companion very reverently. But from one of the balconies, two or three ladies nodded familiarly, and the priest in return kissed, and waved his hand. This gave occasion for some remarks on my part, which brought an acknowledgment from the good divine, of his love and regard for the fair sex generally. From this, the conversation turned to the more particular admiration of beauty and accomplishments in women, and their frequently irresistible, and sometimes destructive effects : and this, further led to some very sage remarks, as it seemed to me, on the part of the priest, concerning the inconveniences of the system which enjoins the celibacy of his order.

We were now in a less frequented part of the town ; and, while I listened to what seemed to me to be no more than the premiss to a discourse in which I felt some interest, our attention was equally attracted by the appearance of a damsel, apparently in her teens, who stood at the step of the door, within a few paces of us, in the way we

were taking. The priest, when we came near to the door at which she was standing, at once demanded permission to enter, and, at the same time, walked in and bade me follow; and, in a moment, we were in the good company of four young, and decidedly pretty, mere girls, who gave us, at once, so polite and cordial a reception, that I began to think my lot a very fortunate one; and I was not able to refrain from making some remark, indicative of my sense of the superior ease of the Italian ladies above any other I had ever seen.

The priest, who was engaged with one of the finest of those present, did not hear my remark; and I had not time to repeat what I had said, before I had to thank the prettiest of the damsels for a glass of wine and cake, which she offered with a grace and air, meet to subdue the heart of the coldest of mankind. The young lady smiled, as I thought, at my style of thanking her; and, with the quickness of her sex, said more than my acquaintance with the language enabled me at the instant to comprehend.

"You must speak again, and very distinctly, Signorina," said I, "I have not perfectly understood what you have so prettily said."

"Oh! but I do not know," said she, as she took the glass from my hand and placed it upon the table, "whether what I said was the truth."

"A maiden, so young and so fair," said I, "could not so much as conceive, but by the most pardonable of all errors, anything not founded in truth."

"Then, *Il Signore* has to extend his forgiveness," replied she, taking hold of my right hand very gingerly with her left, as at the same time she laid her open right hand flat upon my forehead, "for I think there is evidence, that the affections are not all, as I thought they had been, for ever departed—and what a firm, what a strong, what a quick pulse!"

But I was all this time in a profound trance, the visions of which, recalled the romantic conception of earlier fancies, and it was no wonder, that the blood betrayed the feelings which spring from the capital organ of its action—the centre of our more vehement emotions. I was, indeed, in a deep sleep, from which I did not awake, until this, the loveliest of all the girls I had seen in Italy, or may see again, till all the Graces meet in one fair child, holding still my right hand, without a doubt of the dominion of her charms, now sat herself plump down in my lap.

It may not here lead us into reflections or speculations, too lengthy or profound, or not sufficiently near related to the subject, if one or two remarks should be hazarded upon the good

or evil tendency of the Romish canon concerning what the church would seem to deem conducive to the purity and incontaminate person and character that should distinguish the members of the sacerdotal brotherhood, in the perpetual celibacy that it exacts. In this instance, at least, we must employ human reason, seeing, that the more strenuous advocates for the abstinence of the clergy, have not pretended to discover any direct divine command, or any authority superior to the church's own decrees—any other authority, for a law, not only contrary to that of nature, and therein the very nurse of every crime that deceit should engender, but even in its observance, often destructive both of bodily health and mental energy.

In reference to the good to be obtained by the violation of the great natural law, if not of disobedience to the commands also of the Creator to the first of our species which he formed, it must, of course, be granted, that the last triumph of the enthusiastic mind has been accomplished, and that the devotee has for ever vanquished the strongest of the human affections—that he has, by a violent struggle against nature, overthrown the firmest seated of the pristine passions of the soul, and, displaced the inclinations out of which spring the conjugal, and parental ties, the highest

of all the moral obligations, upon which Society, and especially that happy condition of men which we call civilization, is chiefly based—that he has curtailed his humanity by the self-destruction of a portion of his own spirit, and is therefore no longer wholly human.

If this, then, be true, what is the position of the Romish priest? If we believe that he hath soared above our common nature, we must suppose that the faculty which he has destroyed, was in itself evil, and planted in the soul of man for evil purposes; which is the same thing as to deny the existence of a beneficent Creator, who should have formed nothing for evil, made nothing in vain. But if we should think, on the contrary, that he is bereaved of any essential attribute of humanity, and consequently, sunken beneath the standard of our common nature, wherefore should we respect, why yield assent, to the prescriptions of an understanding, wanting in the affections which at once frame the mind, and invigorate and form the perfect man?

Now the good, it is conceived, which might spring from so amazing a sacrifice, could only appear in the admission of a palpably false opinion concerning the purity, or impurity of the marriage state, or, in the supposition of the diminution of the authority of the clergy, arising from the fami-

liarity incident to the ties of very near relationship, or, in the supposed effects of prayer, in proportion to the time the holy brethren occupy in their constant petitions for the souls both of the living and the dead.

To be particular in the examination of each of these pretended good reasons for the celibacy of the clergy, in order to show their instability, would lead to arguments that could not be curtailed within the prescribed limits, and would not suit the character of these observations. It must be supposed, therefore, that they have been already sufficiently answered, by the remarks that preceded their enumeration; and we will now proceed to a brief review of the certain evils which result from the law that has been so confidently condemned.

And here, also, it must be admitted, that the conquest over the natural affections is already made. The devotee, has, first, by his early biased and overwrought imagination, converted the noblest attribute of his soul into the bitter enemy of his peace and tranquillity, and after, by an effort, which resembles no other human action, triumphed over his natural sense of the moral obligations of humanity. He should be no longer, in a word, any more than an abridged specimen of the human race.

The conqueror, then, of the better feelings of his own nature, and the contemner of the commands of his Creator, cannot be a competent confessor or adviser of men. He cannot possess the wisdom which is the result of the communion of men in society. His intellect is weakened by the unvarying character of the pursuits and occupation in which he is ever engaged; and his mind remains in its original darkness, without judgment, the easy prey to every error. He can never tranquilly resign himself to any ennobling study; for the enemy of his own creation, which he has fought and even vanquished, is not annihilated; and if the struggle be never again resumed, it is certain, that the necessary care and perpetual watchfulness, with their attendant doubts and anxiety, weary, and further weaken and undermine the spirit, and have a tendency to encourage that gloominess which produces the dangerous errors from which even a better condition of humanity is not exempt—exalted fancy, overwrought zeal, or a method of superstition which is as degrading to a rational being as it is averse to the progress of those sciences and arts which render men more susceptible of all the affections connected with the moral dignity of our nature, and the best attributes of the human heart.

To pursue the subject to the operation of the canon of the church, in the event of no conquest over the passions having been really accomplished by the professor of divinity, might be to affect the moralist, or seem like an attempt to make a little invasion upon the province of the historian ; and it would be a partial examination only, that did not expose the last vices that attend hypocrisy, and might be invidious where no necessity for such inquiry exists.

CHAPTER XXI.

MURDER AND SACRILEGE.

A SHORT account of another little occurrence, and the occasion out of which it arose, with such remarks as it may give rise to, will serve to finish this indefinite notice of Rome.

My French companion and myself, were both disturbed one morning soon after we had entered our new lodgings, by such a tumult in the street as was unusual at that hour. My young friend came to my room, accompanied by our landlady, before I had been myself awakened by the noise without. He had been called by the affrighted good woman, and had not had time to do more towards keeping good terms with delicacy, than throwing a loose robe around him, while his terrified companion presented, doubtless unconsciously, still stronger marks of precipitation, with decisive evidence, that "fear and

niceness," if "the handmaids of all women" need not be wedded, to exhibit a fair form to at least as much advantage as might be derived from an observance of the most scrupulous exactness at a calmer moment. At least, it could not be said that she had exhibited an equal degree of the praiseworthy, yet fatal delicacy, which prevailed with the ill-fated Virginia of St. Pierre, when an exposure of her person, which could hardly have been greater, appeared the price of life, and of the possession of her long-parted and faithful lover. But it should not be omitted, that the fair Italian slept in a chamber into which the light might scarce perhaps at this time have penetrated, although in my apartment it was perfect day.

The alarmed couple, in almost their unadorned state of perfect innocence, rushed into my room together, and with exclamations of "*Mon Dieu !*" and "*Maria Salvatore !*" flew to the windows which looked upon the street from which the cause of alarm proceeded, thrust them open, and appeared in a moment, side by side, in the front of the broad balcony without.

To what degree the young Frenchman partook of the lady's terror, it was not easy to judge. My first impression upon the entrance of these unexpected visitors, was that of the alarm of

fire; but as no flames appeared, this was but of an instant's duration; and that security, in which an Englishman thinks he sleeps every where, not being otherwise threatened, I did not even rise from my bed.

The great alarm of the parties did not last long; for there seemed to be no active tumult now reigning in the street; and, as my fair visitor recovered some degree of presence of mind, she departed almost as precipitately as she had entered; and I arose and dressed myself, and proceeded with the Frenchman to the street, to discover what had really happened. And the cause of all the alarm, turned out, after all, to be nothing more than a murder—a husband of his wife—and that not within the distance of a dozen doors of us.

“The monster,” said one among the group in which we mixed, to half a dozen that interrogated him, “the monster has murdered his wife!” “*Dieu le defend!*” said my companion. “*Santa Maria!*” said half a dozen more voices at the same time. And thus, the worst being known, the balconies were soon relieved of their load, and the people quickly dispersed. But it is to put the result or consequences of this bloody act, in juxtaposition with a capital case of sacrilege committed a short time before, that is the immediate object for

which a notice of so ordinary an occurrence at Rome, has been introduced.

The case of sacrilege, even to actual robbery, was committed in the sacred edifice of the church of St. Luca, which stands upon the left of the Forum, descending from the Capitol. Here the thief entered; and, regardless alike of the law of heaven and of the law of man, sacrilegiously plundered the very altar of the holy plate, and carried away one of the silver vessels of the sacred service which was laid thereon. The two criminals, a murderer and a sacrilegious robber, stood nearly at the same moment before the tribunal of earthly judgment, in that city of the earth, where, above all others, men who rule, claim the special authority of heaven in the distribution of justice, and are believed to be entrusted with the dispensation of the grace, as well as the judgments of the Almighty.

It were vain to enter upon any comparison between these unhappy men, according to the variety of ideas which we severally form concerning degrees of guilt, and of the external circumstances or unseen motives by which crime may be thought to be exaggerated or diminished. Both violated the laws of their country, and received—it is not material to our purpose to enquire whether with equal justice—from the

hands of their earthly judges, the dread sentence of death. But here, however perfect the servants of him who sits in the chair of Saint Peter, however capable they might be of nicely distinguishing between the degrees of guilt and the character of crimes for which they condemn men to die, we might, at least, have hoped that when the sentence had been executed, and the spirit departed from its mangled habitation, to appear at the bar of the Judge of all, who will not forget what we have suffered, any more than what we have done that is evil in this life—that then at least, Holy Church, satisfied with mortal death, might have given some faint glimmering of hope for hereafter. But alas! what is mortal death to the miserable culprit, compared with what these, the servants of the Saviour of mankind, have yet prepared, as if there were no further day of account, no higher judge, for one at least of the unhappy criminals? The power of the church over their souls, was not unknown to the wretched men, as they lay in their solitary dungeons awaiting the death that had been awarded them. The minister of the righteous Judge before whom they were about to appear, arrived at the murderer's cell; and as he entered, the wretch who was reclining, arose upon his knees, and with hope faintly within him, awaited the

second sentence—eternal death, or pardon, hereafter. The holy man was indeed the angel of life. His message required few of the ceremonials which usually attend the interchange of spiritual affairs. The criminal confessed his crime, and his belief in the divine appointment of him who stood before him, and in his power to perform the acts for which he claimed the authority of the Creator; and, immediately, the flesh and blood of the Saviour, the seal of the covenant on the part of heaven, was placed on his tongue, as the messenger of mercy pronounced the forgiveness of God, and the immediate attendance of spiritual beings to conduct him to the habitation of the Just after death, without even the ordeal of the middle state ordained for the purification of such as die in the true faith, and yet, are not sufficiently free from sin, 'it may be by the tardy arrival of the holy communion, or from any other cause, to require no purgation.

And who is so wicked that he should wish the unhappy man any other doom hereafter? or who so profane as not to hope, that this were indeed the true sentence of heaven?—who so hardy as to proclaim the second condemnation of the wretch, and the further vengeance from above after his expiation, at least of his crime against the laws of man. In this hope, then, we leave

him, and we will now proceed to the cell of the sacrilegious robber.

Here we find the same holy agent already entered; and we trust, with the same glad message of salvation, the same assurance, that the seed of the woman hath indeed bruised the serpent's head, and that, if Satan prevail at present, he will not reign for ever. But how suddenly do these pleasing hopes vanish! The criminal is before his judge. He implores, but implores in vain. He hath committed that sin "which shall not be forgiven in this world, nor in the world to come." He hath profaned God's holy altar. He hath stolen a vessel of silver, that was sacred to the service of The Church. Not a hope is given him of hereafter.

"But I was in want, and the evil spirit tempted me."

"It is no extenuation, and all prayers are idle. The vessel was consecrate. 'Twas the property of God himself."

"But he owns the whole earth."

"'Twas sacred to his worship."

"Is one substance more precious than another in the eyes of Him who made the whole?"

"There is no pardon, nor here, nor hereafter!"

The sentence is pronounced. The blood shed on Mount Calvary, has not wiped away his sins—

hath not triumphed over the angel of darkness—his repentance is in vain. He is one of the living millions of the prime work of the Creator, changed for ever from the end for which we were formed, by the power of evil over good. The prime work of God is abandoned. That which was formed for good is found evil. Hear the sentence of Heaven. “Thou wretch, whom I made, and on whom I bestowed eternal life, thou hast listened to the persuasions of the rebel spirit, to whom also I have given everlasting existence. Thou hast profaned my holy temple. Inhabit eternal fire, prepared for the Devil and his angels.—Thou art excommunicate!”

CHAPTER XXII.

NAPLES—SEARCH FOR LODGINGS.

ON the morning of the fourth day after our departure from Rome, we entered the gates of Naples, and passing down the grand way of the Toledo, proceeded immediately to our hotel, in the very centre of the city.

My own first object in Naples was to make enquiries concerning my intended manner of living, which I had determined, should, if possible, be different from that which I had hitherto adopted. I had already failed, both at Venice and at Florence, in an attempt to obtain admission into an Italian family; and it was now my intention to make renewed efforts to accomplish this object at Naples. The young Frenchman did not contemplate remaining long enough to make this arrangement desirable on his part; we were compelled therefore to pursue different objects during

the first days of our sojourn in the capital of the two Sicilies, and we were not always together when occupied in the examination of the curiosities of the city.

An Englishman in any town in Italy, whether he should present introductory letters or keep such as he may have, which is more common, until they wear to pieces in his pocket, will have great difficulty in finding a native family with whom he may take up his residence, be it for a short, or be it for a long, sojourn. The causes of this, are neither few nor trifling. We eat, we drink, we sleep, we think, in a different manner from the Italians. In short, we are in all things different. We are another race. And although our empire encircles the globe, and comprehends a happy few, or many, of every colour, temper and condition, a circumstance, which it might have been expected would have disposed us to conform to every necessity; yet is it certain, that we are, generally, the last to accommodate our fancies, our habits, our prejudices, to those of others, the last to exchange our accustomed comforts for those of another people. And if it be true, that every degree of latitude, as we proceed south, from Dover, at least to the utmost extremity of Europe, is marked by greater and greater gaiety in the native constitution, it is not surprising that the

Italians should have also some difficulty in conforming to our less pliant dispositions, and our more grave tempers. After the experiences, however, of habitual changes, from the season of youth, within every degree, between the extremes of barbarity and civilization in all latitudes from the equator to the utmost limits to which the earth has been cultivated, it was not likely that I should mistrust my capability to conform, at once, to the habits of those among whom I might reside.

Nothing is more certain, than that the landlord of an hotel in which we dwelt, is the last person that we should apply to for such information as that for which I was now in search. Who then should be the parties, to whom our first inquiries should be addressed? An introductory letter to an Englishman, of which negligence had not quite completed the destruction, came indeed to my mind. I unfolded it, read it for the first time, and, for once, determined against better reason, to use it; but I was accidentally diverted from so doing.

Upon leaving the hotel, for the purpose of delivering this letter, I took my guide-book in my hand, in order to drop it at some bookseller's, to be bound; but I had proceeded a very little way along the Toledo, before I observed a book-binder's work-shop, into which I entered. The business concerning the book might have been

disposed of without a minute's delay, had there not been some difficulty about placing the maps, which led, by easy degrees, from the plans of cities to the cities themselves, and from cities to the customs of their inhabitants; and thence to the subject uppermost at this moment in my mind, and at the very first hint of which, the book-binder informed me that he could exactly place me to my wishes, and we immediately set out together, with great hopes on my part, of, at length, finding what I had for a long time so much desired to discover. But our success, did not equal my expectations. We saw several heads of families, but none that thought they could accommodate me. One lady took the book-binder aside, and gravely told him, that she had heard that in England we usually roasted the animals upon which we fed, whole, and that the smallest dish we sat down to, was a quarter of a sheep, or nearly as large a proportion of an ox; and, although my voluntary guide informed her, as I had instructed him, that I was most willing to accommodate myself in all things to Italian habits, the very terror of our enormous and gross appetites, prevented her entertaining the proposition for a moment. Another lady had heard that the English were a very fastidious people; and another, dared not ask permission of her husband, who, she did not hesitate to say,

was already sufficiently jealous. Upon the whole, I returned to the hotel without much hopes of succeeding in my wishes by means of the book-binder's knowledge or influence.

On the following morning, however, the worthy man called upon me at an early hour, to say, that he had since remembered him of a family, which he thought the most likely to make the arrangement required, of any in Naples; and we set out upon a second expedition.

As we proceeded, he described the family to me in such a fair light, and dealt so much upon the elegance and varied character of the company which they kept, that I became much interested for the result of the inquiries.

We mounted a hill, by a dirty street which leads out of the principal way of Naples, and after a turn or two entered a still dirtier. The lower floors of the houses were here mere open stables, tenanted with donkeys, horses, cows, and sometimes tribes of the houseless poor, who seek these shelters during the rainy season; and these and all the covered passages or gateways, which were not scoured by the rains, were so full of filth, that the nuisances were abominable. At length we came to the house of which we were in search. The entrance was like those above mentioned; but upon the assurance of the book-binder, that as

soon as we should have passed through the dirt below, we were sure to arrive in a clean and wholesome region, and that nearly all Naples was the same, I consented to follow him.

The staircase was now perfectly dark, and we felt our way, at noon-day, to the second flight or first floor. Here we were able to see that some light fell upon the top of the upper flight of the second story, and we made our way more easily; but all this time I was too much 'rapt in conjecture concerning the character of the place, to make any remark. We came, however, to the proper landing of the second floor, where a little lamp gave us just light enough to observe that there was a hole at one corner of the pavement into which all the filth of that story was emptied, which it was necessary to avoid.

We now came to the third floor; and here there was an aperture without a window, which looked into so narrow a space, and was still so far from the top, that a very little day-light appeared. Not more than enough to enable us to avoid stepping into the receptacles of filth. At the fourth floor, things appeared to improve. The fifth was better still, and the sixth the best. Here, as on the landings which we saw below, there were two doors, and each had a string hanging from a hole. We rang a bell; and an old woman whom

I took for a cook, put her head out of a glassless aperture, a half story still above us, and uttered a most piercing shriek, then spoke a few words in the Neapolitan dialect, after which both my guide and the old woman broke into a fit of loud and immoderate laughing; and when I asked the binder what could be the meaning of what passed, he observed, that it was only the accustomed greeting of the country, which he had before heard was sometimes mistaken by foreigners for mere merriment, and then added, "Perhaps *Il Signore* has not yet been in the market square?" I had been, indeed, at the entrance of this place for the exchange of commodities of all kinds; but the noise, the confusion, and the filth which it exhibited, arrested any further progress for the present.

The disgust I had felt upon entering the house, had in some measure departed with the thoughts of the place for a residence, which had scarce accompanied me across the threshold; and I began by this time to regard my visit rather in the light of an adventure; and surprise at the Neapolitan method of greeting, was succeeded by sensations as fertile in the same manifestations as those I had so misunderstood; and, as hearty a British roar, to which I gave way, was only increased by reflecting upon the absurdity of the occasion, and if possible, still more, at seeing the countenance

of the book-binder, as far as, in the dim light it could be perceived, impressed with a satisfaction far more significant than a laugh, as he exclaimed : "*Il Signore* is half a Neapolitan already !" In this state of things the door opened ; and whatever hopes I might have had of conforming to, or at least following, the customs of the country in all things, now vanished ; for as soon as the lady that had shrieked at the window, opened the door, and exchanged looks with the good binder, my feebler accents were lost in the fresh Neapolitan *concerto* that succeeded.

The lady bore in her hand a small lamp, nearly of the form of those of the ancients now found in Pompeii ; and she conducted us through a long corridor to a moderate-sized apartment, which had a window through which light enough entered to enable us to dispense with that of the lamp. The room was in the utmost confusion. There was a chest of drawers, with every drawer open : a round table in the middle loaded with clothes ; and the walls were ornamented with a number of prints of the good Saints and the martyrs.

The shrieking and laughing had somewhat subsided as we entered this apartment ; and, as soon as the visitors, at the command of the hostess were seated, the lady dropped squat into a broad armed chair, and the most gracious compliments passed

between the two Neapolitans, during which, I had time to make a few observations upon the person of the gentle lady. She was uncommonly fat, and had perhaps past her fiftieth year, and upon a round head she wore an exuberance of black hair, which, though a large comb adorned it, did not appear to have been for many a year dressed. Her eyes were jet-black and fine, and her features generally not disagreeable. Several handkerchiefs of various colours were twisted and hung loosely about her neck; the yellow prevailing. But in spite of her complexion, where her skin appeared, it was visibly dirty. She wore a striped gown which hung loosely from the shoulders, and the sleeves of which were tight about her fat arms, and she had on dirty white stockings, with what had been slippers, but of which scarce enough remained to attach them to the feet.

Compliments having ceased, a colloquy followed, the brief report of which will serve to close the account of this insignificant adventure.

“And now for the business which brought us here,” said the honest book-binder; “this foreign gentleman—”

And here, I confess, I expected the glance of the lady, whose eye I had not yet met; but she did not favour me with a look.

“This foreign gentleman, wishes to place him-

self in an Italian family, for a part or the whole of the winter."

At these words, the lady raised herself upright in her seat, with her hands upon the arms of the chair, and opened her eyes to their full capacity, while her whole countenance expressed what might have been a feeling between consternation and curiosity.

"He is tired of hotels, and does not like the gloom of lodgings."

The lady's right hand was now raised with the fingers wide spread, and the palm outwards.

"Can you accommodate him?"

Both hands were now raised, and the head a little turned on one side; but before an instant had elapsed she threw herself back in the chair, and uttered a shriek that none but a Neapolitan could have equalled, which was succeeded by a short burst of laughter, in which she was now alone. The bookbinder, seemingly not in the least surprised, however, waited, without adding a word, for a reply to the question he had put. And now the fair Neapolitan, stretching out both arms and throwing her body forwards, and putting out her feet to the full extent, with the heels to the ground, and the toes pointed upwards, she exclaimed in the Neapolitan dialect, in which the discourse had commenced:

"*Signore*, have you taken leave of your senses, or forgotten that I have a daughter in the house—a maiden?"

"Oh! true," said the binder, "and the thought might have struck me, had not the gentleman been of a certain age, and also of a tranquil disposition."

And here I was again greatly disappointed, that I had not so much as attracted a glance from the Neapolitan lady.

"All that, may be true," said she, placing her hands upon her breast, then holding out the right, and drawing the tops of the fingers and thumb to a focus, and then placing the points upon the arm of the chair, and leaning her head a little forward, with her face slightly turned to the left, in which position she remained an instant still, and then, throwing open her hand as if she loosed a flock of birds from the palm, and placing her head straight with the chin something elongated, she added: "But you know I have neighbours!"

The colloquy now turned to reasoning. The bookbinder argued against the false notions of the world concerning propriety, and the lady, most vehemently, for the necessity of submitting to the opinions which prevailed, and cut off further question, by the broad and unanswerable declaration, of the impossibility of entertaining the proposition.

The bookbinder now looked at me with a most sorrowful countenance ; but I begged he would not disquiet himself about the matter, as I was accustomed to disappointment, and could bear this very well : adding, in a language more familiar to me than the one in which he had been conversing, my desire that he would express to the lady, my regret at not finding accommodation in her apartments, which was as soon done by the bookbinder, accompanied with the expression of the regrets he himself felt, in a manner which I could in no tongue have imitated, and we took our leave.

After this, we passed from house to house, in the same research, taking, in some cases, what, among any but a good-natured race, would have been considered such unwarranted liberties, as to have placed, myself at least, in the most ludicrous belligerent position. So different, however, was our experience, that where we might have deserved slight or indignant censure, we were given coffee and cake, and where we ought not have complained of blows and kicks we received sherbet and the kindest entertainment. Thus, though still unsuccessful, I did not wholly desist from these inquiries, the result of which will be the subject of the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXIII.

INTRODUCTION INTO A NEAPOLITAN FAMILY.

WHILE sitting one evening at a coffee-house of common resort, I chanced to have occasion to speak to an elderly gentleman, who immediately took the opportunity which my question afforded him, of asking me to what nation I belonged; and when I informed him, he took me by the hand, which he shook heartily, at the same time begging that he might be pardoned for his familiarity; and adding, that had he not taken me for a German he would have spoken before, and that he could never see an Englishman without desiring his acquaintance.

It is perhaps proper in this place to observe, lest it be supposed that the social character of the Germans and the English are here put in comparison, that, to comprehend the likes and dislikes of the Italians in this particular, it is enough

for us to remember, that the very name of the one, reminds them of their countrymen in chains, while from the other they derive their best and clearest conceptions of national as well as personal liberty. If the thoughts of the Italians pass the defiles of the north-eastern Alps, they rest upon the prison of Silvio Pelico at Brunn : if they turn towards Britain, the more generous spirit, sees the reality of his political dreams of national greatness—personal security—a state of things, that should last, as long as the friends of disorder among us, are distinguished from the advocates of progressive improvement ; in short, as long as every just man in England does his duty.

This accidental encounter, which gave occasion for much more immediate intercourse than is here recorded, was not without its fruits ; and the very next morning, I went in company with the son of my new acquaintance, to visit a family in the mountain hamlet of Arranella, with the same views with which I had visited so many already. We took the route of the Toledo, the grand thoroughfare of Naples, till we arrived at the Museum ; whence, turning towards the street, that leads to the higher situated portions of the town, we ascended a short distance on foot, then, taking donkeys, we left the streets, for narrow, steep, paved, high-walled, lanes ; and these we ascended

with some difficulty, until we came to the hamlet above mentioned.

The hamlet or village consists, of the most irregular clusters of houses, some upon the banks of precipices with gardens in a dead hollow or upon giant steps both narrow and deep. The paths which conducted from house to house were like mere crevices in broken rocks, and as rugged and irregular as if an earthquake had but yesterday formed them; and the principal way, was no better than a great gutter, which conducted the rain-water from the higher lands as it fell towards the streets of the town below.

Without quitting our donkeys we now entered a narrow fissure in the mountain, which conducted to a precipitous step of solid rock, upon which, at a distance of about two hundred yards from the lane out of which we had turned, stood the domicile of which we were in search: but, before we had attained above half that distance, a pleasant accident occurred, which produced my introduction to a part of the family which we had purposely come to see, under circumstances sufficiently untoward.

Neither of the asses which we rode were in the best condition, nor by any means docile. They had exhibited symptoms of uneasiness as some of the mountaineers passed by us bearing baskets of vegetables or fruit, with which they were descend-

ing to Naples. On these occasions they persisted in stopping, and would not proceed without repeated stripes, until they got something, or discovered whether the loads which the peasants carried were of a kind to satisfy their cravings. Upon the whole, I never saw an ass pay so little respect to the will of his rider as that which I rode, nor display at the same time so little fear of the consequence of his disobedience. It was nothing but cudgel, cudgel, cudgel, and to no purpose, until the brute himself was willing to proceed upon his slow way.

We were now within a hundred yards of the house, when we encountered some obstruction. It happened that some washerwomen had here filled the alley with their soaking clothes, which were hanging from side to side, and too low to permit even an ass, with his rider, to pass underneath them. My companion now dismounted; but, at the moment I was about to follow his example, the hungry animal that I rode, seeing a basket of cabbages that was lying in our very way, started a half-dozen paces forward, then stretching out his fore-feet and suddenly stopping, with his nose downwards, threw his rider so precipitously over his head, that had not my fall been broken by the basket of vegetables over which I rolled, the consequences might have been bruises and strains.

Before I had time to get upon my legs, after this untoward accident, my companion and the boy that followed with the donkeys were by my side, and in their anxiety for the rider, they did not observe the ass snap a great cabbage and a bunch of carrots from the basket; but they had scarce time to be satisfied that there were no limbs, no bones broken, before there was an alarm heard, and cries and screams, such as were piercing even to a Neapolitan ear.

We were still in the midst of the soaking clothes, and were unable to discover the causes of the uproar, until we had thrown these aside, and exposed the ludicrous scene. Half-a-dozen women, were behind the poor ass, who had thrust himself between the two sides of a narrow crevice in the rock, which was not broad enough to admit any one to get sufficiently near to his head, to recover the great cabbage he had so opportunely stolen and found so good means of keeping in possession. One of the women was pulling the animal's tail, while several were dealing unheeded blows upon a crupper accustomed to much weightier, and which the poor beast did not seem to value at a grain in proportion to the delicious meal he was engaged in devouring. Our arrival, however, with that at the same moment of the master of the house to which we were going, and

some of his friends, who, as they watched for our approach at the window, had observed the adventure, cut short poor Biddy's enjoyment of his stolen meal; for as two or three more sticks fell at once upon his crupper, a half-a-dozen handstugging together at his tail, in a short time extracted him from the crevice which had served him for this happy occasion; but, indeed, there was little more than the yellow stalk of the cabbage left, when the poor devil was drawn out of the cleft of the rock.

By this time a fresh reinforcement of the fair sex had arrived, and before any questions might have been asked, a dispute had arisen in which every Neapolitan present, even to the donkey-boy, joined; but such was the pitch of the voices of the women and the nature of the mountain dialect, that I was only able to guess the character of the question by the grimace and action of the disputants. But the gentleman who was with me, and his friend whom we had come to visit, now joining vehemently in the quarrel, I thought it time to inquire into the particulars, when I found that it concerned, only, the payment of the cabbage which the donkey had eaten—that there were several parties involved in the quarrel, and two distinct subjects of dispute. The two women to whom the contents of the basket belonged, de-

manded two baiocchi, or about one penny, for the cabbage, which was opposed by one of the gentlemen present as exorbitant; while the other disputed with the donkey-boy, who, he contended, ought to pay for the ass's meal, whatever its value might be settled at; for, that the hunger which the animal was suffering had been the cause of the damage, while the boy insisted that the clumsiness of the rider was alone to blame. A dozen standers-by, took, some one side and some the other, until their tongues were at length stopped by a proclamation that the "generous Briton" consented, willingly, to pay without deduction, the whole two baiocchi demanded! It should be added, that I was surprised afterwards to find, that not an angry word had dropped from the lips of a single soul present, and that, had it not been for the delight which a Neapolitan experiences in the quick use of the organ of speech, and in action and gesture, not a baiocco had been demanded, or, at least, no dispute had arisen whether one baiocco or two, the point at issue between my future landlord and the opposite party, should be the reimbursement of the women for the damage occasioned by the untoward occurrence.

We now came to the entrance of the family house, in which it was proposed to place me. There were gates of wood, much decayed, which opened

into a broad way, which led to a court, where there were several windowless apartments on the ground-floor, occupied by some old women, who maintained themselves by washing and other menial services for the inhabitants of the apartments above them. We mounted a narrow stone staircase to the first landing, where there was a door which opened into the garden or shrubbery, with the bed of which we were now upon a level. The key was in the owner's hands; and before we ascended higher, we entered the little mountain plantation, where we were as soon joined by a young artillery officer, who was staying in the family, with the same relation to them that I was probably myself about to make.

The garden was a square plot of ground, limited on three sides by high rocks, on the fourth by a precipice, at one end of which the house overhung a deep ravine, while the terrace was bounded by a parapet wall.

The beds in the garden on either side, were planted with the shrubs or fruit trees of the country, among which, the orange and the vine were predominant. But every thing was in the natural unpruned excess of luxuriance, which, with the yellow leaf of the vine, which had strewed the walks and the beds with its litter, formed a fair example of the negligence of the cultivator,

which we so commonly find proportioned to the bounty of nature, in climate and soil, in the various parts of the fertile earth.

We made a stand at the terrace, from which appeared the first view I had seen, since we entered upon the road by which we had ascended from the city. It was of the most magnificent description. The great capital of the kingdom of the two Sicilies lay beneath our feet, while immediately in front appeared the ever-burning Vesuvius, with the mountains around, which, as they gracefully slope towards the Bay of Naples on the right, present the richest covering of dark foliage relieved by white villages and detached habitations. On the left, the fertile valley and undulated lower lands, appeared to an unlimited extent, studded with the same white habitations, in the midst of which is distinctly seen the rural palace of the King of Naples.

From the garden, we ascended to the second story of the mountain habitation, and here, after passing a sort of hall or ante-room, we entered the drawing-room, or the apartment which was the receptacle of as much of Neapolitan fashion and elegance as found its way so high, and which, though uncarpeted, was otherwise fairly enough furnished. All the offices of domestic economy, with several bed-rooms, were also on this floor.

We now ascended another, and the highest story, where there were two rooms, one of which opened upon a terrace, which looked upon the superb scene which had presented itself to our view from the front of the garden, and the other was without a window, and seemed only adapted for a retreat from the heat of the sun in summer. The better room was without any other furniture than a small wretched bed, a pair of old drawers, and a rude uncushioned chair. The windows of this room were large; and although no glass was broken, their frames were so worm-eaten and decayed, that for defence against the wind and rain, they could be little better than iron gratings. On the ceiling there were the remains of paintings, which had once adorned the apartment, and which by being out of the way, had escaped the entire fate of the rest of the ornaments through the ravages of accident and time.

These apartments were now offered me. I was not in search of the elegancies of life, and was favourably impressed with the character of the people among whom I had fallen, and I took them. So agreeable, indeed, were the good nature and simplicity which appeared in all the good people of the house, even before we left the garden, that I had already decided upon dwelling with them, whatever should be the character of the accom-

modations they might have to offer me. The prospects of any temporary inconvenience vanished before the hopes of enjoying the society of kind and unsophisticated acquaintances ; and I did not return to my hotel before I had agreed for a month's sojourn with them, and the occupation of the cloud capt, not very elegant, apartments from which these considerations had removed every minor objection.

Punctually, then, on Christmas Day, which was a few days after this visit to the hamlet, and that which had been agreed upon, the gentleman who had introduced me to this worthy family, came, accompanied by the young artillery officer who was residing with his friends, to escort their new guest to this mountain residence. We took a carriage as far as it was possible, and afterwards hired asses as before, by which we reached the house without any second adventure.

The family with whom I had now taken up my residence, consisted of mine host, Signor C—— and his wife, both passing young, a judge of civil law, of thirty-five years of age, and his wife, who was a sister of mine host, besides the officer above mentioned.

I had just time to prepare for dinner, when, summoned to table by the gentleman who had introduced me to the good family, with whom I now descended to the dining apartment.

Passing through the sitting or drawing-room, we entered the little room before mentioned, where we were received by the host and hostess. The table was spread and covers laid for ten, and we seemed to be the first arrivals. We were scarce seated, however, before the rest of the company made their appearance; and the dinner was immediately served.

The Italians, in general, like the French, make a very poor first breakfast, which is rarely more than a cup of coffee and a roll, often taken in bed. But there is this difference between the inhabitants on either side the Alps, that those in the north make a hearty second breakfast, with the table usually abounding in viands and wine, while those in the south often go without this meal, and at three or four o'clock, sit down to make amends for their long abstinence. There is, however, in Italy generally, no universal custom, and there is too little regularity in this important particular in family economy.

There was little remarkable about this Italian feast, save the variety and coarseness of the viands, and the quantity which the guests devoured. I never saw ten human creatures with such capacious stomachs before. It may suffice to mention one dish particularly, and that the lightest of those under which the table groaned on this occasion.

All the world knows how famous is the city of Naples for its macaroni, but it should be a brave stomach in a foreigner, that can swallow an ounce of it, after having sat a half dozen times in the company of Neapolitans engaged in devouring after their manner, this truly national dish. We it is true, do not discard the pleasures of the table from among our enjoyments, on the day kept sacred to the memory of the birth of the author of Christianity, and on which, indeed, it seems reasonable that Christians should rejoice by all manner of means; and we have our beef, turkey, and pudding: but the manner of eating of the two people bears little resemblance, and least of all, when engaged with their respective national dishes.

The macaroni usually comes to table in a large tureen. It is served round in great plates full; and, as it follows the soup, it may be the first thing of a solid nature, that for twenty-four long hours has entered the mouth of the good half-famished Christian; and of course, great nicety in appeasing the natural craving of the appetite after this long fast, ought not to be expected. As the plate approaches, the hungry expectant bends forward, and with his mouth half open, stretches out his hands to receive it, then holding it half way between his mouth and the table, stops to

delight in the anticipation a little longer, before he enjoys the reality. The plate is now adroitly placed upon the table. But the full sensual gratification, is still for a moment suspended. The knife and fork are now thrust at once, the knife into one side of the plate, and the fork into the other, or two forks are made use of; and nearly the whole of the maccaroni is lifted off the plate, in order, it would seem, to discover the quantity of sauce or scraped cheese at the bottom; and when there does not appear to be enough of the latter of these super-adjuncts, then the knife is employed to add fresh supplies of the grated cheese, of which there is always plenty, in plates distributed about the table; but if the proportions are suited to the taste, then the knife and fork are used to mix the concomitants, until the dish may be exactly seasoned to the eater's taste. This accomplished, the knife is laid down, and the fork, in the right hand, is plunged into the middle of the dish, two or three times twisted round, and then placed under the pyramid which is thus raised. The mouth, now held over the table, and stretched to an enormous width, receives as much as it will contain of the precious dish, as the remainder, which could not be thrust in, hangs in strings down to the plate, while the fork is employed to lift the pendant threads, which are no

sooner all forced into the mouth, than the same is repeated until the whole is devoured.

When the macaroni, on this occasion, was all consumed, the next thing brought in, was a dish of four immense fowls, boiled, which might, from the size, have been very well taken for turkeys. These were dissected with great expedition, and handed about by limbs and hunches rather than slices, and every one partook. After this dish, came the giblet stew; which was as universally partaken of. Then, such as had doubts whether their appetites had not received the first check, helped themselves to anchovies soaked in oil, which they spread upon bread. But there was scarce time to swallow these stimulants to fresh action, when two roasted fowls, as large as the boiled, were brought in, and were served with the same unsparing hand, and as universally partaken of as the other dishes, and devoured even to the bone. But all these solids only paved the way to the many rich stews and hashes which succeeded them.

As the pleasures of eating advanced, the heavy effects of the viands were counteracted by the due mixture of some of the lighter stimulants, none of which were stronger than the lachrymæ Christi; but the appropriate hilarity, as dinner proceeded, degenerated from agreeable repartee, with which it had commenced, to coarse

joking with excessive and loud laughing, in which the elder persons of the party were the most vociferous.

The noise of all talking and laughing, had, towards the end of the feast, become almost insupportable to a foreigner, when the confusion was slightly checked by the arrival of the judge above-mentioned and his lady, who had been dining in their own apartments.

The learned gentleman had entered the room with a countenance of perfect good-humour, yet as sedate as the rivals of his profession when the phrase first associated sobriety with the name of the sage tenants of the bench. I was immediately introduced to him; and as the hilarity again proceeded, and we became familiar, we were glad to seize an opportunity for making our escape from the immediate company of our noisy friends, by retiring to the drawing-room which adjoined. We were not long however alone; for the pleasures of the table over, the whole party joined us. The elder now seated themselves upon the sofas around the room, while the younger sort played games, of which, though they were called English, I had no knowledge. In not the most elegant of these, two of the young men sat down upon a piece of carpet spread in the middle of the room for the purpose; and each had now his

feet firmly bound together, then his hands tied across his knees; and when they seemed alike without the means of offence and defence, the contest commenced between the restrained belligerents, which consisted in the endeavour of each to overthrow the other; and as either party gained the advantage, the whole room was excited to extravagant merriment, in which, notwithstanding the childishness of the inelegant game, it was impossible for either a Neapolitan judge or a Briton to refuse to join.

I would not close this chapter without mentioning what I afterwards learned of this judge's history; and chiefly, that it should be a little illustration of the dangers and evils of absolute government.

I was informed, and upon authority that could not be questioned, that the good gentleman had been for some time upon the bench; but that an accidental change, as it appeared, in the mere arrangements of the courts, had caused him to be for a short time only, it was then supposed, suspended from the exercise of his professional duties. But time passed, and new appointment after appointment took place, and fresh seats were created and bestowed upon others, while he who had already acted this his proper part, with credit, remained unemployed, and was driven to the

mountains for want of means to maintain his family respectably in the town.

"There should be some reason for this," I observed, when I listened to the tale.

"There is a reason," said my informant, "and one of the strongest of those that usually influence such sovereigns as we are acquainted with in Italy, in their choice of all the servants they dismiss or retain, except the harmless knights of the drama. The poor gentleman has shewn himself possessed of what it would have been wise in him to have concealed or let rest unused—knowledge. He has written a work on the laws of his country, and other works, which have awakened the jealousy that exists against genius and learning, the display of which is his only breach of the prescribed dulness that it is necessary to maintain, in order to flourish under absolute governments—under such at least as exist in Italy."

As soon as the English game was terminated, the master of the house informed me, for the first time, that I was engaged with all that were present, to spend the evening at the house of the Signor of the village, where we should meet the chief gentry of the place. We now, therefore, all separated, to prepare to pass the remainder of the evening at the residence of the worthy

chief of the good-natured people, among whom I had come to sojourn ; and some remarks upon the house and guests of this chieftain of the mountain village, will appear in the next chapter.

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kept waiting a second, during which the good Signor, himself, appeared, to hasten the assurance of our welcome. He was dressed in a rough sur-tout coat, and had a white cravat, padded, to reach the extremity of the chin, like the fashion, which we scarce need have completed our half-century, to remember prevailing among ourselves. His hands were fixed in his side-pockets, as he approached; and in spite of the expression of his countenance, which bespoke the most unaffected sincere welcome, a temper tending to suspicion, might have judged from the attitude in which he stood and his manner of bowing, that he was not without a portion of that supercilious reserve, which all or most foreigners, agree in attributing to the English, and in a more particular manner, where there is any difference in station or worldly possessions.

The questionable welcome of the Signor, seemed as if it were met with corresponding coolness or restraint by each individual of the party I had accompanied, as they presented the new guest at the manor house, to its worthy tenants, one after the other in their turn, as they made their informal appearance in the passages that led to the rooms in which the visitors were wont to assemble. But, preceded by the good Signor, we now entered the first reception room,

where we found the entire *élite* of the village, of both sexes, from fourteen years and upwards, already assembled. The guests of the noble host were seated around the room, which appeared to be prepared for the dance, and was bare of all articles of mere luxury or ornament. The two sexes of every age, sat entirely apart, and all were listening as we entered, to the laboriously expressed notes of an old piano-forte, which in less skilful hands than those by which it was touched, might scarcely have produced two sounds that could be distinguished from one another.

We were not long seated in this apartment, before I found I was an object of no little curiosity to the guests generally. It was not common to see a foreigner among them, nor to the majority of the fair sex to see an Englishman any where. They rarely ventured by the difficult and only way, by which they could descend to the city below them; and they still more rarely visited those parts of Naples that foreigners the most frequent. The new habitant of their village also, was the only guest present, who was what we should call "dressed," which had been itself a circumstance sufficiently remarkable. I knew that the pains I had taken upon this score, were not expected; but I thought it became a stranger to show that respect to the hospitable Signor,

upon the first visit at least, whatever liberty future familiarity might warrant.

As soon as the tune which was playing as we entered, was concluded, the good host led me to an inner apartment or withdrawing room, in which he took much delight, and the decorations of which he was fond of exhibiting. It was tastily and elegantly furnished, and adorned with paintings which formed a remarkable contrast to the less happy specimen of the works of art which touched another sense than they, in the outer room. One of these represented the house in which we were now assembled, with the distant view of the mountains, the valleys, and part of the magnificent view which we had seen from the garden terrace; and several were by masters in the art, whose names recal the noble productions which adorn the walls of the Vatican and the Royal Galleries of the Tuscan capital. In several niches in the room, there were likewise fine works of sculpture, and vases; and, specimens of the more beautiful kinds of China ware, covered several tables, and stands adapted for their display. But there was not time for the examination of half the good Signor's choice collection of curious and admired works of art, before the dance was proclaimed.

I was now led back to the outer of the two rooms, and introduced to a young lady who had

just finished a fashionable education in one of the seminaries of Naples, and who, from the manner in which she spoke the French language, it was thought would be the most agreeable to a foreigner. The fair child with whom I found I was thus appointed even to mix in the quadrille, though of the perfect form of woman, could scarcely have entered the fourth year of her teens. The idea of refusal to join in this pleasing pastime to the young, did indeed suggest itself to my mind; but I thought I saw my superiors in years already coupled, and waiting but the sounds of music, to forget every thing save the joy which was proper to the season; so I immediately led my partner to a convenient station, and began to converse with the unrestrained familiarity which is natural where there is great disparity in age, especially concerning every thing that does not regard the very present, and the thoughts and emotions which it suggests. In fine, with a partner so fair, so quick, so lovely, and so intelligent, one whose years had still further fallen into the "yellow leaf" of this short life, might have forgotten the number of his winters, and felt the gaiety and elasticity, and perhaps the passion of his earlier days.

After this rare encounter of two dissimilar ages, and the most agreeable interchange of ideas, it

is even believed, on both sides—the fresh impressions of a school-girl or little more, for thoughts begat in freedom and tempered by time—the feelings of one born and bred not a minute's travel from this very spot, for the opinions of one to whom a great proportion of the wide surface of the whole globe was familiar—I reluctantly resigned my fair partner—my fair charge—to the learned judge already mentioned, with whom, at intervals of the dance, I had opportunities of comparing notes concerning our relative degrees of excellence in this youthful amusement. But when we contended for the greater merit in having set the good example to the younger parties of both sexes with which the room was furnished, it was determined, that what the Briton might claim on the score of years, was balanced by the Neapolitan judge's superiority to the vulgar opinion, concerning the constant gravity which should be attached to his sacred vocation.

After the intricate Neapolitan quadrille, an amusing holiday dance was introduced, with a romping *finale*, the figure of which placed at every turn, two objects of compassion, back to back, and prisoners, in the centre of the ring, where they remained until danced away with, by one of the opposite sex, which gave a delicate occasion for the ladies to show their temporary partialities,

a fair share of which the rivals in merit just mentioned were not denied. And this is the manner in which we passed two evenings in the week, during the time I remained in the midst of this amiable society, Sunday being always one.

We separated early on this first evening; and, although it was that of Christmas Day, without refreshment of any kind, and with bows as ceremonious between relations and the most constant friends, as if little intimacy had existed, and no romps had been enjoyed. The host and hostess however, did not take leave of the stranger among them, without the most flattering speeches, and the most pressing solicitations that I would make one of the party that assembled every open evening at their villa, as long as I should remain in the village. And I am able to say, that I did not quit the mountain without many proofs that the sincerity of the Signor and his family was not less than their professions upon the first night on which I had the pleasure of meeting them; nor did I leave the village without as strong proofs, that the power of beauty is not to be resisted, at any age at which we retain any of the common affections which belong to our nature.

The week after Christmas I experienced a great disappointment, in not witnessing an exhibition which took place in the village, the reality of the

existence of which, in any part of Europe at this day, is almost incredible.

Theatres, it is known, are proscribed, and actors lie under the ban of the church, though both abound in Romish countries. But we are to see, though we have but report to appeal to, what in this way, the church does not visit with its fearful anathemas.

It had been indicated a few days before Christmas by the priests of the village, that on a certain night of this week, would be performed within the church, one of those sacred dramas, still not uncommon among the simple inhabitants of the rural provinces of Italy, which may be said to correspond to those theatrical exhibitions, which, in this country, disgraced the stage by their profaneness or irreverence, before the poet and instructor of future generations, for ever superseded the unholy practice, by the happy, we may perhaps say, invention, of a more rational drama, in every way better adapted to promote the object and true end of poetry, than any that had previously been known, either in the ancient or the modern world.

The glad tidings that the sacred drama was in rehearsal, were no sooner published in the village, than tickets for admission to the performance, were sought for by every one; and as no doubts

had entered the thoughts of any of my friends respecting my admission, I had been invited to accompany them, and we had talked much of the enjoyment in reserve for that evening. But on the day, however, of the performance, one of the holy brotherhood, called upon the good family, to inform them that a Protestant could not be admitted to witness the holy exhibition; a short narration from the report of others, must, therefore, supply the place of a more exact account.

My friend the judge, passed the evening in my apartment, to afford me all the consolation in his power for this grievous disappointment; but he evinced the greatest impatience, which was afterwards accounted for, during the absence of the rest of the family. This was, however, shorter than we expected; and when they re-appeared, they informed us that:

As the congregation or audience entered, they found a veil or curtain drawn across the extended platform of the altar, now the holy stage and scene of the religious drama. And when the pious assembly were collected in sufficient numbers to fill the church, the order was given, to close the doors; but which was not accomplished without great difficulty, by reason of the crowds of the devout which strove to enter after every niche of the sacred edifice was crowded with the godly

spectators. To the closing of the doors succeeded a moment of reverential silence, or awful expectation. It would seem, indeed, from the accounts which we heard, that the tick of a watch might have unnerved the stoutest resolution—

“The boldest held his breath,
For a time.”

But to explain the cause of this first effect upon the devout, it should be known, that it was reported, that Satan himself would appear to act a part in the sacred or diabolic scene.

At length the curtain was drawn, and two human figures were seen sitting at the entrance of an arbour, placed amidst shrubs and flowers, and interlaced with the luxuriant vine, while around appeared—

“A circling row
Of goodliest trees, loaden with fairest fruits.”

In the whole of which, the happy arrangement seems to have been creditable to the taste and skill of the monastic artists.

The human pair were as much dressed as it was possible they might be, without destroying the simplicity that the scene required; which was intended to represent our first parents in their original state of impubient purity.

"Nor endearing smiles
Wanting, nor youthful dalliance, as beseems
Fair couple, linked in happy nuptial league
Alone as they."

There, they sat, reclined, embraced, like the first pair, knowing no sin, expecting no evil, when, the Devil himself enters. And he who should reflect upon the awful event, the figure of which was here beheld, and see present to his quick imagination all the horrors of the deed, which changed the whole face of nature, even to the destruction of the finest of all the works of the Creator's own hand that we have seen, could scarcely approve more terrible emotions than we were told filled the bosoms of the spectators of the monastic drama at that dreadful moment. But our best informant could unfortunately relate no more. One of the ladies of the party, who was the cause of the good judge's anxiety, being, "as ladies wish to be who love their lords," by the expression of her feelings, caused some alarm, and the consequence which they dreaded, induced them to leave the holy theatre before the scene proceeded further. But I would fain conceal, were it to be justified, that the countenances of several of the other sex, when they returned, betrayed such symptoms of perturbation as we might suppose the Prince of darkness in his own proper person could alone have raised.

CHAPTER XXV.

A CONVENT LIBRARY.

DURING my residence in this mountain hamlet, I made several visits to a neighbouring convent, where I was always received with great kindness and respect. On the occasions of my first and second visits, the Superior was absent. The good father's absence or presence made no difference in the reception which a visitor ever met with from the monks, whether he came to receive alms or to contribute to the relief of the wretched; but as the worthy divine always carried the key of the library in his pocket, I had not on either of these occasions an opportunity of seeing the books of the convent, which the monks whom I saw informed me were rare and valuable. On a third visit, however, I was more fortunate; and I was now cheerfully conducted to the library by the Superior himself, accompanied by eight or

ten of the inferior monks, and was certainly not disappointed in the number, and seeming importance, of the books with which its shelves were replete; but it was that book, which, among us at least, is at once the most important and the most common, which now furnishes the subject for a few remarks.

As the good monks pulled down, and opened and shut and replaced their more esteemed volumes, which I observed were chiefly filled with long histories of the Romish Saints, and the writings of the Holy Fathers, we came to a few manuscripts, which, as they were displayed before me, gave rise to some conversation concerning the more precious of those at the Vatican, and especially that which we might suppose would be esteemed throughout Christendom, by The Church, at least, as the most valuable—a manuscript copy of the sacred volume, which is there to be seen, of the fourth century. And this led, very naturally, to a request on my part, but it was not before a full hour had been spent in turning over the leaves, and reading the title pages of many such books as have been mentioned, that they would show me their Bible. The monk whom I happened first to address, reflected a little, then bade me repeat my commands—“*La Sacra Bibbia*,” I now repeated, in pronouncing the

words with more emphasis, and making an effort, at the same time, to speak as clearly as it was in my power to do, under the impression that my foreign accent had prevented the good Father from understanding me. But it was evident to others as well as ourselves, that there was still a difficulty between us; and this brought to our assistance, several of the monks who had been still searching the shelves for yet another and another, of the class of books to which it was apparent there was no end. But although I now put my demand in several forms, no one seemed to comprehend my wishes; and when I added the superlative to the word *sacra*, they did not seem to understand how anything could be more holy than the books I had already seen; and I heard one of the monks observe to another, in speaking apart, that he thought it must be a Protestant book that I wanted: and, it was not until the attention of the Superior himself, had been called to the request, that I was able to impress upon my kind friends, that their library must contain a book of more importance than any they had yet shewn me.

The good Superior had no difficulty in comprehending my wishes, but he did not know where to put his hand directly upon the book I expressed so much desire to see. There seemed to be no

catalogue ; and it became necessary to employ the whole party of monks in the search. Some, now, went in one direction, and some in another, until the Superior descended from the top step of the ladder which he had mounted to search the upper shelves, with the fruits of his labours in his hand. He had discovered the Sacred Scriptures among the unbound books upon the highest shelf, and now held in his hand the first of eight volumes, of which, with its notes, it consisted ; and this he presented to me, with his eyes beaming with the most genuine satisfaction. Perhaps, he rejoiced that they had one book at least in which we had common interest, or he might have been glad to shew his inferior good brothers of the convent, this proof of his better acquaintance with the contents of the sacred depository which they possessed.

As the worthy Prior handed me the volume, the whole of the monks gathered about us, apparently curious to know what use I was about to make of the book I had been so anxious to see, it may be that they supposed, for the first time : and I began now to doubt, whether my situation might not become somewhat embarrassing.

A moment of breathless silence followed my turning the first leaf of the Bible, and it seemed as if expectation was "stuck full of ears" to

catch what should drop from the mouth of a Briton, respecting a volume which was both theirs and ours ; but which, it was certain, they neither wished to see, nor dreamed of seeing, in any new light ; and at this moment, if ever, it were to be wished, that one better instructed in the contents of the sacred volume, might have had the same opportunity of shewing, at least, that a lay Protestant's knowledge of sacred history, might be as superior to that of a Romish priest, as our veneration for the only book of authority that can possibly exist in all essential points of religion. There would, in that case, at least have been no danger of further embarrassment.

But the important book was open ; and as I drew my eyes from the perusal of the title page, I perceived the whole party of the monks now drawn into a complete circle around me. It was a situation in which a mind full of religious zeal, abundant in knowledge, and gifted with eloquence, had delighted to have, once in a long life, experienced. But, it only presented to me, deficiencies which I had never felt in an equally vexatious degree before. In doubt, as to what it were best in this situation, to say or to do, as the open volume lay upon the palm of my left hand, I turned back the title page with my right, and after exposing the first chapter, remained

for a moment silent, in expectation of some remark—but there was none. Impressed, now, with the attent regards of the monks, I commenced reading as audibly as might be, the first few words of the Bible, and then stopping, said something indicative rather of the feelings we enjoy upon the recovery of any thing long lost, than otherwise significant, raising my eyes at the same time from the book to observe what might be discernable in the looks or feelings of the monks, in order to judge whether it were better to proceed, and whether it were prudent to say one word of the sacred volume or not. Their interest, at least, seemed to me, if possible still to increase; unless the augmented attention which they appeared to give, might arise from any confusion in their minds, which had “mantled their clearer reason,” by the novelty of their position, and of the relations which the parties bore to each other. It was, however, certain, there was a charitable and ingenuous feeling among the holy brotherhood towards their guest; and this encouraged even a bolder step.

I now cast my eyes again upon the book, and read yet more audibly in the metrical tongue of the land: “*In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth;*” and then once more raised my eyes from the sacred page. There was still

attention the most absolute; and I continued to read to the end of the second verse of the too short history that we possess of the creation of the beautiful globe which we inhabit; and then, with a yet bolder attempt, endeavouring to impress the very first words which we are plainly given of all the commands of the Deity in all his works in relation to man, upon the spirits of those who listened to them perhaps for the first time, I read, yet not perhaps without some appearance of the affectation of oratorical utterance—*“and God said—Let there be light.”* Then looking off the book again, yet seeming to hold the full turn, as it had been of a period suspended, I cast my eyes once more upon the sacred page, and continued with emphasis: *“and there was light.”*

At the utterance of these last words, there was a much stronger emotion evinced by the monks than I had ever dreamed of making; and whence should it proceed? The broad accent in which it was certain the passage was read, had led me to expect a very different result. Was it, that the words of the Creator, sound in every mouth, in every tongue, with the same force? Or, was it, that they now, indeed, for the first time, reached the ears of his servants, who fasted and prayed, and, day and night without ceasing, implored the intercession of the saints, whose inter-

minable scriptures they study, until they have almost forgotten that the great Creator himself has ever spoken in human language—ever uttered a command that should be intelligible to the understandings of men—almost forgotten, that any superior record of the revelation of His will exists, to that over which they weary their senses, and perplex their spirits, until nature herself prescribes the necessity of relieving the mind, by taking refuge in quiet submission to the forms, the ceremonies, the rites, and the comfortable faith, of the indulgent Church of Rome?

CHAPTER XXVI.

MIRACLE AT SAN GENNARO.

ONE morning, soon after I took up my residence with the good family of the mountain hamlet, I observed by the guide-books, that it was one of the three important days at Naples, on which a miracle is wrought, to which it were unpardonable in a visitor to neglect the opportunity of bearing record; I, therefore, descended to the town, and knowing the value of a little show of worldly importance, as well in churches as in courts, I called upon my good friend the bookbinder, upon whose intelligence I had great reliance, to request that he would attend me in the capacity of cicerone, and in his best suit; and we proceeded together, to witness the supernatural event: and, I do now bear record, that I saw the blood of a saint—the frozen or congealed blood of Saint Gennaro, the protecting or patron saint of the city of Naples,

where that martyr suffered—that I saw the purple blood of life, within the holy vessel, even from a stiff and hard substance, liquefy, and become as quick and voluble at the presence of the head of the saint, as when it ran in the veins of the holy man during his life in the flesh. The exhibition of the miracle, and the circumstances under which I am able to bear witness of its operation, were as follows:—

The Cathedral of San Gennaro, in which the wonderful event transpires, is a gothic building, and is said to have been erected by Constantine, and is the largest and richest of all the churches of the metropolis of the two Sicilies. As we approached the sacred edifice, we observed many persons gathered about its grand entrances; and as we penetrated to the interior, we found the broad nave and the two spacious aisles of which the church consists, filled with the curious or devout, who awaited the termination of the mass already commenced, which precedes the exposure of the precious blood of the saint, and the miraculous event. The crowd was not, however, so dense as to obstruct our way to the choir, which includes a large enclosed space beneath the dome, near the centre of the church, in the midst of which is a tabernacle, in which is preserved the veritable head of San Gennaro. There were

double rows of the pious Neapolitans of the superior class, seated on either side the choir; but, the side steps, by which ingress and egress were alone permitted, were faithfully kept by two of the national guard, who suffered none but the brethren of the sacerdotal order, to mount or descend them during the ordinary service of the church. The mass was, however, soon over; and at its termination, as many persons were permitted to ascend to the choir, as might occupy the grand space, without obstructing the operations of the priests. Every miracle hath its rites and external forms, which might not conveniently be dispensed with. But this is not an ordinary miracle like that "effect defective," worked at every communion, which brings no conviction to the senses—has no physical result. It is a miracle attended with effects too plain and simple to admit of the doubts of any one not so hardy or perverse as to reject every evidence of sense, and the plain testimony of thousands. Here, we have no invocation, no fasting, no prayer, by which the imagination is often heated, and wonderful effects are sometimes produced, but the mere change of the local position of one visible object to another. Two material substances—the red gore of the martyr, and the remnant of his sacred head, are merely brought in the presence of one another;

and those who look upon the former may perceive all the effects, and by the use of their senses, decide at once, or in favour, or against, the miracle, beyond the suspicion of error. But, that all scruples and unbelief may be the more readily shamed from every untenable hold upon our minds; it is necessary, before relating precisely what did upon this occasion take place; to be first a little particular concerning the localities and the character of the sacred depositories of the two precious relics.

This great and magnificent cathedral is dedicated to, and is the sepulchre of the Martyr and Saint, Gennaro, who was decapitated at Naples. Underneath the church, there is a chapel of twelve altars, supported by ten Ionic columns, and with the whole of the interior faced with white marble; and under the principal of these subterranean altars, is laid the headless body of the martyr, enclosed in a vessel of bronze. But above the earth, in the tabernacle before mentioned, the door of which is of silver, is preserved the head of the same patron saint, and two vials, each about half replete with his sacred blood; and it is the change of the position of those two holy relics of the tabernacle, that should be the incomprehensible cause of the effects which become evident to the senses. For, as we shall presently

see when the external rite, which consists, in reality, in no more than the act of placing the vials of blood in front of the head of the saint—when this only, with its appropriate ceremonial is performed, the clotted gore becomes a fluid, such as when it ran in the veins of the martyr, when that head, now a cinder, lived and reflected, though unable to perform, what, dead, it has no difficulty in accomplishing.

When we ascended to the extensive choir, the officiating priest, who had just concluded a mass, was descending the steps of the altar, having in his hand the costly purple object of pious veneration. The two vials of blood, each about half full, are yet enclosed in a narrow glass case, formed by two round panes of glass set in a wooden frame with a handle, and having only the necessary space for the vials between them.

As the priest came into the body of the choir, which might at this time have contained a hundred or more of the devout Neapolitans, numbers crowded around him; and, as they fell upon their knees, the holy man slowly walked from side to side, within the view of every one; while in one hand he carried the sacred vessel, as with the other he held a candle, though it was mid-day, as if determined to prevent all cause of suspicion or scandal; and this, as he placed the sacred

object before the eyes of the devotees, he held on the side opposite to that by which the spectators gazed at the contents of the vessels: and, as he continued to turn them over and over, it was impossible to be deceived concerning the state of the blood when first exposed to the view, or after its miraculous change. And such was the honest fervour of the pious Neapolitans at the appearance of the precious relic, that on their kness, they kissed the holy vessel, as the priest presented it from mouth to mouth, from the cold feature of age, down to the rosy and burning lips of the virgin beauty of eighteen.

I bent down to examine the vessels and their contents, as my good-natured guide knelt to press his lips to the glass; and I am able to declare, that the red substance contained within the vials, was at this time, about noon, in a congealed or solid state—that I saw the vessels repeatedly turned over and over, without their change of position causing any of the effects that it must instantly have produced, had there been any substance in a fluid state within them.

The choir now began to get so crowded, that it became difficult to watch the course of the miracle; but when the signal gun which announces the completion of the supernatural event was fired from the fort, between two and three

hours after the commencement of the exhibition of the blood, we made an effort to satisfy our minds concerning the result; and by the evidence of the senses, I now finally testify, that the solid or congealed substance did actually become a perfect fluid; and that there were thousands present when these astounding effects were produced, who saw and believed, and might be brought to bear the same testimony that is here voluntarily offered.

But lest this conviction, so willingly registered for the cause of truth, should be liable to the suspicion of having sprung from a disposition of two pliant credulity, it might not be proper to leave, unnoticed or unanswered, the sole natural cause which has been heard advanced by the most sceptical or perverse, as that which might produce these effects, without the special agency of Heaven—without the intervention of Almighty Power.

It has been said, that the flame of the candle, continued for the space of several hours on the one side of the glass-case, and the warmth of so many glowing lips on the other, might, in that period of time, create sufficient heat to penetrate to the cold blood of the saint, and occasion the certain liquefaction which is seen to take place. But in reply to doubts upon no better grounds of sus-

picion, it may be demanded—What should we think of the success of a few simple monks in the middle of the nineteenth century, without motives of state policy or profit to stimulate the attempt—of their success in deceiving so large a portion of the more intelligent people of the third metropolis, at least in point of population, in the civilized world? Can a candle, and as many kisses from the lips of burning youth as we please, be able to overthrow evidence of a miracle performed in the presence of thousands of witnesses, and repeated three times in every year? Scepticism herself, would have been ashamed to use an argument founded upon no other presumption, than that the good sense of a thousand Neapolitans was no better than that of a thousand asses. The miracle, therefore, is beyond confutation.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MOUNT VESUVIUS.

My young companion so often mentioned, had remained in the hotel at Naples during the time I had passed with the family of the mountain. I, rarely, however, descended to the city, and never made an excursion in its vicinity, without my Gallic friend's good company; and a brief notice of the two most interesting days which we spent together, will make an end of this loose record of the ordinary experience of a traveller through the beautiful provinces of this once noble, still fair land.

We first hired a carriage to convey us to the foot of the mountain of Vesuvius, and left the city at an early hour. The road lies along the coast of the Bay of Naples, the scenery of which has been the just object of the admiration, and the theme of every one who has visited this part of Italy.

From the barrier of Naples to Portici, which is the first town we attain between Naples and the mountain, if we look towards the left, the nearer view presents a fertile vale or plain, strewed with the country villas of the richer citizens and the nobility of Naples ; while the soft character of the prospect is no where confounded by the sight of any sterility save that which the ever-burning Vesuvius, immediately in front of the traveller, presents, to vary the scene, and limit the view in that direction alone. On the right, is seen the open Bay of Naples, with the several isles immediately without the protection of the two rude promontories which form the arms of the Bay. But the occasion will presently occur of contemplating the same view from a better point of observation, and where the traveller has more leisure to note what is most agreeable to regard, and most pleasing to remember.

After passing Portici, you almost immediately arrive at Resina, which is a curious and interesting village, built on the very lava of the mountain still smoking above it, which covers the ancient Retina. Here we hired mules, and a guide who accompanied us on foot ; and we commenced the ascent through a country, varied by the alternate scenes of black and stern sterility, and the highest degree of fruitfulness and beauty.

These inequalities, which arise from the variations in the soil, proceed from the partial progress of the lava, which at different periods, during the eruptions, runs down the mountain in divided streams, leaving intervals undisturbed, that have been sufficiently long exposed to the air to gain a soil, and exhibit the natural fertility of the vicinity of the mountain. Wherever, indeed, these rich strips of land prevail, the soil possesses extreme fecundity, and is for the most part planted with vines, from the produce of which is made that much esteemed wine of this country, which is called, it may be, somewhat profanely, "Lachrymæ Christi."

Not a foot of ground is here left waste; and the whole circuit of the mountain, notwithstanding the frequent destruction of a great proportion of its richer lands, and the losses or ruin which is brought upon the cultivators of the soil, is covered with a population as dense as any to be found upon any equal space of ground, throughout the more fertile of all the reclaimed districts of Italy.

Continuing to ascend, you gradually leave all cultivation behind; and after this, there is but little natural vegetation. And, as you attain nearly the limits of the soil, you arrive at a building, which has been called the Hermitage,

to which is attached a small chapel. And here, some trees flourish, that have escaped overthrow during the later eruptions, by reason of their position, which is, with that of the Hermitage, upon an ample platform projecting from the side of the mountain. The insecure habitation is occupied by a monk, who entertains travellers; and such as might not be able to ascend the cone of the mountain, remain at his domicile until their fellow-travellers have accomplished the full ascent and returned.

Here we made a halt, and entering the Hermitage, partook of the hermit's viands and good lachrymæ Christi by the side of a blazing wood fire.

From this point, the prospect which presents itself to the view of the traveller, is perhaps not equalled in richness, variety, and beauty, by any other scene throughout the land of the picturesque and the grand. Immediately before us, appears the great capital of the kingdom of the two Sicilies, stretching on either hand along the shores, and rising from the port, which forms the fore-ground of the piece, to the summit of the lesser hills, which stand in advance of the higher lands that shelter the better portion of the city from the northerly winds when they prevail; while, beneath your feet, are seen Torre del Grecco, and the villages through which you have

passed in your approach to the mountain. Then turning towards the right, an open undulated and plain country appears, covered with vegetation subdued to the highest degree of culture, and abounding in the country houses and villas, as before noticed, of the citizens and nobles of the kingdom. But turning on the left, the broad bay presents its bold, yet fertile coasts; and the land is seen stretching out to a grand promontory on either side, with several smaller capes, forming bays, within which are seated some of the handsomest villages in all Italy. Among these, are the beautiful retreats of Castellamare, and of Sorrento on the left, and those of Posilipo and Baccoli upon the right; while beyond the extreme capes which form the grand bay, are seen the islands of Procida and Ischia, and that of Capri, beyond which lies the open plain of the sea to the distant line of the sensible horizon.

When we had partaken of the hermit's good fare, we mounted our horses and proceeded, accompanied by a fourth party, carrying a basket, which we understood contained provisions intended for our refreshment on our arrival at the summit of the mount.

We had not proceeded far beyond the Hermitage, before we found the way too rugged for the horses, which we now tethered and abandoned;

and soon after, by the best use of our legs, we reached the base of the proper cone which you ascend to the crater or great aperture, from which the horrid contents of the mountain are periodically vomited, and sometimes with such fearful effects.

The surface of the dark, yet picturesque portion of Vesuvius, when seen from a distance, you find to be composed of, or covered with cinders of such enormous bulk, that they render the way and the ascent extremely difficult; by the assistance, however, of our guide, we in time attained the bleak summit, and the brink of the frightful abyss, whence the liquid fires immediately issue at the time of the eruptions.

We had hoped that we might have obtained a view of the fire which is eternally burning within the mountain; but the great volume of smoke ascended in one dense mass, until it reached the top of the crater without leaving any open space, as is sometimes the case, by which the ever-living fire may be seen at different depths, or at the bottom of the crater.

We approached the very brink of the great aperture, at the point at which the wind should have favoured our attempt to obtain a view of the bubbling cauldron beneath us; but the black exhalations, as they rushed from the wide opening, presented a dark mass, that was impenetrable to

the vision, until they were subjected to the influence of the winds, which drove the great column, as it enlarged, towards the plain which lies directly eastward from the mountain.

The scene from this point, though more extended than that from the Hermitage, on the side of the valley and over the sea, does not present any new object, that might render it worth the labour of mounting the cone for the view alone. Some fatigue we experienced was, however, otherwise well repaid, when we stood by the side of that awful abyss, where the same dangerous elements which have at other times been the cause of such terrible effects, still bubble and ferment, and at intervals seldom exceeding three years, continue to shake the mountain, and burst forth and discharge new streams of Tartarian fire, overwhelming every thing which it reaches, and driving away the terrified inhabitants, whose sense of danger has been overcome by the desire of gain in the cultivation of the rich region which lies as already described, between the partial streams of the lava of former eruptions, or in their immediate vicinity.

At one point, we were, even, able to enter the mouth of the crater ; which was accomplished by descending to a lodgement or step formed by the sinking, as it appears, of the earth around the

confines of the abyss; but the suffocating exhalations which occasionally reached the spot on which we had seated ourselves, in expectation of seeing the fire, did not permit us to remain long exposed to their effects.

We next crossed the "Smoke," as it is termed, or passed that part of the platform of the cone, over which the smoke is driven as it rises above the mouth of the crater by the prevailing winds, that we might attain the opposite side of the mount, which, without brave lungs, is at least difficult, by reason of the necessity for holding the breath, sometimes for a longer period than may be convenient. The method in use, to prevent the effects of the smoke is, to tie a handkerchief over your face, so that you may see the way without swallowing an undue proportion of the sooty exhalations.

Having passed the Smoke, however, the little inconvenience is well atoned for by the new landscape which here presents itself to the view. And in the midst of the scene now before us, our guide pointed out the excavations and remains of Pompeii, which however, are scarcely distinguishable, when seen from the summit of the mount, with the naked eye.

There is a broad space on this side the crater; and over this we rambled and amused ourselves

by removing large cinders, which in some cases caused the gushing out of flames, although there was no appearance of recent fire around us, and the ground under our feet was not too hot to stand upon.

After some time occupied in this manner, we made an attempt on this side also, to obtain a view of the fire within the crater, but with the same ill success as before. We now recrossed the Smoke; and upon our return to the side of the mountain on which we had ascended, we found the honest man who had accompanied us from the hermitage with provisions, busy in cooking a meal, at a fire which he had procured by the same means by which he had exposed the concealed flames on the opposite side of the crater; and, as soon as we had sparingly partaken of what he had provided, we descended by an easier route than that by which we had ascended, and returned the same evening to Naples.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

HERCULANEUM AND POMPEII.

THE day after our excursion to Mount Vesuvius we visited Herculaneum and Pompeii, concerning the remains of which so many volumes have been given to the world, and so much curious interest has been excited.

The tourist in Italy, whom we may suppose to have already visited Venice, Florence, Rome, will, in the two former of these cities, have had his researches and his thoughts turned to the study of the precious works of art which they contain, or to the more prominent events in their history, during the darker ages, which present us with such shuddering illustrations of the terrible struggles which preceded the happier political and moral condition of European society in the age in which we live. Paintings, Sculpture, Palaces, and Christian Temples will have been the greater ob-

jects of his immediate interest, the moral and political revolutions of states more or less the subjects of his consideration or the sources of his instruction. But at Rome, to a superior interest in all these subjects of recreative or instructive study, will be added the highest gratification, in examining the crumbling remains of the great public works of the ancient Roman people—from those whose construction was almost coeval with the foundation of the mighty city itself, to the grand edifices from which the last of the imperial decrees were proclaimed.

In the vicinity of Naples, fresh objects of curiosity and study revive the antiquarian appetite of the traveller, half sated in his review of the curiosities of the cities of his earlier researches. He may here walk the streets and enter a hundred dwellings entire, that were once inhabited by private citizens of that noble race which have become yet more and more the subject of his interest, since his arrival on this side the mountain barrier which protects this fair land. Here we may contemplate the proper memorials of a former world, with the illustrations which they afford concerning the domestic life of the people who make the greatest figure in history, and whose institutions—civilization—we may regard as the foundation, not only of those we possess, but also

of those of all the nations which compose the great Christian family throughout the world.

The whole vicinity of the great deposit of subterranean fires around Vesuvius, has doubtless in one age or another, been covered with towns and villages, of extent, population, and property in the endurable works of art, in proportion to the degrees of civilization which their inhabitants had attained, and the length of the intervals between the destructive eruptions of the volcano. But the most important that have been hitherto discovered, are those whose names are so familiar to us, the memorable Pompeii and Herculaneum, which were swallowed up during the grand eruption of the year 79 of the Christian era, and for seventeen centuries forgotten, or supposed to be reduced to ashes and annihilated. But, the circumstances which led to the discovery of these curious remains of antiquity, and the common interest which they have excited, are too familiar to need any reference here; yet, though an ordinary traveller might not be able to add any thing to the investigations and exact descriptions of the learned and better qualified tourist, such impressions as are peculiarly his own, should not be without their proportion of interest; we may, therefore, enter at once within the sacred precincts of these precious remains of the ancient world.

The portion of the long-lost city of Herculaneum which is exposed to the day, or to the view beneath the soil, is probably not in extent above a couple of square acres ; and, that we yet see no more, might only be pardoned the Neapolitans in the extreme difficulty attending the excavations, which are made for the most part in the solid mass of lava, which, issuing from the crater of Vesuvius, ran down the side of the mountain, and overwhelmed and buried the city. There have been discovered, however, several public edifices, and several streets, with many private houses. But the whole are so much damaged by the burning ashes and the melted lava of the volcano, that they present a poor specimen of the domiciles or public works of the ancients, compared with those within the rival city, to which we shall, therefore, at once timorously pass.

It appears, that in the year 63 of the Christian era, a terrible earthquake first overthrew some of the chief public edifices of Pompeii, and did much damage to the city generally ; but, that during the years which elapsed from that period to the final destruction or burial of the town in the year 79, the private dwellings had been entirely renewed, and the greater part of the public edifices re-established. Some of the latter, however, that had been subjected to the renovating touches of art, were not found completed, or perfect

in their external decorations ; and the very want of what is most commonly missing, throws some light upon the operation of the elements which overthrew and destroyed the ill-fated city. In the public places of the town, and upon several of these buildings, pedestals still remain, while the statues which they once bore are not found ; and there can be no doubt that these were removed after the commencement of the eruption, and before the total loss of the city, which would also seem to confirm the accounts of historians, through which we learn that the agents of this memorable event were slow, or for a time partial, in their operation. But, however long the final catastrophe may have been delayed, the discovery of human skeletons in all parts of the town at present opened, and the situation of some, which have been found crowded into the corners of vaults or arched passages, and such places as might seem to afford temporary shelter from the passing shower of ashes, and some even in their proper dwellings, plainly shew that they were eventually taken by surprise ; and it may be, that those who cherished hope, would seek the vaults where the skeletons are now found, while others, giving themselves up to despair, or being too distant from such places of retreat, remained and were entombed alive in their own proper dwellings.

That the statues which are found wanting in

Pompeii could have been removed from the pedestals during the terrific scene which must have attended its destruction, is alike inconsistent with the appearance of the remains of the inhabitants that perished, and the natural feelings which so terrible an event should have inspired. Yet, had they been removed after the entire burial of the town, there would doubtless have remained sufficient traces of the excavations which had been performed to obtain them, to have kept alive the memory among the Romans, of the site and existence of the city, down to a period that would not have been suffered to pass over without the endeavour, at least, of some of the successive inhabitants of the vicinity, to recover its remains. But here we are assisted by the discovery, that the first, or deepest, of the several layers of the rubbish which covers Pompeii, and the first only, has been found to have excavations, which, without doubt, were made by the survivors of the eruption of 79, but which were covered in the course of the later eruptions, which history has had no such reason to be precise in recording, when the city was finally lost to all hopes of the recovery of any of the precious monuments it possessed, and, in the course of time, forgotten.

The materials which overwhelmed Pompeii, consist, for the most part of cinders, ashes, and

stones, incrustated and bound together by strata of lava, which must have poured down the mountain at intervals ; and over the entire of which, a soil had gradually formed and become so fertile, that at the time of the discovery of the ancient city, the plough had for centuries passed over it, and the earth produced abundance of wine and oil, though it does not appear, which is a circumstance sufficiently remarkable, that any building had been erected upon the ground which covered the ancient town : and this was the state of the country when the first discoveries of the city were made.

Coming now, to what we at this time see : we find Pompeii an entire, walled, ancient Roman city, exhibiting every external attribute to the civilization of the first century of the Christian era, from an amphitheatre, to a temple of heathen worship—from a palace, down to the humble dwelling of the poorest of its citizens—with all the domestic utensils, and every object of household necessity or convenience, made use of by its inhabitants at the time of the eruption of the mountain and its fatal effects.

We did not enter the city by the ancient way of the tombs that conducts to the gate of Herculaneum, which had been, some time since, the accustomed route, but at the limits of the excavations upon the south side, which is the chief entrance

now open. There were several of the guides in attendance, and we stepped immediately into one of those smaller temples with which most ancient cities seem to have abounded, and which has been called the Basilica.

The Basilica, then, of Pompeii, was rich in ornament, but especially in columns, of which it still wants but little of two rows on either side and three at each end. It should once have belonged to the class of the beautiful among temples, rather than to the magnificent among the specimens of architectural edifices, and cannot be compared in interest with those of equal antiquity which we find crumbling in the open air throughout Italy. Its very freshness, indeed, bereaves it of that which in others excites the chief interest, in presenting, rather the semblance of a modern imitation unsanctified by time, than those motives to veneration which we are in a degree prepared to feel when we enter the city which has not been subjected to the natural death which destroyed all its mightier contemporaries, almost to the last relic of all that was mortal within them. For these reasons we were here disappointed. But we were not yet properly in Pompeii.

There was but a step further to attain the Forum, where the tourist will first realize his dreams, first approve those sensations which the

contemplation of whatever brings us nearest in contact with the former inhabitants of the globe at a distant period of the world's history, whether they were barbarous or whether they were civilized, never fails to excite. We entered an open area of oblong form, from the centre of which are seen the remains of many public edifices, temples, triumphal arches, colonnades, and pedestals of statues that once ornamented the public place; while at the opposite end to that at which we entered, is seen a shattered fabric of prostyle construction, upon a ruined basement, to which you ascend by flights of steps, and which is supposed to have been a temple of Jupiter. Here, indeed, you may stand and muse amid the scene which surrounds you, till imagination re-people the ancient city, and recall the events which were wont to happen in this former rendezvous of the more manly spirits among an independent race, ever ready to oppose the enemies of liberty and civilization. Here you may see assembled crowds, and hear the popular tumult of political excitement, or intermix with the children of industry, and listen to the cries of domestic commerce; or in another mood, follow the crowd of the devout citizens, rushing into the temple of the Father of the gods, to render in their own forms, and under dark figures and confused impressions, the homage to the uni-

versal Creator, which all his creatures, or in ignorance or in knowledge, equally yield.

There is nothing here, as at Rome, to divert us from thoughts, into which the ruins of a former world is wont to plunge us. It seems but yesterday, that the earth shook, and the statues and the columns fell; or we feel the last fatal shock, and witness the agony, when, amidst a tempest and a whirlwind, the rivers of liquid fire ran down the mountain, while the heavens rained sulphur and stones and ashes, till the site which you now behold disappeared from the surface of the earth, and the few of the living who remained, were swallowed up in the general ruin, and their bones left to be disinterred by the hands of a race unacquainted even with the tongue in which they discoursed—to be raised from the tombs in which the elements had interred them, to be again buried by a race, deprived of all the blessings of freedom, and degraded to submission to a dominant superstition, the more dangerous, in being the corruption of truth, even to the conversion of the religion of liberty and civilization into an instrument for conserving tyranny, with all its awful effects upon the social condition of mankind.

Yet, it is not at this moment, that the interest of Pompeii takes full possession of our thoughts. We have, hitherto, seen only such memorials of the

ancient world, as little differ from those which, through the same period of time, have looked upon the face of heaven, and withstood the injuries of barbarian conquest, the violence of religious zeal, and the effects of the elements which sooner or later waste and bring to dissolution every vain work of men's hands.

But here it may be remarked in passing: that contemplation among the ruins of palaces and temples, and amidst public edifices, whether they were the dwelling of princes, or the centres of superstition, or for sport and recreation, resembles the study of history from the proper works of the historian, without perusing the truer history of manners, modes of thinking, and the real character of prevailing feelings, opinions, superstitions, found in the works of the poets, which are perhaps the more worthy records through which we become acquainted with the characters of the human race in a distant age. But to be particular in this somewhat hazardous remark, and to step yet another pace aside from our direct way, let us ask what—when the great metropolis of our mighty empire shall have disappeared, save a few remains of the columns and temples which now adorn its public places and its gardens,—what, will the generations in that age know of the customs, feelings, character, proper history of their fathers, the site

of whose ancient capital these remains discover, should they peruse alone our historians, our court and political history, without any study of our more domestic literature, without any acquaintance with the works of the ever-living poets in the English age.

They will not enter into our private dwellings as we, at this moment, are about to enter those of the good folks of Pompeii. They will not stand upon our hearths, as we are now about to stand upon the hearths of the very Romans who thronged these streets, and dwelt within these walls, and possessed all the knowledge that prevailed, and were acquainted with all the arts that flourished, in the Roman—the Augustan age.

As we now leave the Forum, taking the way which leads to the gate of Herculaneum, we first find ourselves in the very midst of the city, among the private dwellings, and shops, and places of particular resort, all as if they were but yesterday abandoned by their inhabitants ; and, as we now thread the streets and ways of the disinterred city, the imagination supplies what Pompeii alone wants of its former estate. Here we meet with Roman citizens, a passenger in toga and sandal at every step. They crowd not about us, as if we were as great in interest in their eyes as they are in ours. They pursue their several ways. They follow their various

avocations. They behold us not. The more we reflect, the more real our dream. And now, if ever, we feel we might commune with the spirits of the departed; and we are almost tempted to give utterance to our feelings—to interrogate the shadows that flit by us, concerning the thousand doubts that oppress us. Were ye like unto us? Possessed ye the same sense of joy and sorrow that we feel? Practised ye the same charities, and the same vices, that mark the characters of men in this our age; and, were they rewarded and punished in your time, as (sooner or later) we find them now? Your lips answer not; but we are from a far land, and of a strange accent, and there might be no interpreter between us, save our lengthened study of all your works that remain, in which, time will not permit us to engage. Shadows that have started at our coming: fear not the comparison with your posterity. Your doubts of yesterday are resolved, as ours shall be on the morrow, and ye should be happy. Let us enter your dwellings: you have no power to close even the doors of your temples—the shrine—the altars—of your gods. But we come not to profane them. We would not violate their sanctity. We will rather enter the proper abodes in which you dwelt, when ye were mortal men.

Leaving the temple already mentioned upon

our right hand, we passed through a short street which appears, for the most part, to have been occupied by workshops, with some public baths. After which, we passed through a narrower way, forming with another street upon the left hand, an acute angle which terminates at the commencement of a broader thoroughfare, which we now entered and continued our promenade to the gate of Herculaneum, and beyond this to the limits of the excavations which extend in this direction along the ancient way, to some distance without the walls of the city.

As far as the gates, we found little variety in the plan and construction of the houses, beyond such as the difference between private houses and magazines of merchandize or shops, of which those which we had hitherto seen, for the most part consist, might have rendered necessary; and there is rarely so much as the shattered remains of a second story, which has led to a belief that all the upper portions of the houses, as well as all the roofs, of which no vestiges remain, were formed of wood or some other ignitable material. But beyond the gate of Herculaneum, you enter several private houses of superior dimensions, and some series of porticoes are to be seen, of which it is difficult to discover the precise use; and there are some remarkable tombs.

Among the private dwellings, the most notable is the villa of Marco Arria Diomede, which has upon the floor that remains, several commodious apartments; and there is another called the villa of Cicero.

We now repassed the gate at which we had crossed the ancient boundary of Pompeii, and proceeded to walk through the centre streets of the excavated portions of the city.

The general effects of these streets, must at all times have been gloomy, by reason of the lower stories consisting, generally, at least, of dead walls without any aperture save the door, the necessary additional light being only admitted through windows in the upper story of the roof. They are commonly paved with blocks of lava from former eruptions of the mountain; but, although these are sometimes neatly dovetailed, they are usually of unequal dimensions, by which the ways have been rendered rough, especially without the gate of Herculaneum, where the condition of the pavement is the more remarkable, in exhibiting evidence of the extensive traffic which the inhabitants of Pompeii seem to have had with the people without the walls, by the deep-worn ruts, amounting to grooves, in the very stones, formed by the wheels of carriages which should have been engaged in the external commerce of the city. And it is most

worthy of notice, that on either side the way, we here find a footpath with even a curbstone, which is now not to be found, not merely in the minor cities of Italy, but is even wanting in the crowded narrow or broad streets of the rich and populous capital of the two Sicilies.

We entered many shops, and private dwellings in our prolonged ramble; but, shorn as they have been of their furniture and decorations, save some more or less beautiful specimens of the most exquisite mosaic pavements, to fill the museums of the world, and especially that of Naples, they lose, in this unrestrained spoliation, the greater portion of their curiosity, and much of their interest.

We rambled through many streets, passing by temples, theatres, fountains, prisons, the receipt of customs, and public baths; and, we examined many houses of every sort, the most interesting, being those which you are enabled to discover by paintings which decorate the walls, or by the implements that have been found within their chambers, the very profession, or handicraft, or business, of the good people of Pompeii that inhabited them. We sat upon stone benches at the door of a tavern; and we entered the laboratory of a practitioner, where, we were informed, upon the very counter, were found some pills, and by their side a roll of the same material of which they were formed, not yet

divided, which, at least, should fix the high antiquity of the method we still practise of taking many medicines. We were shewn, likewise, the apartment in which were found many surgical instruments, which are all of bronze.

But many houses attract great interest from inscriptions within or without them, which indicate their uses, or the names of the families to which they appertained. The greater part of the better buildings, have, however, been named after illustrious writers, or have received some inappropriate appellations, which subtract a portion of their interest, by the vague conjectures which are thereby mixed with the more valuable data for their illustration.

We were shown the spot within the temple of Isis, where a skeleton, doubtless of a priest, had been found, and by the side of which was lying an axe, that had evidently been used with some effect in an attempt to perforate the walls, after the proper egress from the temple had been blocked up.

We had now passed an entire day among the deserted streets and habitations of Pompeii, and were satisfied. Among all the remains of antiquity at this time extant upon the face of the whole globe, there can be nothing of more intense and varied interest, not to the mere antiquary

alone, but to every student of even the moral history of the ancient inhabitants of the world. Had every portion of the familiar literature of the ancients endured to this day, the curious inquirer concerning the domestic customs of the Romans, could scarcely have found worthier illustrations of his subject, than the houses and streets of the dis-interred city afford.—Communicable spirits here sit in every chamber, and whisper truth to the ear of every mortal that treads upon the threshold of their dwellings; and the lesson, though it reach us through the fancy, receives the quick stamp and impression of things that meet our external senses.

The ebony bones of two skeletons, just dis-interred, were removed as we passed by, from a chamber, the one half of which was now open to the day, while the other half remained filled with the cinders of Vesuvius, which formed a perpendicular wall from the floor of the house to the narrow stratum of arable soil, bordered with a rich edge of grass, above our heads.

They were like the mortal remains of the intelligencies with which we seemed to have held converse. Where dwell now the spirits that once reflected within them, as we now reflected? And, where is it appointed first to dwell, after a life scarce long enough to determine our conjectures

concerning anything in which we are not enlightened by revelation? Wherefore are we possessed with an understanding, the highest exercise of which, only serves to increase our doubts and confirm our uncertainties? Can the superior essence in our twofold nature, which we call spirit, cease even for a season to enjoy the existence which was first bestowed upon it, in the form and dress of the material substance of which a portion still survives? Yet, perhaps, our knowledge of the laws of nature, should here be sufficient to resolve our doubts into hopes that we die not, when we remember, that what is material, and belongs to us here, could not be transferred to the nearest terrestrial globe or planet to which we may be removed, without the violation of a principle in physics, for which we can see no reason; and which, for such a purpose, we must be young and vigorous, indeed, when we die, even to desire. Such at least were the reflections with which we quitted the streets and private houses of beings of our race, who, near eighteen centuries ago, threaded these ways, and dwelt in these now desolate habitations.

After this mere promenade through the streets and alleys of Pompeii, we returned to mix with the busy living throng which inhabit the modern capital of the kingdom of the two Sicilies.

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